SPECIAL EDITION

THE LITERATURE OF ALL NATIONS
AND ALL AGES

Julian Hawthorne

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R. HECK, PINX

IPHIGENIA

DANTE

PETRARCH

TASSO

ARIOSTO

BOCCACCIO

THE

LITERATURE OF ALL NATIONS

AND ALL AGES

HISTORY, CHARACTER, AND INCIDENT

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THE LITERATURE OF INDIA.

PERIOD III. 500–1200 A.D.

DRAMATIC AND LYRIC POETRY.

THE Hindus ascribe the origin of their dramatic literature to the sage Bharata, who lived in remote antiquity, and is said to have been taught by the god Brahma from the Veda. The mention of dramatic scenes from legends of Vishnu, which occurs in early Indian literature, probably refers to very simple representations, or recitations by a single actor. None of these religious plays has survived, nor is it likely that the existing secular dramas of the sixth century after Christ were developed from these primitive recitals. In respect of having a prologue, and in general aim, they seem akin to the Greek comedy. There is sufficient evidence of intercourse with Greece to warrant the belief that the Indian dramas were an imitation suggested by the later Attic comedy; but they also exhibit important differences from the latter. They more resemble modern romantic drama: a courtier or buffoon is attached to the king or deity who is the leading character; priests are sometimes shown in a ridiculous light; love is the principal theme, and the denouement is always happy. The dialogue is prose, interspersed with lyrical stanzas. The classical Sanskrit is spoken by the chief personages, the vernacular Prakrit by the women and minor characters. But even Prakrit finally became unfamiliar to the people, and the stage languished for lack of audiences.

Scarce sixty of the plays survive. Even when they were first composed, they were doubtless enacted only in the highly cultivated courts of native princes. There was no scenery; the actors on the stage indicated the supposed environment. A strict dramatic censorship was maintained; on the stage a lady was not permitted to speak to her lover; deeds of violence, and even eating and sleeping, were prohibited from being represented. The earliest of the existing dramas is "The Toy Cart," said to have been composed by King Sudraka, about 500 A.D.

India's most famous dramatist was Kalidasa, who flourished about the middle of the sixth century. Of his works two pastoral dramas—"Sakuntala" and "Vikramorvasi" remain. Sir William Jones's translation of "Sacontala, or The Fatal Ring," in 1789, created a sensation among European scholars. It was regarded as a new proof of the kinship of the Indo-European races. Of this drama the great poet Goethe wrote:

"Spring's blossoms, Autumn's harvest-gold
In one large word wouldst thou enfold?
All that delights and satisfies
In single phrase wouldst thou comprise?
I "Sakuntala" name, and there
At once speak all that's good and fair!"

Another play in five acts, relating to a court intrigue, is ascribed to Kalidasa, but is so far inferior to the others that its authenticity is doubted. Three others of the existing plays are attributed to Sri Harsha-deva, a king who reigned in the seventh century; it is probable, however, that they were composed by court poets. The story of Rama, as related in the great epic Ramayana, supplied the plots of many plays.

The lyric poetry of India, apart from the ancient hymns of the Vedas and devotional poems of various sects, belongs to a later period than the epic or dramatic. It may have originated in imitation of the Arabian and Persian lyrics. Like them, it often consists of single stanzas, portraying a scene or mental state, sometimes didactic verses or moral apophthegms. But not seldom there occurs a series of stanzas connected by a common theme. Religious hymns, in praise of deities, sometimes extend to a hundred verses. Hanuman is reputed to be the author of one of the latter, celebrating the ten avatars of Vishnu. To Kalidasa is ascribed a long descriptive poem, "Meghaduta, or The Cloud-Messenger," the beauty of which prompted several imitations. Another, the "Ritu-Samhara," is an Indian prototype of Thomson's "Seasons."

THE TOY CART.

THIS is the earliest of the Hindu dramas, and its authorship is ascribed to King Sudraka. He is supposed by the best critics to have lived in the fifth century after Christ, yet such is the uncertainty of Hindu history that some assign his period to the first century before Christ. The play consists of ten acts, and has plenty of characters and incidents. One of the characters is a reformed thief who becomes a Buddhist mendicant. The story relates to Charudatta, a worthy merchant, whose excessive generosity, in spite of his many virtues, has reduced him from affluence to poverty. The courtesan Vasantasena so admires his character that she endeavors to relieve his wants. But a casket of jewels, which she entrusts to him, is stolen from his faithful attendant, Maitreya, while sleeping. Charudatta endeavors to take the blame upon himself, but Vasantasena recovers the treasure through a servant of the robber, and gives it to him again. The same rascal attacks Vasantasena, and leaves her lifeless body covered with leaves, near a roadside. Charudatta is arrested, tried, and from the weight of testimony is convicted of having robbed and murdered her. Her body, not being found, was supposed to have been carried off by wild beasts. The condemned man is being led to execution when Vasantasena appears and the actual assassin is discovered. Nevertheless the magnanimity of Charudatta so far prevails that this villain escapes merited punishment. Vasantasena is welcomed as a sister by Charudatta's wife. We give the incident from which the play takes its name.

Enter Radanika and Charudatta's Child.

Rad. Come along, my child, let us ride in your cart.

Child. I do not want this cart; it is only of clay; I want one of gold.

Rad. And where are we to get the gold, my little man? Wait till your father is rich again, and then he will buy you one: now, this will do. Come, let us go and see Vasantasena. Lady, I salute you.

Vas. Welcome, Radanika; whose charming boy is this? Although so ill attired, his lovely face quite fascinates me.

Rad. This is Rohasena, the son of Charudatta.

Vas. (*Stretching out her arms.*) Come here, my little dear, and kiss me. (*Takes him on her lap.*) How like his father!

Rad. He is like him too in disposition. Charudatta dotes on him.

Vas. Why does he weep?

Rad. The child of our rich neighbor, the great landholder, had a golden cart, which this little fellow saw and wanted. I made him this of clay, but he is not pleased with it, and is crying for the other.

Vas. Alas, alas, this little creature is already mortified by another's prosperity. O fate, thou sportest with the fortunes of mankind, like drops of water trembling on the lotus leaf. Don't cry, my good boy, and you shall have a gold cart.

Child. Radanika, who is this?

Vas. A handmaid purchased by your father's merits.

Rad. This is your lady mother, child.

Child. You tell me untruth, Radanika; how can this be my mother, when she wears such fine things?

Vas. How harsh a speech for so soft a tongue! (*Takes off her ornaments in tears.*) Now, I am your mother. Here, take this trinket, and go buy a gold cart.

Child. Away, I will not take it; you cry at parting with it.

Vas. (*Wiping her eyes.*) I weep no more; go, love, and play. (*Fills his cart with her jewels*) There; go, get you a golden cart.

Charudatta Led to Execution.

Enter Charudatta, with two Chandalas as Executioners.

1*st Chan.* Out of the way, sirs, out of the way; room for Charudatta, adorned with the Karavira garland, and attended by his dexterous executioners; he approaches his end, like a lamp ill fed with oil.

Char. Sepulchral blossoms decorate my limbs,
Covered with dust, and watered by my tears,
And round me harshly croak the carrion birds,
Impatient to enjoy their promised prey.

2*d Chan.* Out of the way, sirs, what do you stare at? A good man whose head is to be chopped off; a tree that gave shelter to gentle birds to be cut down.—Come on, Charudatta.

Char. Who can foresee the strange vicissitudes
Of man's sad destiny? I little thought
That such a fate would ever be my portion,
Nor could have credited I should live to be
Dragged like a beast to public sacrifice,
Stained with the ruddy sandal spots and smeared
With meal—a victim to the sable goddess.
Yet as I pass along, my fellow-citizens
Console me with their tears, and execrate
The cruel sentence that awards my death;
Unable to preserve my life, they pray,
That heaven await me, and reward my sufferings.

1*st Chan.* Stand out of the way.—What crowd you to see? There are four things not to be looked at. Indra carried forth—the birth of a calf—the falling of a star—and the misfortune of a good man. Look, brother Chinta—the whole city is under sentence! What! does the sky weep, or the thunderbolt fall, without a cloud?

2*d Chan.* No, brother Goha; not so: the shower falls from yonder cloud of women. Let them weep—their tears will at least help to lay the dust.

Char. From every window lovely faces shed
The kindly drops, and bathe me with their tears.

1*st Chan.* Here, stop, strike the drum, and cry the sentence—Hear ye—Hear ye—This is Charudatta, son of Sagaradatta, son of Provost Vinayadatta, by whom the courtesan Vasantasena has been robbed and murdered: he has been convicted and condemned, and we are ordered by King Palaka to put him to death: so will his Majesty ever punish those that commit such crimes as both worlds abhor.

Char. Dreadful reverse—to hear such wretches herald
My death, and blacken thus with lies my fame:
Not so my sires—for them the frequent shout
Has filled the sacred temple, where the crowd
Of holy Brahmans to the Gods proclaimed
The costly rite accomplished—and shall I,
Alas, Vasantasena, who have drunk
Thy nectared tones from lips, whose ruby glow
Disgraced the coral, and displayed the charms
Of teeth more pearly than the moon's chaste light,
Profane my ears with such unworthy draughts,
Or stain my enslaved spirit with the pledge
Of poison, brewed by infamy and shame?
(*Puts his hands to his ears.*)

1st Chan. Stand apart there—make way.

Char. My friends avoid me as I pass, and hiding
Their faces with their raiment, turn away.
Whilst fortune smiles we have no lack of friends,
But scant their number in adversity.

(*Voices behind.*) Father! father! My friend—my friend.

Char. My worthy friends, grant me this one indulgence.

1st Chan. What, will you take anything of us?

Char. Disdain not my request; though basely born,
You are not cruel, and a gentle nature
Ranks you above your sovereign. I implore you,
By all your future hopes, oh! once permit me
To view my son, ere I depart to death.

1st Chan. Let him come.—Men, stand back, and let the child approach—here, this way.

Enter Maitreya with Rohasena.

Mai. Here we have him, boy, once more; your dear father, who is going to be murdered.

Boy. Father—Father!

Char. Come hither, my dear child.

(*Embraces him and takes his hands.*)

These little hands will ill suffice to sprinkle
The last sad drops upon my funeral pyre.—
Scant will my spirit sip thy love, and then
A long and painful thirst in heaven succeeds.
What sad memorial shall I leave thee, boy,
To speak to thee hereafter of thy father?
This sacred string, whilst yet 'tis mine, I give thee.
The Brahman's proudest decoration, boy,
Is not of gold nor gems, but this—with which
He ministers to sages and to Gods,
This grace my child, when I shall be no more. (*Takes off his Brahmanical cord, and puts it round his son's neck.*)

1st Chan. Come, you Charudatta, come along.

2d Chan. More respect, my master. Recollect; by night or day, in adversity or prosperity, worth is always the same. Come, sir, complaints are unavailing; fate holds her course, and it is not to be expected that men will honor the moon, when Rahu* has hold of him.

Roha. Where do you lead my father, vile Chandala?

---

* The dragon which is supposed to seize the moon when it wanes.

Char. I go to death, my child; the fatal chaplet
Of Karavira hangs around my neck:
The stake upon my shoulder rests, my heart
Is burdened with despair, as, like a victim
Dressed for the sacrifice, I meet my fate.

1*st Chan.* Hark ye, my boy, they who are born Chandalas are not the only ones—those whose crimes disgrace their birth are Chandalas too.

Roha. Why, then, want to kill my father?

1*st Chan.* The king orders us; it is his fault, not ours.

Roha. Take and kill me; let my father go.

1*st Chan.* My brave little fellow, long life to you!

Char. (*Embracing him.*)

This is the truest wealth; love equal smiles
On poor and rich: the bosom's precious balm
Is not the fragrant herb, nor costly unguent—
But nature's breath, affection's holy perfume.

Mai. Come now, my good fellows, let my worthy friend escape: you only want a body—mine is at your disposal.

Char. Forbear—Forbear.

1*st Chan.* Come on. Stand off; what do you throng to see? A good man who has lost his all, and fallen into despair, like a gold bucket whose rope breaks, and it tumbles into the well.

2*d Chan.* Here stop, beat the drum, and proclaim the sentence. (*As before.*)

Char. This is the heaviest pang of all; to think
Such bitter fruit attends my closing life.
And, oh! what anguish, love, to hear the calumny
Thus noised abroad, that thou wast slain by me! [*Exeunt.*

SAKUNTALA.

THE opening scene of this pastoral drama is laid in one of the hermitages, to which the Hindu sages were wont to withdraw for religious contemplation. Hither came King Dushyanta, while engaged in chasing an antelope. Warned of the sacred character of the place, he desists from hunting, and while walking through the grove, discovers Sakuntala and her friends. Falling in love with her, he learns that she is the daughter of a king and a heavenly nymph. The lovers are married, but the king is suddenly recalled to his court, and leaves his bride at the hermitage. She has the misfortune to bring upon her a Brahman's curse, which causes the king to forget his love. At the entreaties of her friends the Brahman yields so far as to permit her to recover the king's affection if she wear his ring on meeting him. The sage Kanwa, returning from a long journey, sends Sakuntala to court, but Dushyanta declares he knows her not. Her ring had been lost in a pool by the way. She submits to her fate, but by a miracle she is soon wafted to heaven. A poor fisherman finds her ring in a fish, but is accused of stealing it. When the jewel is restored to the king, the enchantment is removed, and he bewails his loss. Years elapse, and the king is called to aid the gods in war with the giants. When returning, he rides in Indra's chariot. He alights on a sacred mountain, and there is attracted by a child playing with a lion. He is enabled to recognize his child and through him to find the long-lost wife.

The first act given here is abridged from the translation of Sir William Jones; the later extracts are from the more exact translation of Sir Monier Williams.

THE KING DISCOVERS SAKUNTALA.

SCENE—*A Forest.*

Enter Dushyanta, in a chariot with a bow and quiver, attended by his Charioteer.

Charioteer. When I cast my eye on that black antelope, and on thee, O king, with thy braced bow, I see before me, as it were, the God Mahesa [Siva] chasing a hart, with his bow braced in his left hand.

Dushyanta. The fleet animal has given us a long chase. Oh! there he runs, with his neck bent gracefully, looking back, from time to time, at the car which follows him. Now, through fear of a descending shaft, he contracts his forehand, and extends his flexible haunches; and now, through fatigue, he pauses to nibble the grass in his path with his mouth half opened. See how he springs and bounds with long steps, lightly skimming the ground, and rising high in the air! And now so rapid is his flight that he is scarce discernible! . . . .

(*Turning aside.*) This awful sanctuary, my friend, must not be violated. Here, therefore, stop the car; that I may descend.

Char. I hold in the reins. The king may descend at his pleasure.

Dush. (*Having descended, and looking at his own dress.*) Groves devoted to religion must be entered in humbler habiliments. Take these regal ornaments.—[*The Charioteer receives them.*] Oh! this place must be holy, my right arm throbs.—

What new acquisition does this omen promise in a sequestered grove? But the gates of predestined events are in all places open.

Voice behind the scenes. Come hither, my beloved companions; oh! come hither.

Dush. (*Listening.*) Ha! I hear female voices to the right of yon arbor. There are some damsels, I see, belonging to the hermit's family who carry water-pots of different sizes proportioned to their strength, and are going to water the delicate plants. Oh! how charming they look! If the beauty of maids who dwell in woodland retreats cannot easily be found in the recesses of a palace, the garden flowers must make room for the blossoms of the forest, which excel them in color and fragrance.

[*He stands gazing at them.*

Enter Sakuntala, Anusuya, and Priyamvada.

Anu. O my Sakuntala, it is in thy society that the trees of our father Canna [Kanwa] seem to me delightful; it well becomes thee, who art soft as the fresh-blown Mallica, to fill with water the channels which have been dug round these tender shrubs.

Sak. It is not only in obedience to our father I thus employ myself, though that were a sufficient motive, but I really feel the affection of a sister for these young plants.

[*Watering them.*

Pri. My beloved friend, the shrubs which you have watered flower in the summer, which is now begun: let us give water to those which have passed their flowering time; for our virtue will be the greater when it is wholly disinterested.

Sak. (*Moving her head.*) Alas! a bee has left the blossom of this Mallica, and is fluttering round my face.

Dush. (*Aside with affection.*) How often have I seen our court damsels affectedly turn their heads aside from some roving insect, merely to display their graces! but this rural charmer knits her brows, and gracefully moves her eyes through fear only, without art or affectation. O happy bee, who touchest the corner of that eye beautifully trembling; who, approaching the tip of that ear, murmurest as softly as if thou wert whispering a secret of love, and who sippest nectar, while she waves her graceful hand, from that lip, which contains all the treasures of delight! Whilst I am solicitous to know in what family she was born, thou art enjoying bliss, which to me would be supreme felicity.

Sak. Disengage me, I entreat, from this importunate insect, which quite baffles my efforts.

Pri. What power have we to deliver you? The King Dushyanta is the sole defender of our consecrated groves.

Sak. This impudent bee will not rest. I will remove to another place.—(*Stepping aside and looking round.*)—Away! away! He follows me wherever I go. Deliver me, oh! deliver me from this distress.

Dush. (*Advancing hastily.*) Ah! While the race of Puru govern the world, and restrain even the most profligate by good laws well administered, has any man the audacity to molest the lovely daughters of pious hermits?

Anu. Sir, no man is here audacious; but this damsel, our beloved friend, was teased by a fluttering bee.

Dush. (*Approaching her.*) Damsel, may thy devotion prosper!

[*Sakuntala looks on the ground, bashful and silent.*

Anu. Our guest must be received with due honors.

Pri. Stranger, you are welcome. Go, my Sakuntala; bring from the cottage a basket of fruit and flowers. The water that we have brought will serve to bathe his feet.

Dush. Holy maid, the gentleness of thy speech does me sufficient honor.

Anu. Sit down a while on this bank of earth, spread with leaves: the shade is refreshing, and our lord must want repose after his journey.

Dush. You too must all be fatigued by your hospitable attentions; rest yourselves, therefore, with me.

Pri. (*Aside to Sakuntala.*) Come, let us all be seated: our guest is contented with our reception of him.

[*They all seat themselves.*

Sak. (*Aside.*) At the sight of this youth I feel an emotion scarce consistent with a grove devoted to piety.

Dush. (*Gazing at them alternately.*) How well your friendship agrees, holy damsels, with the charming equality of your ages, and of your beauties!

Anu. Your sweet speech, Sir, gives me confidence. What imperial family is embellished by our noble guest? What is his native country? Surely it must be afflicted by his absence from it. What, I pray, could induce you to humiliate that exalted form of yours by visiting a forest?

Dush. Excellent lady, I am a student of the Veda, dwelling in the city of our king, descended from Puru, and, being occupied in the discharge of religious and moral duties, am come hither to behold the sanctuary of virtue.

Anu. Holy men, employed like you, are our lords and masters.

Dush. In my turn, holy damsels, allow me to ask one question concerning your lovely friend.

Both. The request, Sir, does us honor.

Dush. The sage Canna, I know, is ever intent upon the Great Being, and must have declined all earthly connections. How then can this damsel be, as it is said, his daughter?

Anu. Let our lord hear. There is, in the family of Cusa, a pious prince of extensive power, eminent in devotion and in arms.

Dush. You speak, no doubt, of Causica, the sage and monarch.

Anu. Know, Sir, that he is in truth her father; while Canna bears that reverend name, because he brought her up, since she was left an infant.

Dush. Left? The word excites my curiosity, and raises in me desire of knowing her whole story.

Anu. You shall hear it, Sir, in few words. When that sage king had begun to gather the fruits of his austere devotion, the gods of Swerga became apprehensive of his increasing power, and sent the nymph Menaca to frustrate, by her allurements, the full effect of his piety.

Dush. Is a mortal's piety so tremendous to the inferior deities? What was the event?

Anu. In the bloom of the vernal season, Causica, beholding the beauty of the celestial nymph, and wafted by the gale of desire—— [*She stops and looks modest.*

Dush. I now see the whole. Sakuntala then is the daughter of a king, by a nymph of the lower heaven.

Anu. Even so.

Dush. (*Aside.*) The desire of my heart is gratified.—(*Aloud.*) How, indeed, could her transcendent beauty be the portion of mortal birth? You light, that sparkles with tremulous beams, proceeds not from a terrestrial cavern.

[*Sakuntala sits modestly, with her eyes on the ground.*

Dush. (*Again aside.*) Happy man that I am! Now has my fancy an ample range. Yet I am divided with anxious doubt whether she be not wholly destined for a religious life.

Pri. Hitherto, Sir, our friend has lived happy in this consecrated forest, the abode of her spiritual father; but it is now his intention to unite her with a bridegroom equal to herself.

Dush. (*Aside, with ecstacy.*) Exult, oh my heart, exult. All doubt is removed, and what before thou wouldst have dreaded as a flame, may now be approached as a gem inestimable.

Sak. (*Seeming angry.*) Anusuya, I will stay here no longer.

Anu. Why so, I pray?

Sak. I will go to the holy matron Gautami, and let her know how impertinently our Priyamvada has been prattling.

[*She rises.*

Anu. It will not be decent, my love, for an inhabitant of this hallowed wood to retire before a guest has received complete honor. [*Sakuntala, giving no answer, offers to go.*

Pri. (*Going up to Sakuntala.*) My angry friend, you must not retire.

Sak. (*Stepping back and frowning.*) What should detain me?

Pri. You owe me the labor, according to our agreement, of watering two more shrubs. Pay me first, to acquit your conscience, and then depart, if you please. [*Holding her.*

Dush. The damsel is fatigued, I imagine, by pouring so much water on the cherished plants. Her arms, graced with palms like fresh blossoms, hang carelessly down; her bosom heaves with strong breathing, and now her disheveled locks, from which the string has dropped, are held by one of her lovely hands. Suffer me, therefore, thus to discharge the debt.—[*Giving his ring to Priyamvada. Both damsels read the name* DUSHYANTA, *inscribed on the ring.*]—It is a toy unworthy of your fixed attention; but I value it as a gift from the king.

Pri. Then you ought not, Sir, to part with it. Her debt is from this moment discharged on your word only.

[*She returns the ring.*

Anu. You are now released, Sakuntala, by this benevolent lord—or favored, perhaps, by a monarch himself. . . . . .

Pri. Noble stranger, permit us to retire to the hermit's cottage.

Anu. O Sakuntala, the venerable matron will be much distressed on your account. Come quickly, that we may be all safe together.

Sak. (*Walking slowly.*) I am stopped, alas! by a sudden pain in my side.

Dush. Be not alarmed, amiable damsels. It shall be my care that no disturbance happen in your sacred groves.

Pri. Excellent stranger, we were wholly unacquainted with your station, and you will forgive us, we hope, for the offence of intermitting awhile the honors due to you: but we humbly request that you will give us once more the pleasure of seeing you, though you have not now been received with perfect hospitality.

Dush. You depreciate your own merits. The sight of you, sweet damsels, has sufficiently honored me.

Sak. My foot, O Anusuya, is hurt by this pointed blade of Cusa grass, and now my loose vest of bark is caught by a branch of the Curuvaca. Help me to disentangle myself, and support me. [*She goes out, looking from time to time at Dushyanta, and supported by the damsels.*]

Dush. (*Sighing.*) They are all departed, and I too, alas! must depart. For how short a moment have I been blessed with a sight of the incomparable Sakuntala!

THE KING IN LOVE.

SCENE—*The Sacred Grove.*

King Dushyanta. Ah! yonder I see the beloved of my heart reclining on a rock strewn with flowers, and attended by her two friends. Concealed behind the leaves, I will listen to their conversation. [*Sakuntala and her two attendants discovered.*

Priyamvada. I have observed that Sakuntala has been indisposed ever since her interview with King Dushyanta. She looks seriously ill. Dear Sakuntala! we know very little about love matters; but for all that I cannot help suspecting your present state to be something similar to that of the lovers we have read about in romances. Tell us frankly what is the cause of your disorder. [*They converse.*

Sak. Know then, dear friends, that from the first moment the illustrious prince, who is the guardian of our sacred grove, presented himself to my sight— [*Stops short and appears confused.*

Priyamvada and Anasuya. Say on, dear Sakuntala—say on.

Sak. Ever since that happy moment my heart's affections have been fixed upon him, and my energies of mind and body have deserted me as you see. [*They converse.*

Pri. I look upon the affair as already settled. Did you not observe how the king betrayed his liking by the tender manner in which he gazed upon her, and how thin he has become in the last few days, as if he had been lying awake thinking of her? An idea strikes me. Let Sakuntala write a love-letter. I will conceal it in a flower, and drop it in the king's path. [*They converse.*

Sak. Dear girls, I have thought of a verse, but I have no writing materials at hand.

Pri. Write the letters with your nail on this lotus leaf, which is smooth as a parrot's breast.

Sak. (*after writing*). Listen, dear friends, and tell me whether the ideas are appropriately expressed:

I know not the secret thy bosom conceals;
  Thy form is not near me to gladden my sight;
But sad is the tale that my fever reveals
  Of the love that consumes me by day and by night.

King (*advancing hastily towards her*).

Nay, Love does but warm thee, fair maiden; thy frame
  Only droops like the bud in the glare of the noon;
But me he consumes with a pitiless flame,
  As the beams of the day-star destroy the pale moon.

Pri. and Ana. Welcome, the desire of our hearts, that so speedily presents itself! Deign, gentle sir, to seat yourself on the rock on which our friend is reposing.

[*The king sits down. Sakuntala is confused. All converse.*

THE BRAHMAN'S CURSE.

SCENE—*The Garden of the Hermitage.*

Enter Priyamvada and Anasuya in the act of gathering flowers.

Anasuya. Although, dear Priyamvada, it rejoices my heart to think that Sakuntala has been happily united to a husband in every respect worthy of her, nevertheless I cannot help feeling somewhat uneasy in my mind.

Pri. How so?

Ana. You know that the pious king was gratefully dismissed by the hermits on the successful termination of their sacrificial rite. He has now returned to his capital, leaving Sakuntala under

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SAKUNTALA AND HER FRIENDS

our care; and it may be doubted whether, in the society of his royal consorts, he will not forget all that has taken place in this hermitage of ours.

Pri. On that score be at ease. Persons of his noble nature are not so destitute of all honorable feeling. I confess, however, that there is one point about which I am rather anxious; what, think you, will father Kanwa say when he hears what has occurred?

Ana. In my opinion he will approve the marriage.

Pri. What makes you think so?

Ana. From the first it was always his fixed purpose to bestow the maiden on a husband worthy of her; and since Heaven has given her such a husband, his wishes have been realized without any trouble to himself.

Pri. (*looking at the flower-basket.*) We have gathered flowers enough for the sacred offering, dear Anasuya.

Ana. Well, then, let us now gather more, that we may have wherewith to propitiate the guardian deity of our dear Sakuntala.

Pri. By all means. [*They continue gathering.*

A Voice behind the scenes. Ho there! See you not that I am here?

Ana. (*listening.*) That must be the voice of a guest announcing his arrival.

Pri. Surely Sakuntala is not absent from the cottage. (*Aside.*) Her heart at least is absent, I fear.

Ana. Come away, come away; we have gathered flowers enough. [*They move away.*

The same Voice behind the scenes. Woe to thee, maiden, for daring to slight a guest like me!

Shall I stand here unwelcomed; even I,
A very mine of penitential merit,
Worthy of all respect? Shalt thou, rash maid,
Thus set at nought the ever-sacred ties
Of hospitality? and fix thy thought
Upon the cherished object of thy love,
While I am present? Thus I curse thee then—
He, even he of whom thou thinkest, he
Shall think no more of thee, nor in his heart
Retain thy image. Vainly shalt thou strive
To waken his remembrance of the past;
He shall disown thee, even as the sot,
Roused from his midnight drunkenness, denies
The words he uttered in his revellings.

Pri. Alas! alas! I fear a terrible misfortune has occurred! Sakuntala, from absence of mind, must have offended some guest whom she was bound to treat with respect. (*Looking.*) Ah! yes! and no less a person, I see, than the great sage Durvasas, who is known to be most irascible. He it is that has just cursed her, and is now retiring with hasty strides, trembling with passion, and looking as if nothing could turn him. His wrath is like a consuming fire.

Ana. Go quickly, dear Priyamvada, throw yourself at his feet, and persuade him to come back, while I prepare a propitiatory offering for him with water and refreshments.

Pri. I will. [*Exit.*]

Ana. (*advancing hastily a few steps and stumbling.*) Alas! alas! this comes of being in a hurry. My foot has slipped, and my basket of flowers has fallen from my hand.

[*Stays to gather them up.*]

Pri. (*re-entering.*) Well, dear Anasuya, I have done my best; but what living being could succeed in pacifying such a cross-grained, ill-tempered old fellow? However, I managed to mollify him a little.

Ana. (*smiling*) Even a little was much for him. Say on.

Pri. When he refused to turn back I implored his forgiveness in these words: "Most venerable sage, pardon, I beseech you, this first offence of a young and inexperienced girl, who was ignorant of the respect due to your saintly character and exalted rank."

Ana. And what did he say?

Pri. "My word must not be falsified; but at the sight of the ring of recognition the spell shall cease." So saying, he disappeared.

Ana. Oh, then we may breathe again; for now I think of it, the king himself, at his departure, fastened on Sakuntala's finger, as a token of remembrance, a ring on which his own name was engraved. She has therefore a remedy for her misfortune at her own command.

Pri. Come, dear Anasuya, let us proceed with our religious duties. [*They walk away.*

See, Anasuya, there sits our dear friend, motionless as a statue, resting her face on her left hand, her whole mind absorbed in thinking of her absent husband. She can pay no attention to herself, much less to a stranger.

Ana. Priyamvada, let this affair never pass our lips. We must spare our dear friend's feelings. Her constitution is too delicate to bear much emotion.

Pri. I agree with you. Who would think of watering a tender jasmine with hot water?

THE LOST RING.

SCENE—*A Room in the Palace. The King* (*seated*).

Chamberlain. Victory to the king! So please your majesty, some hermits, who live in a forest near the Snowy Mountains, have arrived here, bringing certain women with them: they have a message from the sage Kanwa, and desire an audience.

[*Enter the Hermits, leading Sakuntala attended by a matron, Gautami; and in advance of them the Chamberlain and the Domestic Priest.*

Sak. What means this throbbing of my right eyelid?

Gautami. Heaven avert the evil omen, my child!

Hermits. Victory to the king!

King. Accept my respectful greeting. I trust the venerable Kanwa is in good health.

Hermits. The venerable Kanwa bids us say he feels happy in giving his sanction to the marriage which your majesty contracted with this lady, his daughter, privately and by mutual agreement. Since, therefore, she expects soon to be the mother of thy child, receive her into thy palace, that she may perform with thee the ceremonies prescribed by religion.

King. What strange proposal is this?

Hermit. What do I hear? Dost thou hesitate?

King. Do you mean to assert that I ever married this lady?

Sak. (*Aside.*) O my heart, thy worst misgivings are confirmed.

Gautami (*to Sakuntala*). Be not ashamed, my daughter. Let me remove thy veil: thy husband will then recognize thee.

King. (*Gazing at Sakuntala. Aside.*)

What charms are here revealed before mine eyes!
Truly no blemish mars the symmetry
Of that fair form. Yet can I ne'er believe
She is my wedded wife; and like a bee
That circles round the flower whose nectared cup
Teems with the dew of morning, I must pause
Ere eagerly I taste the proffered sweetness.

Hermit. Great king, why art thou silent?

King. Holy men, I have resolved the matter in my mind, but the more I think of it the more I am unable to recollect that I ever contracted an alliance with this lady. [*All converse.*

Sak. If, then, thou really believest me to be the wife of another, and thy present conduct proceeds from some cloud that obscures thy recollection, I will easily convince thee by this token.

King. An excellent idea!

Sak. (*feeling for the ring*). Alas! alas! woe is me! There is no ring on my finger! [*Looks with anguish at Gautami.*

Gaut. The ring must have slipped off when thou wast in the act of offering homage to the holy water of Sachi's sacred pool.

King (*smiling*). People may well talk of the readiness of woman's invention! Here's an instance of it!

[Sakuntala then relates an incident of the king's stay in the forest, but he still refuses to recognize her, and declares it a falsehood.]

Gaut. Speak not thus, illustrious prince: this lady was brought up in a hermitage, and never learned deceit.

King. Holy matron,

E'en in untutored brutes, the female sex
Is marked by inborn subtlety,—much more
In beings gifted with intelligence.

Sak. (*angrily*). Dishonorable man, thou judgest others by thine own evil heart; thou at least art unrivalled in perfidy, and standest alone—a base deceiver, in the garb of virtue and religion—like a deep pit whose yawning mouth is concealed by smiling flowers.

[*The Hermits depart and leave Sakuntala; the King will not receive her, so the Priest leads her away weeping. Then a voice behind the scenes cries, "A miracle!"*

Priest (*entering with astonishment*). Great Prince, a stupendous prodigy has occurred. Sakuntala, as soon as Kanwa's pupils had departed, was bewailing her cruel fate,

When suddenly a shining apparition
In female shape descended from the skies,
Near the nymphs' pool and bore her up to heaven.

THE RING RECOVERED.

SCENE—*A Street.*

Enter the Chief of Police; with him two Constables dragging a poor Fisherman, who has his hands tied behind his back.

First Cons. (*striking the prisoner*). Take that, for a rascally thief that you are; and now tell us, sirrah, where you found this ring,—ay, the king's own signet-ring. See, here is the royal name engraved on the setting of the jewel.

Fish. (*with a a gesture of alarm*). Mercy! kind sirs, mercy! I did not steal it, indeed I did not.

Chief. Let the fellow tell his own story from the beginning.

Fish. (*makes a long story*). One day when I was cutting open a large carp I had just hooked, the sparkle of a jewel caught my eye, and what should I find in that fish's maw but that ring! Soon afterwards I was seized by your honors. Now you know everything.

Chief. Well, the fellow emits such a fishy odor, there is little doubt of his being a fisherman. Come, we'll take him before the king's household. On with you, you cut-purse!

[*All move on. Exit Chief.*

1*st Cons.* (*after an interval*). The chief is a long time away. My fingers itch to strike the first blow at this victim here: we must kill him with all the honors, you know. I long to begin binding the flowers around his head.

[*Pretending to strike the Fisherman.*

2*d Cons.* Here's our chief at last. See, he is coming towards us with a paper in his hand. We shall soon know the king's command; so, prepare, my fine fellow, either to become food for vultures, or to make acquaintance with some hungry cur.

Chief (*entering*). Ho there! set the Fisherman at liberty: his story is all correct about the ring. [*Constables talk.*] Here, my good man, the king desired me to present you with this purse: it contains a sum of money equal to the value of the ring.

Fish. (*taking it and bowing*). His majesty does me too great honor.

1*st Cons.* You may well say so: he might as well have taken you from the gallows to seat you on his state elephant.

2*d Cons.* Master, the king must value the ring very highly, or he never would have sent such a sum of money to this ragamuffin. [*Looks enviously at the Fisherman.*

Chief. I don't think he values it as a costly jewel, so much as a memorial of some person he tenderly loves; the moment it was shown him he became much agitated, though in general he conceals his feelings.

Fish. Here's half the money for you, my masters. It will serve to purchase the flowers you spoke of, if not to buy me your goodwill.

1*st Cons.* Well now, that's just as it should be.

Chief. My good Fisherman, you are an excellent fellow, and I begin to feel quite a regard for you; let us seal our first friendship over a glass of good liquor.

All. By all means.

THE RECOGNITION.

SCENE—*Another Sacred Grove.*

Charioteer. Great prince, we are now in the sacred grove of the holy Kasyapa: if your Majesty will rest under the shade of this Asoka tree, I will announce your arrival.

King (*feeling his arm throb*).

Wherefore this causeless throbbing, O mine arm?
All hope has fled forever.—Mock me not
With presages of good, when happiness
Is lost and naught but misery remains.

[*Enter a Child attended by two women, and playing with a lion's whelp.*

Child. Open your mouth, my young lion, I want to count your teeth.

King. Strange, my heart inclines toward the boy with almost as much affection as if he were my own child.

Attendant. The lioness will certainly attack you, if you do not release her whelps.

Child (*laughing*). Oh, much I fear her to be sure! let her come.

[*Both converse. The Child pouts his under lip in defiance.*

King. I feel an unaccountable affection for this wayward child.
How blessed the virtuous parents, whose attire
Is soiled with dust by raising from the ground
The child that asks a refuge in their arms!
And happy are they while, with lisping prattle,
In accents sweetly inarticulate,
He charms their ears, and with his artless smiles
Gladdens their hearts, revealing to their gaze
His tiny teeth just budding into view.

Attendant (*entering with a china bird*). See, what a beautiful Sakunta [bird]!

Child. My mother! Where? Let me go to her!

Attendant. He mistook the word Sakunta for Sakuntala. The boy dotes upon his mother, and she is ever uppermost in his thoughts.

King (*aside*). That is his mother's name, Sakuntala, but the name is common among women.

Attendant (*in great distress*). Alas! I do not see the amulet on his wrist.

King. Don't distress yourself. Here it is: it fell off while he was struggling with the lion. [*Stoops to pick it up.*

Both Attendants. Hold, touch it not for your life! How marvelous! he has actually taken it up without the slightest hesitation. [*Both gaze in astonishment.*

King. Why did you try to prevent my touching it?

Attendant. This amulet was given to the boy. Its peculiar virtue is that when it falls on the ground no one except the father or mother of the child can pick it up unhurt: if another person touches it, it instantly becomes a serpent and bites them.

King (*with rapture*). Joy, joy! are then my dearest hopes to be fulfilled?

[*Enter Sakuntala in widow's apparel, her long hair twisted into a single braid.*

Sak. (*aside*). I have just heard that Sarva-damana's amulet has retained its form, though a stranger raised it from the ground. I can hardly believe in my good fortune. Yet why should not Sanumati's prediction be verified.

King (*gazing at Sakuntala*). Alas! can this be my Sakuntala?

Clad in the weeds of widowhood, her face
Emaciate with fasting, her long hair
Twined in a single braid, her whole demeanor
Expressive of her purity of soul:
With patient constancy she thus prolongs
The vow to which my cruelty condemned her.

Sakuntala (*gazing at the King, who is pale with remorse*). Surely this is not like my husband, yet who can it be that dares pollute by the pressure of his hand my child, whose amulet ought to protect him from a stranger's touch?

King. My best beloved, I have indeed treated thee most cruelly, but am now once more thy fond and affectionate lover: Refuse not to acknowledge me as thy husband. [*He kneels.*

Sak. Rise, my own husband, rise! thou wast not to blame. My own evil deeds committed in a former state of being brought down this judgment upon me. How else could my husband, who is of compassionate disposition, have acted so unfeelingly?

[*All go to the presence of the sage Kasyapa.*

Kasyapa. My son, cease to think yourself in fault: the delusion that possessed thy mind was not brought about by any act of thine. By my divine power of meditation I ascertained that thy repudiation of thy poor, faithful wife had been caused entirely by the curse of the angry sage Durvasas, not by thine own fault, and that the spell would terminate at the discovery of the ring.

King (*drawing a deep breath*). Oh, what a weight is taken off my mind now that my character is cleared of reproach!

Sak. Joy! joy! my revered husband did not then reject me without good reason, although I have no recollection of the curse pronounced upon me; but probably I unconsciously brought it on myself, when I was so distracted at being separated from my husband so soon after our marriage.

THE CLOUD-MESSENGER.

The theme of this beautiful poem by Kalidasa is a love-message entrusted to a cloud by a banished demigod to be delivered to his wife, who remains in the heavenly abode among the Himalaya mountains. It describes the noted places and objects of India from south to north, over which the cloud must pass in its aerial voyage. The following extract gives the husband's vision of the end of the journey.

Know by these tokens I recount to thee,
The once bright dwelling of my bride and me;
For, ah! its charms have faded since the day
Its lord was torn from all he loved away;
Thus the fair Lotus glories in the sun,
And fades in sorrow when his course is run.
Gently descending on that hillock fall,
Not in full glory, lest thy size appal
My fearful Lady; let thy lightning shine
Like sportive fireflies in a flashing line.
There in the house my darling stands—O see!
The great Creator's fairest work is she;
Like pearls her teeth, her lips like Bimbas glow,
Eyed is my darling like the startled roe.
Silent thou seest her, mourning for her mate.
Weeping at early dawn, at evening late;
Sure the sad Lady's spirit dwelt of old
In some frail Lotus shrunk by rain and cold.
See! on her hand her faded cheek reclines;
All dim with tears, her eye no longer shines;
Long hanging tresses veil her drooping head,
And the bright vermeil of her lip is fled;
Like the fair moon, pale, feeble, sad is she,
When its bright beams are hid, dark Cloud! by thee.
Now as the sight of thee renews her woe,
With vow and sacrifice she bends her low.
Sadly she weeps—she sees my image rise,
Wasted with grief, before her longing eyes;
Then to her darling Sáriká she says:—
"Rememberest thou, dear bird! thine early days?
And is thy mate, with whom thou wanderedst free
O'er field, through forest, still beloved by thee?"

Again, she strings the lute with careless grace,
And strives to sing the glories of my race;
But from the measured strain her thoughts will fly,
And breathe their grief in some wild melody.
Or, she will gaze upon the threshold, where
Fresh garlands monthly show her pious care,
Count and recount them fading at her feet,
And tell the hours till we again shall meet.
In cares like these her woe finds some relief,
But, ah! the night brings longer, bitterer grief;
Oh! stay till then, and whispering softly near,
Breathe thy sweet message in her sleepless ear;
Speak in her woe thy tidings of delight,
And cheer my darling in the loathèd night!
Then on her widow'd couch she sadly lies
Weeping and watching still with deep-drawn sighs,
Spending those long, long hours most wearily,
That flew like moments once when pass'd with me.
Often she casts with careless hand aside
The rough, uneven braid, in sorrow tied,
Which on my day of banishment she bound,
And threw her fragrant flower-wreath on the ground;
My hand alone shall loose that mourning braid,
And spread around her brows the beauteous shade.
Her brilliant eyes that in those happier days
Gladly would meet the moon's soft-streaming rays,
Beneath their lashes long and dark as night,
Heavy with weeping hide them from the light;
Whilst like the Lotus when dark clouds arise,
Listless and drooping on the couch she lies.
Her slender form no fragrant flowers bedeck—
No flashing jewels clasp her graceful neck,—
Sure at the sight thy sorrowing tear will flow,
For gentle minds soft Pity's influence know.
Nor think, dear Cloud! a lover's vain belief
Has drawn this picture of her faithful grief;
Soon wilt thou plainly for thyself behold
The truth of all that I have sadly told.
By many a throb her upward glancing eye
Shall feel thy coming ere thou yet art nigh,
And 'neath long tresses tremble, as it beams,
Like wind-swept lilies in the dancing streams.

But should my love her weary eyelids close,
Let not thy thunders break her sweet repose,
Nor sudden bid her wreathing arms untwine,
Lest in her dreams they should be clasping mine;
Wait till the jasmine scents the morning air
To waft thee to the lattice of my fair—
Then with the fragrant breeze unclose her eyes,
Cool with the gentlest rain-drops of the skies;
Around her head let harmless lightnings play,
And with strange glory flash her cares away:
Then with deep-sounding words the Dame address,
And thus the message of my love express:—
"O lonely mourner! from thy lord I come,
And bear fond greetings to his distant home;
'Tis mine the exile's weary steps to guide,
And speed him homeward to his weeping bride,
And with my thunderings urge him to unbind
The braid of sorrow for his absence twined."
As on the Son of Air fair Sita's eyes,
Weeping for Rama, fell in glad surprise,
So will she look on thee—her faithful heart
Will ever bless thee for thy friendly part;
Scarce less than union to the longing breast
To hear glad news of One it loves the best.
O gentle Cloud! long be thy days of bliss!
Speak softly to her—be thy message this:—
"Lady! thy dear One in great Rama's Grove
Mourns the sad fate that parts him from his love;
Asks—doth thy strength with lonely weeping fail,
Is thine eye dim, and doth thy cheek grow pale?
Far, far away by hostile fate's decree,
In fondest fancy he is still with thee;
Wasted with woe, to him thy form appears,
An image of his own, all worn with tears;
In sympathy with his thy longing soul,
And bursting tears that neither can control;
Far from thy sight and from thy willing ear,
He trusts to me alone thy breast to cheer;
Yet oh! what bliss, might he but touch thy cheek,
And in thine ear himself thy message speak!
I see thy graceful form in every flower
That freshest, fairest, twines around my bower;

When from my path the startled roe-deer fly,
In their soft glance I see thy gentle eye;
The Peacock's brilliant plumes to me recall
Thy long dark tresses glittering as they fall;
The small brook wavelets arching in their flow,
Seem but the shadow of thy slender brow;
And when the Moon illumes my weary night,
Thy pure, pale cheek is ever in my sight.
In each fair thing an emblem faint I see
Of beauty centering alone in thee!
  I paint thee on the rock with mineral hues,
But my dim eyes their wonted aid refuse,
There Fate relentless still extends the veil,
And blind with tears my longing glances fail.
  The Wood Sylphs weeping for my ceaseless woe
Pour their sad tear-drops on the boughs below,
As oft outspread my eager arms they see
Clasping the soft air in a dream of thee.
  The breeze that from the snowy mountain springs,
Bursting the pine-buds with its balmy wings,
Loaded with fragrance from their oozing gums,
A welcome herald from my darling comes:
Gladly I hail it as it wanders south,
For it perchance hath kissed thy rosy mouth,
Hath gently fann'd thy burning brow to rest,
And stolen more heavenly odor from thy breast.
  Yet let us not, my love, in grief extreme
Forever thus on ceaseless misery dream;
Forbear too oft upon thy woes to think,
Or in the strife thy gentle soul will sink;
Nor grief nor happiness is all unmix'd,
But ever changing, nought in life is fixed,
And as a circling wheel uncertain still;
Now high, now low, man must his Fate fulfill.
  But when at length four weary months have fled.
And Vishnu rises from his Serpent-bed,
Then ends my banishment, and once more free
Thy lover hastens to his home and thee;
Then Autumn Moons, with clearer, purer light,
Shall shed sweet influence on the blissful night,
And joy—rapt joy—through our rapt souls shall thrill,
Joy, for long absence dearer, lovelier still.

Once more I see thee, but not now alone,
In sleeping love thine arms are round me thrown;
Thou startest weeping, and I ask thee why
Thy sleep is troubled when thy lord is nigh;
"Traitor!" thy answer, with a smile and tear,
"Faithless I saw thee in my dream appear,
Whispering thy love-tale in another's ear."
But, dark-eyed beauty! be thou ever sure
That firm through absence will my faith endure,
Nor be distrustful of my truth to thee,
Though evil tongues should whisper ill of me.
And wilt thou, Cloud, my loving message bear?
Silent art thou, yet not in vain my prayer;
For when the thirsty Chátakas of thee
Crave the cool rain to fall refreshingly,
Thou dost not answer, but the sudden shower
Gives to their drooping wings returning power;
'Tis ever thus—the best reply is still
The wishes of our loved ones to fulfill.
Thus, friendly herald! having soothed my fair,
Speed back in mercy through the fields of air,
And bid the mourner's fainting heart rejoice
With the dear echoes of his Lady's voice.
Then shall my thanks thy pitying love repay,
And grateful blessings smooth thy homeward way—
Hie to the regions where thou fain wouldst be,
There rest in pleasure, or there wander free!
May the soft rain ne'er fail thee, and thy bride,
The brilliant lightning, never quit thy side!

THE HINDU "SONG OF SONGS."

Jayadeva, in his beautiful lyrical drama, "Gitagovinda," tells the love of Krishna, as a cowherd, for the milkmaid, Radha. After a season of unfaithfulness to her he returns penitent, and entreats and finally wins her forgiveness. The various emotions of the lovers are portrayed in exquisite and impassioned stanzas. Hindu commentators find a mystical meaning in the pastoral, similar to that which commentators have suggested in "The Song of Solomon." Gitagovinda is the experiences of a soul, which turns from the transitory pleasures of sense to communion with God. Similar instances of mystical interpretation occur in other parts of Sanskrit literature, and serve to explain the religious veneration in which much of it is held. The following verse, for example, occurs in the Rig-Veda: "Two birds, in friendly association, inhabit the same tree. One tastes the sweet fig, the other looks on without enjoying." In the Upanishad this is explained and expanded thus: "Two birds (the supreme and the personal soul) always united, having the same name, occupy the same tree (abide in the same body). One of them (the personal soul) enjoys the sweet fruit of the fig (or fruit of acts), the other looks on as witness. Dwelling on the same tree (with the supreme soul) the deluded (personal) soul, immersed (in worldly relations), is grieved by the want of power; but when it perceives the Ruler separate (from worldly relations) and his glory, then its grief ceases. When the beholder sees the golden-colored Maker (of the world), the lord, the soul, the source of Brahma, then having become wise, shaking off virtue and vice, without taint of any kind, he obtains the highest identity."

The following extracts are translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.

The Sports of Krishna.

BEAUTIFUL Radha, jasmine-bosomed Radha,
All in the Spring-time waited by the wood
For Krishna fair, Krishna the all-forgetful,
Krishna with earthly love's false fire consuming—
And some one of her maidens sang this song:

I know where Krishna tarries in these early days of Spring,
When every wind from warm Malay brings fragrance on its wing;
Brings fragrance stolen far away from thickets of the clove,
In jungles where the bees hum and the Koïl flutes her love;
He dances with the dancers, of a merry morrice one,
All in the budding Spring-time, for 'tis sad to be alone.

I know how Krishna passes these hours of blue and gold,
When parted lovers sigh to meet and greet and closely hold
Hand fast in hand, and every branch upon the Vakul-tree
Droops downward with a hundred blooms, in every bloom a bee;
He is dancing with the dancers to a laughter-moving tone,
In the soft awakening Spring-time, when 'tis hard to live alone.

Where Kroona-flowers, that open at a lover's lightest tread,
Break, and, for shame at what they hear, from white blush modest red;
And all the spears on all the boughs of all the Ketuk glades
Seem ready darts to pierce the hearts of wandering youths and maids;

'Tis there thy Krishna dances till the merry drum is done,
All in the sunny Spring-time, when who can live alone?

Where the breaking forth of blossom on the yellow Keshra-sprays
Dazzles like Kama's sceptre, whom all the world obeys;
And Pâtal-buds fill drowsy bees from pink delicious bowls,
As Kama's nectared goblet steeps in languor human souls;
There he dances with the dancers, and of Radha thinketh none,
All in the warm new Spring-tide, when none will live alone.

Where the breath of waving Mâdhvi pours incense through the grove,
And silken Mogras lull the sense with essences of love,—
The silken-soft pale Mogra, whose perfume fine and faint
Can melt the coldness of a maid, the sternness of a saint—
There dances with those dancers thine other self, thine Own,
All in the languorous Spring-time, when none will live alone.

Where—as if warm lips touched sealed eyes and waked them—all the bloom
Opens upon the mangoes to feel the sunshine come;
And Atimuktas wind their arms of softest green about,
Clasping the stems, while calm and clear great Jumna spreadeth out;
There dances and there laughs thy Love, with damsels many an one,
In the rosy days of Spring-time, for he will not live alone.

Then she, the maid of Radha, spake again;
And pointing far away between the leaves
Guided her lovely Mistress where to look,
And note how Krishna wantoned in the wood,
Now with this one, now that; his heart, her prize,
Panting with foolish passions, and his eyes
Beaming with too much love for those fair girls—
Fair, but not so as Radha, and she sang:

See, Lady! how thy Krishna passes these idle hours
Decked forth in fold of woven gold, and crowned with forest-flowers;
And scented with the sandal, and gay with gems of price—
Rubies to mate his laughing lips, and diamonds like his eyes;—
In the company of damsels, who dance and sing and play,
Lies Krishna, laughing, toying, dreaming his Spring away.

One, with star-blossomed champâk wreathed, woos him to rest his head
On the dark pillow of her breast so tenderly outspread;
And o'er his brow with roses blown she fans a fragrance rare,
That falls on the enchanted sense like rain in thirsty air,
While the company of damsels wave many an odorous spray,
And Krishna, laughing, toying, sighs the soft Spring away.

Another, gazing in his face, sits wistfully apart,
Searching it with those looks of love that leap from heart to heart;
Her eyes—afire with shy desire, veiled by their lashes black—
Speak so that Krishna cannot choose but send the message back,
In the company of damsels whose bright eyes in a ring
Shine round him with soft meanings in the merry light of Spring.

The third one of that dazzling band of dwellers in the wood—
Body and bosom panting with the pulse of youthful blood—
Leans over him, as in his ear a lightsome thing to speak,
And then with leaf-soft lip imprints a kiss below his cheek;
A kiss that thrills, and Krishna turns at the silken touch
To give it back—ah, Radha! forgetting thee too much.

And one with arch smile beckons him away from Jumna's banks,
Where the tall bamboos bristle like spears in battle-ranks,
And plucks his cloth to make him come into the mango-shade,
Where the fruit is ripe and golden, and the milk and cakes are laid:
Oh! golden-red the mangoes, and glad the feasts of Spring,
And fair the flowers to lie upon, and sweet the dancers sing.

Sweetest of all that Temptress who dances for him now
With subtle feet which part and meet in the Ras measure slow,
To the chime of silver bangles and the beat of rose-leaf hands,
And pipe and lute and cymbal played by the woodland bands;
So that wholly passion-laden—eye ear, sense, soul o'ercome—
Krishna is theirs in the forest; his heart forgets its home.

THE REBUKING OF KRISHNA.

BUT when the weary night had worn away
In these vain fears, and the clear morning broke,
Lo, Krishna! lo, the longed-for of her soul
Came too!—in the glad light he came, and bent

His knee, and clasped his hands; on his dumb lips
Fear, wonder, joy, passion, and reverence
Strove for the trembling words, and Radha knew
Joy won for him and her; yet none the less
A little time she chided him, and sang:

Krishna!—then thou hast found me!—and thine eyes
  Heavy and sad and stained, as if with weeping!
Ah! is it not that those, which were thy prize,
  So radiant seemed that all night thou wert keeping
Vigils of tender wooing?—have thy Love!
  Here is no place for vows broken in making;
Thou Lotus-eyed! thou soul for whom I strove!
  Go! ere I listen, my just mind forsaking.

Krishna! my Krishna with the woodland-wreath!
  Return, or I shall soften as I blame;
The while thy very lips are dark to the teeth
  With dye that from her lids and lashes came,
Left on the mouth I touched. Fair traitor! go!
  Say not they darkened, lacking food and sleep
Long waiting for my face; I turn it—so—
  Go! ere I half believe thee, pleading deep.

But wilt thou plead, when, like a love-verse printed
  On the smooth polish of an emerald,
I see the marks she stamped, the kisses dinted
  Large-lettered, by her lips? thy speech withheld
Speaks all too plainly; go,—abide thy choice!
  If thou dost stay, I shall more greatly grieve thee;
Not records of her victory?—peace, dear voice!
  Hence with that godlike brow, lest I believe thee.

For dar'st thou feign the saffron on thy bosom
  Was not implanted in disloyal embrace?
Or that this many-colored love-tree blossom
  Shone not, but yesternight, above her face?
Comest thou here, so late, to be forgiven,
  O thou, in whose eyes Truth was made to live?
O thou, so worthy else of grace and heaven?
  O thou, so nearly won? Ere I forgive,

Go, Krishna! go!—lest I should think, unwise,
Thy heart not false, as thy long lingering seems,
Lest, seeing myself so imaged in thine eyes,
I shame the name of Pity—turn to dreams
The sacred sound of vows; make Virtue grudge
Her praise to Mercy, calling thy sin slight;
Go therefore, dear offender! go! thy Judge
Had best not see thee to give sentence right.

THE RECONCILIATION OF KRISHNA.

RADHA, abasing still her glorious eyes,
And still not yielding all her face to him,
Relented; till with softer upturned look
She smiled, while the Maid pleaded; so thereat
Came Krishna nearer, and his eager lips
Mixed sighs with words in this fond song he sang:

O angel of my hope! O my heart's home!
My fear is lost in love, my love in fear;
This bids me trust my burning wish, and come,
That checks me with its memories, drawing near:
Lift up thy look, and let the thing it saith
End fear with grace, or darken love to death.

Or only speak once more, for though thou slay me,
Thy heavenly mouth must move, and I shall hear
Dulcet delights of perfect music sway me
Again—again that voice so blest and dear;
Sweet Judge! the prisoner prayeth for his doom
That he may hear his fate divinely come.

Speak once more! then thou canst not choose but show
Thy mouth's unparalleled and honeyed wonder
Where, like pearls hid in red-lipped shells, the row
Of pearly teeth thy rose-red lips lie under;
Ah me! I am that bird that woos the moon,
And pipes—poor fool! to make it glitter soon.

Yet hear me on—because I cannot stay
The passion of my soul, because my gladness
Will pour forth from my heart;—since that far day
When through the mist of all my sin and sadness

Thou didst vouchsafe—Surpassing One!—to break,
All else I slighted for thy noblest sake.

Thou, thou hast been my blood, my breath, my being;
  The pearl to plunge for in the sea of life;
The sight to strain for, past the bounds of seeing;
  The victory to win through longest strife;
My Queen! my crowned Mistress! my sphered Bride!
Take this for truth, that what I say beside

Of bold love—grown full-orbed at sight of thee—
  May be forgiven with a quick remission;
For, thou divine fulfillment of all hope!
  Thou all-undreamed completion of the vision!
I gaze upon thy beauty, and my fear
Passes as clouds do, when the moon shines clear.

So if thou'rt angry still, this shall avail,
  Look straight at me, and let thy bright glance wound me;
Fetter me! gyve me! lock me in the gaol
  Of thy delicious arms; make fast around me
The silk-soft manacles of wrists and hands,
Then kill me! I shall never break those bands.

The starlight jewels flashing on thy breast
  Have not my right to hear thy beating heart;
The happy jasmine-buds that clasp thy waist
  Are soft usurpers of my place and part;
If that fair girdle only there must shine,
Give me the girdle's life—the girdle mine!

Thy brow like smooth Bandhûka-leaves; thy cheek
  Which the dark-tinted Madhuk's velvet shows;
Thy long-lashed Lotus eyes, lustrous and meek;
  Thy nose a Tila-bud; thy teeth like rows
Of Kunda-petals; he who pierceth hearts
Points with thy lovelinesses all five darts.

But Radiant, Perfect, Sweet, Supreme, forgive!
  My heart is wise—my tongue is foolish still:
I know where I am come—I know I live—
  I know that thou art Radha—that this will
Last and be heaven: that I have leave to rise
Up from thy feet, and look into thine eyes!

And, nearer coming, I ask for grace
  Now that the blest eyes turn to mine;
Faithful I stand in this sacred place
  Since first I saw them shine:
Dearest glory that stills my voice,
  Beauty unseen, unknown, unthought!
Splendor of love, in whose sweet light
  Darkness is past and nought;
Ah, beyond words that sound on earth,
  Golden bloom of the garden of heaven!
Radha, enchantress! Radha, the queen!
  Be this trespass forgiven—
In that I dare, with courage too much
  And a heart afraid,—so bold it is grown—
To hold thy hand with a bridegroom's touch,
  And take thee for mine, mine own.

GREEK LITERATURE.

PERIOD III. 500-400 B.C.

GREEK TRAGEDY.

AFTER the breaking up of the old monarchies, seen flourishing in Homer's poems, the Greek states passed through a long process of dissolution and reconstruction. There were frequent struggles between the old aristocratic and the new democratic elements. Each party was marshaled under men of rank, wealth and talents. The Ionian tribes, distinguished by mental alertness and versatility, were active in trade and commerce. In their cities the democrats were generally in the ascendant. The Dorians, marked by a stately gravity, regarded war as their chief occupation, and despised trade. In their states the aristocrats held the chief power; while in Sparta, which was the most typical Dorian state, the kingly form of government was preserved, though the real control was in the hands of a council of nobles. During the time of political transition, and especially in the sixth century before Christ, vigorous leaders often usurped sovereign power in their own cities. The people, tiring of war and learning the arts of peace, acquiesced in whatever tended to preserve law and order. Many of these tyrants fostered the native genius and promoted literature and art. A notable example was Pisistratus, to whose efforts is attributed the collection of the Homeric poems in the shape in which we still have them. Philosophy also made its first beginnings in this age. Theognis and other poets had sung their didactic verses, and now Solon, Thales and other sages fused morality into maxims and apophthegms. To the same period belongs the new development of sculpture and architecture, which was to raise Greece to the pinnacle of fame.

In Athens a strong stimulus was given to the genius of the people by the expulsion of the sons of Pisistratus, which led to the formation of a democratic republic, under the wise constitution of Solon. The invasion of Xerxes, like an electric current, set the whole Hellenic race in vibration, and transformed the humble citizens of obscure states into leading actors on the broad stage of the world. By this convulsion Athens suddenly reached the place to which her noble endowments of genius fully entitled her. After the battle of Salamis, the consciousness of her own greatness flashed upon her. She accepted the crown which a united nation placed upon her brow, and became queen and leader of the Hellenic world.

Out of this crisis and triumph arose the drama. It was thoroughly Attic in its inception and accomplishment. It grew out of the local festival-worship of Dionysus or Bacchus, but it enlarged and transformed the old institutions with new and marvelous creations. The dithyramb or dance-song of the chorus was the germ of the drama. This body of singers and dancers performed in front of the assembly of the people before the altar of the god. The orchestra was a circular dancing-place which they occupied. But an actor, or, rather, reciter, had been introduced to rehearse the story to which the worship had special reference. Æschylus added another actor, and instead of recitation substituted the dialogue, allowing the chorus to participate in this, as well as to express the effect of each situation by elaborate songs. He gave the actors masks and high-heeled buskins. The "scene," or hut, which originally marked the dwelling of the principal personage, gave way to a richly decorated structure, but there was no change of scene in the modern sense. Other modifications were made, and Sophocles added a third actor. But the necessary formality which attended an observance closely connected with religion restrained attempts at further innovation.

The Greek drama, as it was developed in its noblest works, remained thoroughly religious. None the less the genius of its great exponents, influenced by their environment, gave it a peculiar and unexpected movement. This new form of literature presently combined all kinds of poetry, philosophy, and arts of speech, and made them subservient to one great end—action. The Athenian people who had, on land and sea, in their own persons, played a foremost part in international conflict, could not be satisfied in the retrospect with less than the presentation of impassioned humanity in action.

To understand the Greek tragedy, we must consider it not as an intellectual entertainment, but as an expression of the deepest feelings of the soul of the most gifted people of antiquity, thoroughly inspired by the occurrence of the most momentous events. In it we behold the highest thought of the Hellenic genius on the great problems of human life and destiny. The prevailing notion is the government of the world by a higher Power, operating mysteriously to direct and reward the actions of men. This is generally expressed as the doctrine of Nemesis, by which is not meant merely fate, nor merited punishment for crime, but a righteous Power which ever pursues evil and enforces retribution until the moral balance of the world is restored.

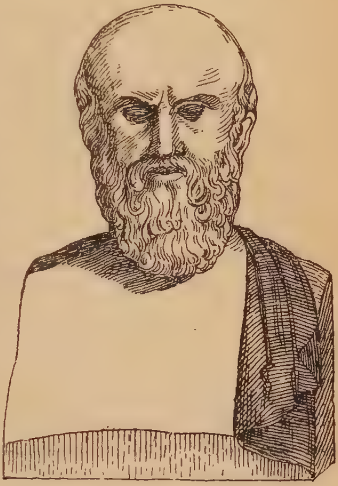
There is also to be noted in the tragic poets a reaction against that low notion of the gods, which is manifest even in Homer, and was developed still more in the pseudo-Homeric hymns. In these the human, physical and divine elements were strangely blended to constitute Zeus, the king of the gods, and the members of his Olympian council. This incongruity was probably due to the fusion of the mythologies of different tribes, which Homer may have endeavored to render somewhat consistent. His Ionian successors sank to the level of the popular conceptions. The gods were regarded as capricious lovers of pleasure, and celebrated rather as objects of mirth than of reverent worship. But in the severe Attic drama a wonderful moral advance was made in the treatment of the divinities. Zeus becomes the righteous governor and impartial judge. The gods in the Iliad participated in the strifes of men, and opposed each other in hostile array; but in the dramas of Æschylus they support their ruler in carrying out the ends of justice. In the later tragic poets, especially in Euripides, this lofty idea of the divinities is not so uniformly or sublimely sustained, but the righteous government of the world is insisted upon. Zeus becomes rather a constitutional king than the supreme autocrat.

The Attic drama in its progress from Æschylus to Euripides necessarily reflects the changes of the Athenian people. The conduct of affairs was more and more in the hands of the people, and tended to develop a spirit of discussion of all matters. It made rhetoric and philosophy common property. The drama, not less than the political assemblies, gave an opportunity to indulge this spirit. Hence the gradual tendency to pass from sublime exhibition of action to the presentation of the dilemmas afforded by mythology, to reveal the conflict within the human soul rather than the struggle of man with destiny.

The flourishing period of the Attic tragedy comprised less than a century. It rose with Æschylus, was perfected by Sophocles, and declined with Euripides. Others disputed the prize with these masters, and were often successful, according to the verdict of the people, but the only surviving specimens are from the works of those named.

ÆSCHYLUS.

WHATEVER may have been done by the actor Thespis and others in preparing the way for the stately performance of tragedy as an adjunct to religious festivals at Athens, Æschylus may properly be pronounced as the creator of the drama. To him it owes its characteristic form and substance. Before his time the performance was little more than a monologue, in which one actor appeared to tell a story to the chorus. Some changes of costume were made to suit the occasion. To Æschylus is due the introduction of a second actor, thus changing recitation into dialogue. He also added masks, dresses and some architectural scenery, and greatly improved the choral dances. Yet the great improvement was that the chorus was made subordinate to the performance of the actors. This justifies the new name, "drama" or "action." The chorus henceforth were chiefly spectators: they commented on the action presented, sometimes expressing the moral lesson in elaborate odes, and sometimes taking part in the dialogue. It should be noted in general that in Greek tragedy so essential was the work of the author as stage-manager and director of the chorus, that rarely was any drama presented on the stage after the author's death. In all his plays, Æschylus himself enacted the part of the hero.



Æschylus was born at Eleusis, in Attica, in 525 B.C. His first play was presented when he was twenty-five years old, but the earliest which has been preserved was "The Persians," which was performed in 472 B.C. Æschylus was active in the discharge of his duties as a citizen, in a critical period. At the age of thirty-five he fought in the battle of Marathon, and afterwards at Salamis and Platæa. To the end of his life, as his epitaph testifies, he was prouder of his achievements as a patriot-soldier than of his success as a poet. Although he is recorded to have produced more than seventy plays, only seven have come down to us. But these have conferred on him immortal fame. He was not without competitors, even from the start, and the Athenian people had full opportunity to declare their preferences in the annual contests. After winning thirteen prizes, Æschylus was at last defeated by young Sophocles in 468 B.C. The elder poet then withdrew from Athens and went to the court of King Hiero of Syracuse, the generous patron of literature. But after the king's death, the poet returned to Athens and again took part in the contest for the dramatic prize. He died at Gela, in Sicily, in 455 B.C. The story runs, that as he sat on the seashore, an eagle, mistaking the poet's bald head for a stone, let fall upon it a tortoise, whose shell it wished to break.

The genius of Æschylus was highly inventive, sublime and towering, even to occasional extravagance. His style is lofty and impetuous, often abrupt, and full of noble imagery. In this respect he most resembles Dante. In the arrangement of his dramas there is seen a severe simplicity. As a moral teacher he expresses a deep veneration for the gods, high regard for the sanctity of an oath, for family duties, and the marriage bond. In his "Persians" he celebrates the triumph of Greece over Xerxes; in his other extant dramas he treats of Greek mythology and early history. The "Agamemnon" is one part of a trilogy which embodies the legend of Orestes, who avenged the death of his father by slaying his mother, Clytæmnestra. This dreadful deed was the fulfillment of a recognized filial duty. No human power could then punish Orestes, but his mother's Furies pursue him until he has been purified at the shrine of Apollo, at Delphi. Æschylus thus expresses the highest moral sentiment of the Greek people.

AGAMEMNON.

THIS drama was enacted 459 B.C. Agamemnon, in the last year of the Trojan war, had promised Clytæmnestra that when he took Troy he would let her know by a series of beacons on the headlands. At the commencement of the play, a watchman on one of the towers sees the signal and reports to the queen. She immediately tells the glad news to the elders of the city, who appear as the chorus of the drama. They manifest their joy by a song of triumph. The herald soon arrives, confirms the news, and tells what has befallen the Greeks on their homeward voyage. Still later Agamemnon appears with his captive, Cassandra, and other trophies. Clytæmnestra receives him, and he passes on to the palace, leaving Cassandra on the stage. She raves in prophetic fury, declaring the murder of Agamemnon while it occurs within the palace. Then she predicts her own death; also the murder of Clytæmnestra by her son, Orestes. She then pushes into the palace like one intent on death. After Agamemnon and Cassandra are slain, Clytæmnestra appears with a bloody axe and justifies herself for the deed on account of the sacrifice of Iphigenia. Ægisthus, her paramour, also justifies the deed, on account of the outrage perpetrated on his father, Thyestes, by Atreus.

Agamemnon's Return.

The scene is in front of Agamemnon's palace at Argos, where the chorus of senators of the city have assembled to greet his return.

Enter Agamemnon in his chariot, Cassandra following on another.

Agamemnon. First, as first due, my Country I salute,
And all her tutelary Gods: all those
Who, having sent me forth, now bring me back,
After full retribution wrought on those
Who retribution owed us, and the Gods
In full consistory determined; each
With scarce a swerving eye to Mercy's side,
Dropping his vote into the urn of blood.
Caught and consuming in whose fiery wrath,
The stately City, from her panting ashes
Into the face of the revolted heavens
Gusts of expiring opulence puffs up.
For which, I say, the Gods alone be thank'd;
By whose connivance round about the wall
We drew the belt of Ares [Mars], and laid bare
The flank of Ilium to the Lion-horse,
Who sprang by night over the city-wall,
And foaled his iron progeny within,
About the setting of the Pleiades.
Thus much by way of prelude to the Gods.
For you, O white-haired senators of Argos,
Your measur'd welcome I receive for just;
Aware on what a fickle base of fortune
The monument of human glory stands;
And, for humane congratulation, knowing
How, smile as may the mask, the man behind
Frets at the fortune that degrades his own.
This, having heard of from the wise, myself,
From long experience in the ways of men,
Can vouch for—what a shadow of a shade
Is human loyalty; and, as a proof,
Of all the host that filled the Grecian ship,
And pour'd at large along the field of Troy,
One only Chief—and he, too, like yourself,

At first with little stomach for the cause—
The wise Odysseus—once in harness, he
With all his might pull'd in the yoke with me,
Through envy, obloquy, and opposition:
And in Odysseus' honor, live or dead—
For yet we know not which—shall this be said.
Of which enough. For other things of moment
To which you point, or human or divine,
We shall forthwith consider and adjudge
In seasonable council; what is well,
Or in our absence well deserving, well
Establish and requite; what not, redress
With salutary caution; or, if need,
With the sharp edge of Justice; and to health
Restore, and right, our ailing Commonwealth.
Now, first of all, by my own altar-hearth
To thank the Gods for my return, and pray
That Victory, which thus far by my side
Has flown with us, with us may still abide.

[*Enter Clytæmnestra from the Palace.*

Clytæmnestra. O men of Argos, count it not a shame
If a fond wife, and one whom riper years
From youth's becoming bashfulness excuse,
Dares own her love before the face of men;
Nor leaving it for others to enhance,
Simply declares the wretched widowhood
Which these ten years she has endured, since first
Her husband Agamemnon went to Troy.
'Tis no light matter, let me tell you, Sirs,
A woman left in charge of house and home—
And when that house and home a Kingdom—and
She left alone to rule it—and ten years!
Beside dissent and discontent at home,
Stormed from abroad with contrary reports,
Now fair, now foul; but still as time wore on
Growing more desperate; as dangerous
Unto the widowed kingdom as herself.
Why, had my husband there but half the wounds
Fame stabbed him with, he were before me now
Not the whole man we see him, but a body
Gash'd into network; aye, or had he died

But half as often as report gave out,
He would have needed thrice the cloak of earth
To cover him, that triple Geryon
Lies buried under in the world below.
Thus, back and forward baffled, and at last
So desperate—that, if I be here alive
To tell the tale—no thanks to me for that,
Whose hands had twisted round my neck the noose
Which others loosen'd—my Orestes too,
In whose expanding manhood day by day
My husband I perused—and, by the way,
Whom wonder not, my lord, not seeing here;
My simple mother-love and jealousy
Of civic treason—ever as you know,
Most apt to kindle when the lord away—
Having bestow'd him, out of danger's reach,
With Strophius of Phocis, wholly yours,
Bound by the generous usages of war,
That make the once-won foe so fast a friend.
Thus, widowed of my son as of his sire,
No wonder if I wept—not drops, but showers,
The ten years' night through which I watch'd in vain
The star that was to bring him back to me;
Or if I slept a sleep so thin as scared
Even at the slight incursion of the gnat;
And yet more thick with visionary terrors
Than thrice the waking-while had occupied.
  Well, I have borne all this: all this have borne,
Without a grudge against the wanderer
Whose now return makes more than rich amends
For all ungrateful absence—Agamemnon,
My Lord and Husband; Lord of Argos; Troy's
Confounder; mainstay of the realm of Greece;
And master-column of the house of Atreus;
Oh, wonder not if I accumulate
All honor and endearment on his head!
If to his country, how much more to me,
Welcome, as land to sailors long at sea,
Or water in the desert; whose return
Is fire to the forsaken winter-hearth;
Whose presence, like the rooted household tree
That, winter-dead so long, anew puts forth

To shield us from the Dogstar, what time Zeus
Wrings the tart vintage into blissful juice.
Down from the chariot thou standest in,
Crown'd with the flaming towers of Troy, descend,
And to this palace, rich indeed with thee,
But beggar-poor without, return! And ye,
My women, carpet all the way before,
From the triumphal carriage to the door,
With all the gold and purple in the chest
Stor'd these ten years; and to what purpose stor'd,
Unless to strew the footsteps of their lord
Returning to his unexpected rest!
Agam. Daughter of Leda, mistress of my house,
Beware lest loving welcome of your lord,
Measuring itself by his protracted absence,
Exceed the bound of rightful compliment,
And better left to other lips than yours.
Address me not! address me not! I say,
With dust-adoring adulation, meeter
For some barbarian despot from his slave;
Nor with invidious purple strew my way,
Fit only for the footstep of a God
Lighting from Heav'n to earth. Let whoso will
Trample their glories underfoot, not I.
Woman, I charge you, honor me no more
Than as the man I am; if honor-worth,
Needing no other trapping but the fame
Of the good deed I clothe myself withal;
And knowing that, of all their gifts to man,
No greater gift than self-sobriety
The Gods vouchsafe him in the race of life:
Which after thus far running, if I reach
The goal in peace, it shall be well for me.
Clyt. Why, how think you old Priam would have walk'd
Had he returned to Troy your conqueror,
As you to Hellas his?
Agam. What then? Perhaps
Voluptuary Asiatic-like,
On gold and purple.
Clyt. Well, and grudging this,
When all that out before your footstep flows
Ebbs back into the treasury again;

Think how much more had, had fate the tables turn'd,
Irrevocably from those coffers gone,
For those barbarian feet to walk upon,
To buy your ransom back?
Agam. Enough! enough!
I know my reason.
Clyt. What! the jealous God?
Or, peradventure, yet more envious man?
Agam. And that of no small moment.
Clyt. No; the one
Sure proof of having won what others would.
Agam. No matter. Strife but ill becomes a woman.
Clyt. And frank submission to her simple wish
How well becomes the soldier in his strength?
Agam. And I must then submit?
Clyt. Aye, Agamemnon,
Deny me not this first desire on this
First morning of your long-desired return.
Agam. But not till I have put these sandals off,
That, slave-like, too officiously would pander
Between the purple and my dainty feet.

THE MURDER OF AGAMEMNON.

THE prophetess Cassandra, who was fated never to be believed, declares to the Chorus the murder of Agamemnon by his wife.

Cassandra. Phœbus! Phœbus!
Thorough trampled ashes, blood and fiery rain
Over water seething, and behind the breathing
War-horse in the darkness—till you rose again,
Took the helm—took the rein—
Chorus. She speaks as one that half asleep at dawn recalls
A night of horror.
Cass. Hither, whither, Phœbus? And with whom,
Leading me, lighting me—
Cho. I can answer that—
Cass. Down to what slaughter-house!
Foh! the smell of carnage through the door
Scares me from it—drags me tow'rd it—
Phœbus! Apollo! Apollo!

Cho. One of the dismal prophet-pack, it seems,
That hunt the trail of blood. But here at fault—
This is no den of slaughter, but the house
Of Agamemnon.
Cass. Down upon the towers
Phantoms of two mangled children hover—and a famish'd man,
At an empty table glaring, seizes and devours!
Cho. Thyestes and his children! Strange enough
For any maiden from abroad to know,
Or, knowing—
Cass. And look! in the chamber below
The terrible woman, listening, watching,
Under a mask, preparing the blow
In the fold of her robe—
Cho. Nay, but again at fault:
For in the tragic story of this House—
Unless, indeed, the fatal Helen—No woman—
Cass. No woman—Tisiphone! Daughter
Of Tartarus—love-grinning Woman above,
Dragon-tail'd under—honey-tongued, harpy-claw'd,
Into the glittering meshes of slaughter
She wheedles, entices him into the poisonous
Fold of the serpent—
Cho. Peace, mad woman, peace!
Whose stony lips, once open, vomit out
Such uncouth horrors.
Cass. I tell you the lioness
Slaughters the Lion asleep, and lifting
Her blood-dripping fangs buried deep in his mane,
Glaring about her insatiable, bellowing,
Bounds hither—Phœbus, Apollo, Apollo, Apollo!
Whither have you led me, under night alive with fire,
Through the trampled ashes of the city of my sire,
From my slaughtered kinsmen, fallen throne, insulted shrine,
Slavelike to be butcher'd, the daughter of a royal Line!

. . . .

Cho. Blasphemer, hush!
Cass. Aye, hush the mouth you may,
But not the murder.
Cho. Murder! But the Gods—

Cass. The Gods!
Who now abet the bloody work within!
Cho. Woman!—The Gods!—Abet with whom?—
Cass. With her,
Who brandishing aloft the axe of doom,
That just has laid one victim at her feet,
Looks round her for that other, without whom
The banquet of revenge were incomplete.

Yet ere I fall, will I prelude the strain
Of triumph, that in full I shall repeat
When, looking from the twilight Underland,
I welcome her as she descends amain,
Gash'd like myself, but by a dearer hand.
For that old murder'd Lion with me slain,
Rolling an awful eyeball through the gloom
He stalks about of Hades up to Day,
Shall rouse the whelp of exile far away,
His only authentic offspring, ere the grim
Wolf crept between his Lioness and him;
Who, with one stroke of retribution, her
Who did the deed, and her adulterer,
Shall drive to hell, and then, himself pursued
By the wing'd Furies of his Mother's blood,

Shall drag about the yoke of madness, till
Releas'd when Nemesis has gorg'd her fill,
By that same God, in whose prophetic ray
Viewing to-morrow mirror'd as to-day,
And that this House of Atreus the same wine
Themselves must drink they brew'd for me and mine;
I close my lips forever with one prayer,
That the dark Warder of the World below
Would ope the portal at a single blow.
Cho. . . . What unwelcome, what unholy,
Vapor of prognostic, slowly
Rising from the central soul's
Recesses, all in darkness rolls?
What! shall Age's torpid ashes
Kindle at the random spark
Of a raving maiden?—Hark!
What was that behind the wall?
A heavy blow—a groan—a fall—
Some one crying.—Listen further—
Hark again then, crying "Murder!"
Some one—who then? Agamemnon?
Agamemnon?—Hark again!
Murder! murder! murder! murder!
Help within there! Help without there!
Break the doors in!
Clytæmnestra. (*Appearing from within, where lies Agamemnon dead.*) Spare your pain.
Look! I who but just now before you all
Boasted of loyal wedlock unashamed,
Now unashamed dare boast the contrary.
Why, how else should one compass the defeat
Of him who underhand contrives one's own,
Unless by such a snare of circumstance
As, once enmeshed, he never shall break through?
The blow now struck was not the random blow
Of sudden passion, but with slow device
Prepared, and level'd with the hand of time.
I say it who devised it; I who did;
And now stand here to face the consequence.
Aye, in a deadlier web than of that loom
In whose blood-purple he divined his doom,
And fear'd to walk upon, but walk'd at last,

Entangling him inextricably fast,
I smote him, and he bellow'd, and again
I smote, and with a groan his knees gave way;
And, as he fell before me, with a third
And last libation from the deadly mace
I pledg'd the crowning draught to Hades due,
That subterranean Saviour—of the Dead!
At which he spouted up the ghost in such
A burst of purple as, bespatter'd with,
No less did I rejoice than the green year
Rejoices in the largess of the skies
That fleeting Iris follows as it flies.
Cho. O woman, woman, woman!
By what accursed root or weed
Of Earth, or Sea, or Hell, inflamed,
Dar'st stand before us unashamed,
And, daring do, dare glory in the deed!
Clyt. Oh, I that dream'd the fall of Troy, as you
Belike of Troy's destroyer. Dream or not,
Here lies your King—my husband—Agamemnon,
Slain by this right hand's righteous handicraft.
Like you, or like it not, alike to me;
To me alike whether or not you share
In making due libation over this
Great Sacrifice—if ever due, from him
Who, having charg'd so deep a bowl of blood,
Himself is forced to drink it to the dregs.
Cho. Woman, what blood but that of Troy, which Zeus
Foredoom'd for expiation by his hand
For whom the penalty was pledg'd? And now,
Over his murder'd body, thou
Talk of libation!—Thou! Thou! Thou!
But mark! Not thine of sacred wine
Over his head, but ours on thine
Of curse and groan, and torn-up stone,
To slay or storm thee from the gate,
The City's curse, the People's hate,
Execrate, exterminate!

PROMETHEUS BOUND.

THIS sublime tragedy was enacted about 460 B.C. All the characters in it are superhuman. The divine hero Prometheus has been doomed by Zeus to be chained to Mount Caucasus, in Scythia. This is his punishment for his benefactions to mankind, especially the gift of fire, which he had stolen from heaven. The god Hephæstus, with his attendants, Strength and Force, execute the king's decree. The chained hero is visited by the god Oceanus and his daughters, who commiserate his fate. Io, who has been sent wandering over the earth by the jealousy of Hera (Juno), also approaches. Prometheus, who has insight into futurity, foretells her further wanderings and also a secret which concerns Zeus himself. This monarch of heaven, though now supreme, is subject to Fate and liable to be hurled from power. He therefore sends his messenger, Hermes, to elicit the secret. But Prometheus refuses to disclose it, though threatened with further punishment. He persists in his defiance to the close.

The drama of "Prometheus Bound" is a terrible protest against the unrighteousness of the misery inflicted on a benefactor of the human race. There is reason to believe that Æschylus composed a sequel to this, called "Prometheus Unbound," which probably vindicated the government of Zeus as righteous.

The first scene, here given, shows Strength and Force personified, holding Prometheus against the desolate rock.

Strength. We reach the utmost limit of the earth,
The Scythian track, the desert without man,—
And now, Hephæstus, thou must needs fulfill
The mandate of our Father, and, with links
Indissoluble of adamantine chains,
Fasten against this beetling precipice,
This guilty god! Because he filched away
Thine own bright flower, the glory of plastic fire,
And gifted mortals with it,—such a sin,
It doth behoove he expiate to the gods,
And learn free service to the rule of Zeus,
And leave off his trick of loving man.
Hephæstus. O Strength and Force,—for you, our Zeus's will
Presents a deed for doing.—No more!—but *I*,
I lack your daring, up this storm-rent chasm,
To fix with violent hands a kindred god.
Howbeit necessity compels me so

That I must dare it,—and our Zeus commands
With word as heavy as bolts—inevitable!
Ho!—lofty son of Themis, who is sage,
Thee loth, I loth must rivet fast in chains
Against this rocky height unclomb by man,
Where never human voice nor face shall find
Out thee, who lov'st them!—where thy beauty's flower,
Scorched in the sun's clear heat, shall fade away,
And night come up with garniture of stars
To comfort thee with shadow, and the sun
Disperse, with retricked beams, the morning frosts;

And through all changes, sense of present woe
Shall vex thee sore, because, with none of them
There comes a hand to free. Such fruit is plucked
From love of man!—for in that thou, a god,
Didst brave the wrath of gods, and give away
Undue respect to mortals; for that crime
Thou art adjudged to guard this joyless rock,
Erect, unslumbering, bending not the knee,
And many a cry and unavailing moan
To utter on the air! For Zeus is stern,
And new-made kings are cruel.

Strength. Be it so,
Why loiter in vain pity? Why not hate
A god the gods hate?—one too who betrayed
Thy glory unto men?
Hephæstus. An awful thing
Is kinship joined to friendship.
Strength. Grant it be;
Is disobedience to the Father's word
A possible thing? Dost quail not more for *that?*
Hephæstus. *Thou*, at least, art a stern one! ever bold!
Strength. Why, if I wept, it were no remedy!
And do not *thou* spend labor on the air
To bootless uses.
Hephæstus. Cursed handicraft!
I curse and hate thee, O my craft!
Strength. Why hate
Thy craft, most plainly innocent of all
These pending ills?
Hephæstus. I would some other hand
Were here to work it!
Strength. All work hath its pain,
Except to rule the gods. There is none free
Except King Zeus.
Hephæstus. I know it very well:
I argue not against it.
Strength. Why not, then,
Make haste, and bind the fetters over HIM,
Lest Zeus behold thee lagging.
Hephæstus. Here be chains—
Zeus may behold these.
Strength. Seize him,—strike amain!
Strike with the hammer on each side his bands—
Rivet him to the rock.
Hephæstus. The work is done,
And thoroughly done.
Strength. Still faster grapple him,—
Wedge him in deeper,—leave no inch to stir!
He's terrible for finding a way out
Where others could not.
Hephæstus. Here's an arm, at least,
Grappled past freeing.
Strength. Now, then, clench along

The other strongly. Let the sophist learn.
He's duller than our Zeus.
  Hephæstus. Oh, none but HE
Accuse me justly!
  Strength. Now, straight through the chest,
Take him and bite him with the clenching tooth
Of the adamantine wedge, and rivet him.
  Hephæstus. Alas, Prometheus! what thou sufferest here,
I sorrow over.
  Strength. Does thou shrink again,
And breathe groans for the enemies of Zeus?
Beware, lest thine own pity find thee out.
  Hephæstus. Thou dost behold a spectacle that turns
The sight o' the eyes to pity.
  Strength. I behold
A sinner suffer his sin's penalty,
But lash the thongs about his sides.
  Hephæstus. So much,
I must do. Urge no further than I must.
  Strength. Ay, but I *will* urge!—and, with shout on shout,
Will hound thee at this quarry! Get thee down,
And ring amain the iron round his legs!
  Hephæstus. That work was not long doing.
  Strength. Heavily now
Let fall the strokes upon the perforant gyves!
For He who rates the work has a heavy hand.
  Hephæstus. Thy speech is savage as thy shape,
  Strength. Be *thou*
Gentle and tender! but revile not me
For the firm will and the untruckling hate.
  Hephæstus. Let us go! He is netted round with chains.
  Strength. Here, now, taunt on! and having spoiled the gods
Of honors, crown withal thy mortal men
Who live a whole day out! Why how could *they*
Draw off from thee one single of thy griefs?
Methinks the Demons gave thee a wrong name,
Prometheus, which means Providence,—because
Thou dost thyself require a providence,
To escape the crushing of this rolling Doom.
[*Hephæstus*, *Strength and Force depart.*

Prometheus O holy Æther, and swift-winged Winds,
And River-wells, and laughter infinite
Of yon Sea-waves! Earth, mother of us all,
And all-viewing cyclic Sun, I cry on you!—
Behold me a god, what I endure from gods!
Behold, with throe on throe,
How, wasted by this woe,
I wrestle down the myriad years of Time!
Behold, how, fast around me,
The new King of the Happy ones sublime
Has flung the chain he forged, has shamed and bound me!
Woe, woe! to-day's woe and the coming morrow's
I cover with one groan! And where is found me
A limit to these sorrows?
And yet what word do I say? I have foreknown
Clearly all things that should be—nothing done
Comes sudden to my soul—and I must bear
What is ordained with patience, being aware
Necessity doth front the universe
With an invincible gesture. Yet this curse
Which strikes me now, I find it hard to brave
In silence or in speech. Because I gave
Honor to mortals, I have yoked my soul
To this compelling fate! Because I stole
The secret fount of fire, whose bubbles went
Over the ferule's brim, and man-ward sent
Art's mighty means and perfect rudiment,
That sin I expiate in this agony;
Hung here in fetters, 'neath the blanching sky!

PROMETHEUS DEFIES ZEUS.

THIS closing scene of the drama shows the descent of Hermes as an ambassador from Zeus. When Prometheus refuses to disclose his secret, the elements rage, the sea dashes against the rocks, the thunder rolls, but the chained hero remains unappalled.

Hermes. I speak to thee, that sophist, speaker down
Of scorn by scorn,—that sinner against gods,—
That reverencer of men,—that thief of fire,—
I speak to and adjure thee! Zeus commands
Thy declaration of what marriage-rite
Is this, to move thy vaunt, and cause his fall
From absolute rule! And do not wrap thy speech

In riddles, but speak clearly! Do not cast
Ambiguous paths, Prometheus, for my feet—
Since Zeus, thou mayst perceive, is scarcely won
To mercy, by such means.
Prometheus. A speech well-mouthed
In th' utterance, and full-minded in the sense,
As doth befit a servant of the gods!
New gods, ye newly reign, and think forsooth
Ye dwell in towers too high for any dart
To take a wound there!—Have I not stood by
While two kings fell from thence? and shall I not
Behold the third, the same who rules you now,
Fall shamed to sudden ruin?—Do I seem
To tremble and quail before your modern gods?
I cast the thought off far!—For thee, depart,
Re-tread thy steps in haste! To all, so asked,
I answer nothing.
Hermes. 'Twas this wind of pride
That took thee of yore full sail upon these rocks.
Prometheus. I would not barter—learn thou soothly that!—
My suffering for thy service! for I hold
It is a nobler thing to serve this rock
Than live a faithful slave to Father Zeus—
And thus on scorners I retort their scorn.
Hermes. It seems that thou dost glory in thy despair.
Prometheus. I, glory? would my foes did glory so,
And I stood by to see!—and naming them,
Thou art not unremembered.
Hermes. Dost thou charge
Me also with the blame of any grief?
Prometheus. I tell thee, I loathe the universal gods,
Who for the good I gave them rendered back
The ill of their injustice.
Hermes. Thou art mad—
I hear thee raving, Titan, at the full!
Prometheus. If it be madness to abhor my foes,
May I be mad!

. . . .

Hermes. Vain god, take righteous courage!—dare for once
To apprehend and front thine agonies
With a just prudence!

Prometheus. Vainly dost thou chafe
My soul with exhortation, as the sea
Goes beating on the rock. Oh! think no more
That I, fear-struck by Zeus to a woman's mind,
Will supplicate him, loathéd as he is,
With womanly upliftings of my hands,
To break these chains! Far from me be the thought!
Hermes. I have indeed, methinks, said much in vain,—
For still my heart, beneath my showers of prayers,
Lies dry and hard!—nay, leaps like a young horse
Who bites against the new bit in his teeth,
And tugs and struggles against the new-tried rein,—
Still fiercest in the weakest thing of all,
Which sophism is,—for absolute will alone,
When left to its motions in perverted minds,
Is worse than null, for strength! Behold and see,
Unless my words persuade thee, what a blast
And whirlwind of inevitable woe
Must sweep persuasion through thee! For at first
The Father will split up this jut of rock
With the great thunder and the bolted flame,
And hide thy body where the hinge of stone
Shall catch it like an arm!—and when thou hast passed
A long black time within, thou shalt come out
To front the sun; and Zeus's wingéd hound,
The strong carnivorous eagle, shall wheel down
To meet thee,—self-called to a daily feast,—
And set his fierce beak in thee, and tear off
The long rags of thy flesh, and batten deep
Upon thy dusky liver! Do not look
For any end, moreover, to this curse,
Or ere some god appear, to bear thy pangs
On his own head vicarious, and descend
With unreluctant step the darks of hell,
And the deep glooms enringing Tartarus!—
Then ponder this!—the threat is not a growth
Of vain invention: it is spoken and meant!
For Zeus's mouth is impotent to lie,
And doth complete the utterance in the act—
So, look to it, thou!—take heed!—and nevermore
Forget good counsel, to indulge self-will!

Chorus of Ocean-nymphs. This Hermes suits his reasons
to the times—
At least I think so!—since he bids thee drop
Self-will for prudent counsel. Yield to him!
When the wise err, their wisdom proves their shame.

Prometheus. Unto me the foreknower, this mandate of
power,
He cries, to reveal it!
And scarce strange is my fate, if I suffer from hate,
At the hour that I feel it!
Let the locks of the lightning, all bristling and whitening,
Flash, coiling me round!
While the æther goes surging 'neath thunder and scourging,
Of wild winds unbound!
Let the blast of the firmament whirl from its place
The earth rooted below,—
And the brine of the ocean, in rapid emotion,
Be it driven in the face
Of the stars up in heaven, as they walk to and fro!
Let him hurl me anon, into Tartarus—on—
To the blackest degree,
With Necessity's vortices strangling me down!
But he cannot join death to a fate meant for *me!*

Hermes. Why the words that he speaks and the thoughts
that he thinks,
Are maniacal—sad!
And if Fate, who hath bound him, just loosens the links,—
Yet he's nigh to be mad.
Then depart ye who groan with him,
Leaving to moan with him—
Go in haste! lest the roar of the thunder, in nearing,
Should blast you to idiocy, living and hearing.

Chorus. Change thy speech for another, thy thought for
a new,
If to move me and teach me, indeed be thy care!
For thy words swerve so far from the loyal and true,
That the thunder of Zeus seems more easy to bear.
How! couldst teach me to venture such vileness? Behold!
I *choose*, with this victim, this anguish foretold!
For I turn from the traitor in hate and disdain,
And I know that the curse of the treason is worse
Than the pang of the chain.

Hermes. Then remember, O nymphs, what I utter before,
Nor, when pierced by the arrows that Até will throw you,
Cast the blame on your fate, and declare evermore
That Zeus thrust you on anguish he did not foreshow you.
Nay, verily, nay! for ye perish anon
For your deed—by your choice!—by no blindness of doubt,
No abruptness of doom!—but by madness alone,
In the great net of Até, whence none cometh out,
Ye are wound and undone!
Prometheus. Ay! in act, now—in word, now, no more!
Earth is rocking in space!
And the thunders crash up with a roar upon roar—
And red eddies of lightning flash fires in my face—
And the whirlwinds are whirling the dust round and round—
And the blasts of the winds universal leap free,
And blow each upon each, with a passion of sound,—
And æther goes mingling in storm with the sea!
Such a curse on my head, in a manifest dread,
From the hand of your Zeus has been hurtled along!
O my mother's fair glory! O Æther, enringing
All eyes with the sweet common light of thy bringing,
Dost thou see how I suffer this wrong?

SOPHOCLES.

Sophocles was the second in time and rank of the great tragic poets whose works confer unfading lustre on Athens. He was born in 495 B.C., and died in 406. He is said to have been of great personal beauty, and equally accomplished in gymnastics and music. His poetic art blends strength and beauty, so as to produce harmony and symmetry.

Sophocles first appeared as a tragic poet in the contest with Æschylus, 468 B.C. The latter was still lord of the stage, and up to this time had been uniformly successful. The prize fell to the young aspirant. The contest was not so much between the two poets as between two styles of tragedy. Æschylus was the dramatist of the rise of Athens; Sophocles was the poet of Athenian supremacy. The happy combination of external influences, and the intellectual greatness which made Athens so splendid, carried art, thought and statesmanship to perfection at the same moment. Sophocles happened to be the poet of that transient phase of intellectual culture, which, although matured, was not yet impaired. From that memorable year until his death, Sophocles wrote in all one hundred and thirteen plays, and gained twenty first prizes, and many second prizes. Euripides was the only formidable rival he had after Æschylus.

Sophocles was brought into close companionship with the statesman Pericles, who saw in the dramatic representations of the four great festivals a powerful means of popular education. His conviction was that the poorest should have the advantage of such an education, even at a heavy cost to the state. Sophocles never left the city except at her call and in her service, but true to his destiny, lived in the centre of social and political activity, devoting himself to his art. He died in his ninetieth year.

The changes introduced into tragedy by Sophocles improved the drama as a work of art, and freed it from encumbering traditions. Hitherto the author had been the chief actor, appearing as the hero of the piece. But Sophocles, partly from weakness of voice, and partly from a sense that the two functions should be kept distinct, withdrew from the stage altogether. The introduction of a third actor gave better scope for action and the development of the plot, the three performers being capable of appearing in different characters and costumes. Another change was the composition of dramas independent of each other, although exhibited together, instead of the trilogy, in which the three plays form a connected whole. Sophocles paid careful attention to costume with a view to effect, and introduced landscape scenery instead of the conventional palace.

In regard to religious teaching, also, there is an evident change, probably due to the general change in the spirit of the age. While the theosophy of Æschylus is prominent, that of Sophocles is kept in the background, as an unconcealed sense of the divine. The poet now spiritualizes religion ; conscience is recognized as the voice of Deity. The judgments of Æschylus are severe; those of Sophocles are not less firm, but there seems to be a more tender feeling towards humanity in its weakness and blindness.

ANTIGONE.

Antigone, the daughter of Œdipus, having buried her father, returns to Thebes. Eteocles and Polynices, her brothers, having fallen by each other's hand, the kingdom devolves on Creon, their uncle. The tragedy of Antigone begins with Creon's edict forbidding the rites of burial to Polynices, as a traitor, and threatening with death any one who should dare to bury him. In violation of the decree, Antigone sprinkles dust and pours libations over the body of her brother, but is arrested and condemned to be immured in a cave. Tiresias, the seer, warns Creon that the offended people will rage, that his cities shall be polluted and his palace filled with woe. Creon relents and gives orders for the burial of Polynices, and goes himself to free Antigone. He is too late; she has killed herself, and her lover, Creon's son Hæmon, lies slain by her side. In the meantime, Eurydice, the queen, has stabbed herself before the altar. As the play closes, Creon is in utter misery.

ANTIGONE BEFORE KING CREON.

Guards bring in Antigone.

Guard. I come, although I swore the contrary,
Bringing this maiden, whom in act we found
Decking the grave.
And now, O king, take her, and as thou wilt,
Judge and convict her.
Creon. How and where was it that ye seized and brought her?
Guard. She was in act of burying. Thou knowest all.
Creon. Dost know and rightly speak the tale thou tell'st?
Guard. I saw her burying that self-same corpse
Thou bad'st us not to bury. Speak I clear?
Creon. How was she seen, and taken in the act?
Guard. The matter passed as follows:—When we came,
With all those dreadful threats of thine upon us,
Sweeping away the dust which, lightly spread,

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ANTIGONE GOES TO BURY HER BROTHER

Covered the corpse, and laying stripped and bare
The tainted carcase, on the hill we sat
To windward, shunning the infected air,
Each stirring up his fellow with strong words,
If any shirked his duty. This went on
Some time, until the glowing orb of day
Stood in mid heaven, and the scorching heat
Fell on us. Then a sudden whirlwind rose,
A scourge from heaven, raising squalls on earth,
And filled the plain, the leafage stripping bare
Of all the forest, and the air's vast space
Was thick and troubled, and we closed our eyes,
Until the plague the Gods had sent was past;
And when it ceased, a weary time being gone,
The girl is seen, and with a bitter cry,
Shrill as a bird's, when it beholds its nest
All emptied of its infant brood, she wails;
Thus she, when she beholds the corpse all stripped,
Groaned loud with many moanings, and she called
Fierce curses down on those who did the deed.
And in her hand she brings some fine, dry dust,
And from a vase of bronze, well wrought, upraised,
She pours the three libations o'er the dead.
And we, beholding, give her chase forthwith,
And run her down, naught terrified at us.
And then we charged her with the former deed,
As well as this. And nothing she denied.
But this to me both bitter is and sweet,
For to escape one's-self from ill is sweet,
But to bring friends to trouble, this is hard
And painful. Yet my nature bids me count
Above all these things safety for myself.

Creon (*to Antigone*). Thou, then—yes, thou, who bend'st thy face to earth—
Confessest thou, or dost deny the deed?

Antig. I own I did it, and will not deny.

Creon (*to Guard*). Go thou thy way, where'er thy will may choose,
Freed from a weighty charge. [*Exit Guard.*
(*To Antigone*). And now for thee.
Say in few words, not lengthening out thy speech,
Knew'st thou the edicts which forbade these things?

Antig. I knew them. Could I fail? Full clear were they.
Creon. And thou didst dare to disobey these laws?
Antig. Yes, for it was not Zeus who gave them forth,
Nor Justice, dwelling with the Gods below,
Who traced these laws for all the sons of men;
Nor did I deem thy edicts strong enough,
That thou, a mortal man, shouldst over-pass
The unwritten laws of God that know not change.
They are not of to-day nor yesterday,
But live for ever, nor can man assign
When first they sprang to being. Not through fear
Of any man's resolve was I prepared
Before the Gods to bear the penalty
Of sinning against these. That I should die
I knew, (how should I not?) though thy decree
Had never spoken. And, before my time
If I shall die, I reckon this a gain;
For whoso lives, as I, in many woes,
How can it be but he shall gain by death?
And so for me to bear this doom of thine
Has nothing painful. But, if I had left
My mother's son unburied on his death,
In that I should have suffered; but in this
I suffer not. And should I seem to thee
To do a foolish deed, 'tis simply this,—
I bear the charge of folly from a fool. . . . .
And yet how could I higher glory gain
Than placing my true brother in his tomb?
There is not one of these but would confess
It pleases them, did fear not seal their lips.
The tyrant's might in much besides excels,
And it may do and say whate'er it will.
Creon. Of all the race of Cadmos thou alone
Look'st thus upon the deed.
Antig. They see it too
As I do, but their tongue is tied for thee.
Creon. Art not ashamed against their thoughts to think?
Antig. There is naught base in honoring our own blood.
Creon. And was he not thy kin who fought against him?
Antig. Yea, brother, of one father and one mother.
Creon. Why then give honor which dishonors him?
Antig. The dead below will not repeat thy words.

Creon. Yes, if thou give like honor to the godless.
Antig. It was his brother, not his slave, that died.
Creon. Wasting this land, while *he* died fighting for it.
Antig. Yet Hades still craves equal rites for all.
Creon. The good craves not the portion of the bad.
Antig. Who knows if this be holy deemed below?
Creon. Not even when he dies can foe be friend.
Antig. My nature leads to sharing love, not hate.
Creon. Go then below; and if thou must have love,
Love them. While I live, women shall not rule.

ANTIGONE AND ISMENE.

ISMENE, sister of Antigone, had in fear of the king's decree refused to join her in performing the burial rites for her brother Polynices. But when Antigone is arrested, Ismene is willing and eager to share her fate.

Enter Ismene, led in by Attendants.

Chorus. And, lo! Ismene at the gate
Comes shedding tears of sisterly regard,
And o'er her brow a gathering cloud
Mars the deep roseate blush,
Bedewing her fair cheek.
Creon (*to Ismene*). And thou who, creeping as a viper creeps,
Didst drain my life in secret, and I knew not
That I was rearing two accursed ones,
Subverters of my throne,—come, tell me, then,
Wilt thou confess thou tookst thy part in this,
Or wilt thou swear thou didst not know of it?
Ism. I did the deed, if she did go; with her
I share the guilt, and bear an equal blame.
Antig. Nay, justice will not suffer this, for thou
Didst not consent, nor did I let thee join.
Ism. Nay, in thy troubles, I am not ashamed
In the same boat with thee to share thy fate.
Antig. Who did it, Hades knows, and those below:
I do not love a friend who loves in words.
Ism. Do not, my sister, put me to such shame,
As not to let me join in death with thee,
And so to pay due reverence to the dead.
Antig. Share not my death, nor make thine own this deed
Thou hadst no hand in. My death shall suffice.

Ism. What life to me is sweet, bereaved of thee?
Antig. Save thou thyself. I grudge not thy escape.
Ism. Ah, woe is me! and must I miss thy fate?
Antig. Thou mad'st thy choice to live, and I to die.
Ism. 'Twas not because I failed to speak my thoughts.
Antig. To these didst thou, to those did I seem wise.
Ism. And yet the offence is equal in us both.
Antig. Take courage. Thou dost live. My soul long since
Hath died to render service to the dead.
Creon. Of these two girls the one goes mad but now,
The other ever since her life began.
Ism. E'en so, O king; no mind that ever lived
Stands firm in evil days, but goes astray.
Creon. Thine did, when, with the vile, vile deeds thou chosest.
Ism. How could I live without her presence here?
Creon. Speak not of presence. She is here no more.
Ism. And wilt thou slay thy son's betrothed bride?
Creon. Full many a field there is which he may plough.
Ism. None like that plighted troth 'twixt him and her.
Creon. Wives that are vile I love not for my sons.
Ism. Ah, dearest Hæmon, how thy father shames thee!
Creon. Thou with that marriage dost but vex my soul.
Chor. And wilt thou rob thy son of her he loved?
Creon. 'Tis Death, not I, shall break the marriage off.
Chor. Her doom is fixed, it seems, then. She must die.
Creon. Fixed, yes, by me and thee. No more delay,
Lead them within, ye slaves. These must be kept
Henceforth as women, suffered not to roam;
For even boldest natures shrink in fear
When they see Hades overshadowing life.

KING ŒDIPUS.

THE terrible story of Œdipus had a strong fascination for the Greeks, as illustrating the conflict of moral laws and the supremacy of destiny. Laius, King of Thebes, learned from the oracle of Apollo, at Delphi, that he was destined to perish by the hand of his own son. He ordered his wife Jocasta, therefore, to destroy the infant. She gave it to a herdsman, who left it, tied with thongs, on Mount Cithæron. But a shepherd of Corinth found the babe and delivered it to King Polybus, who adopted it as his own child, and called it Œdipus (Swollen-foot). When grown up, Œdipus is told by the oracle that he would slay his father and marry his mother. On his return to Corinth he met Laius in a narrow pass and, in a dispute about the road, slew him. Passing to Thebes, he destroyed the Sphinx, a monster which had been inflicting damage on the city. Œdipus was, therefore, raised to the throne and the widowed Jocasta receives him as her husband. A pestilence arises, and the oracle declares that it cannot be abated until the murder of Laius is avenged. On investigation the appalling secret is discovered, whereupon Jocasta commits suicide, and Œdipus tears out his own eyes and goes into exile.

Jocasta. Princes of Thebes, we deemed it meet to seek
The temples of the gods, and in our hands
These votive wreaths, this odorous incense bear.
The soul of Œdipus on a wild sea
Of anxious care is tossed;—nor, as becomes
The prudent, weighs by former oracles
This late response, but lends a willing ear
To all who speak of terrors. Since my voice
Avails no more, Lycæan king, to thee
I fly, for thou art nearest to our need,
And come in prayer a suppliant to thy shrine,
That thou mayst grant us thine auspicious aid;
Since all now tremble, when we thus behold
Our very pilot shuddering and appalled.

Enter Corinthian.

Corinthian. Can ye inform me, strangers, where your king,
Great Œdipus, his regal state maintains;
Or, if ye know, where I may find the monarch?
Chorus. These are th' imperial halls—he is within—
This is his wife, the mother of his children.
Cor. Blest may she be, and ever with the blest
Hold glad communion; to her royal lord
A most accomplished consort.
Joc. Equal joy
Attend thee, stranger,—thy kind greeting claims
This due return of courtesy. But say,
Whence cam'st thou to our Thebes, and what thy tidings?
Cor. Joy to thy house, O lady! and thy lord.
Joc. What joy?—and from what region art thou come?
Cor. From Corinth. At my words thou wilt rejoice:
Why shouldst thou not—yet fond regrets will rise.

Joc. What dost thou mean, and whence this two-fold influence?
Cor. The assembled States of Isthmus, rumor tells,
Will choose thy lord to mount the vacant throne.
Joc. How vacant? Reigns not Polybus in Corinth?
Cor. No more!--His only kingdom is the tomb.
Joc. Haste, haste, attendant, and convey with speed
These tidings to your lord. Vain oracles!
Where are your bodings now? My Œdipus,
Fearing to slay this man, forsook his country;
Now Fate, and not his hand, hath laid him low.

Enter Œdipus.

Œdipus. Why, my beloved Jocasta, has thou sent
To bid my presence hither?
Joc. Hear this man—
Attend his tidings, and observe the end
Of these most true and reverend oracles.
Œd. Who is this stranger—with what message charged?
Joc. He is from Corinth, thence despatched to tell thee
That Polybus, thy father, is no more.
Œd. What sayest thou, stranger? Be thyself the speaker.
Cor. Then, in plain terms, the king is dead and gone.
Œd. Died he by treason, or the chance of sickness?
Cor. Slight ills dismiss the aged to their rest.
Œd. Then by disease, it seems, the monarch died.
Cor. And bowed beneath a withering weight of years.
Œd. Ha! is it thus? Then, lady, who would heed
The Pythian shrine oracular, or birds
Clanging in air, by whose vain auspices
I was fore-doomed the murderer of my father?
In the still silence of the tomb he sleeps.
While I am here—the fatal sword untouched,
Unless he languished for his absent child,
And I was thus the author of his doom.
Now in the grave he lies, and with him rest
Those vain predictions, worthy of our scorn.
Joc. Did I not tell thee this before?
Œd. Thou didst,
But terror urged me onward.
Joc. Banish now
This vain solicitude.

Œd. Should I not fear
The dark pollution of my mother's bed?
Joc. Oh, why should mortals fear, when fortune's sway
Rules all, and wariest foresight naught avails?
Best to live on unheeding, as thou may'st.
Œd. Phœbus foretold that I should wed my mother,
And shed with impious hand a father's blood.
For this I fled my own Corinthian towers
To seek a distant home—that home was blest;
Though still I languished to embrace my parents,
Cor. This fear then urged thee to renounce thy country?
Œd. Old man, I would not be a father's murderer.
Cor. Then wherefore, since thy welfare I regard,
Should I forbear to rid thee of this terror?
Œd. Do so, and rich shall be thy recompense.
Cor. This hope impell'd me here, that when our State
Hails thee her monarch, I might win thy favor.
Œd. Ne'er will I seek the authors of my birth.
Cor. 'Tis plain, my son, thou know'st not what thou doest!
Œd. How! how! old man, by heaven, unfold thy meaning.
Cor. If this preclude thee from returning home—
Œd. I fear lest Phœbus saw, alas! too clearly!
Cor. If thou dost dread pollution from thy parents—
Œd. That restless dread for ever haunts my soul.
Cor. Know, then, thy terrors all are causeless here.
Œd. How so? if of these parents I was born?
Cor. But Polybus is not allied to thee.
Œd. How say'st thou? was not Polybus my father?
Cor. No more than I—our claims are equal here.
Œd. Had he who gave me life no nearer claim
Than thou, a stranger?
Cor. Nor to him or me
Ow'st thou thy birth.
Œd. Then wherefore did he grant
A son's beloved name?
Cor. He from my hand
Received thee as a gift.
Œd. With such fond love
How could he cherish thus an alien child?
Cor. His former childless state to this impelled him.
Œd. Gav'st thou a purchased slave, or thy own child?
Cor. I found thee in Cithæron's shadowy glades.

Œd. Why didst thou traverse those remoter vales?
Cor. It was my charge to tend the mountain herds.
Œd. Wert thou a herdsman, and engaged for hire?
Cor. I was, my son, but thy preserver too.
Œd. From what affliction didst thou then preserve me?
Cor. This let thy scarr'd and swollen feet attest.
Œd. Ha! why dost thou revive a woe long passed?
Cor. I loosed thy bound and perforated feet.
Œd. Such foul reproach mine infancy endured.
Cor. From this event arose the name thou bear'st.
Œd. Thou didst receive me then from other hands,
Nor find me as by chance?
Cor. No; to my hand
Another herdsman gave thee.
Œd. Who was he?
Canst thou inform me this?
Cor. He was, I believe,
A slave of Laius.
Œd. What! of him who erst
Ruled o'er this land?
Cor. The same;—this man to him
Discharged an herdsman's office.
Œd. Lives he yet
That I may see him?
Cor. Ye, his countrymen,
Are best prepared this question to resolve.
Œd. Is there, of you who now attend our presence,
One who would know the herdsman he describes,
Familiar erst or here, or in the field?
Speak—for the time demands a prompt disclosure.
Ch. He is, I deem, no other than the man
Whom thou before didst summon from the fields.
This none can know more than the Queen.
Œd. Think'st thou, O Queen, the man whose presence late
We bade, is he of whom this stranger speaks?
Joc. Who—spake of whom?—Regard him not, nor dwell,
With vain remembrance, on unmeaning words!
Œd. Nay, Heaven forfend, when traces of my birth
Are thus unfolding, I should cease to follow.
Joc. Nay, by the Gods I charge thee! search no more,
If life be precious still. Be it enough
That I am most afflicted.

Œd. Cheer thee, lady,
Though my descent were proved e'en trebly servile,
No stain of infamy would light on thee.
Joc. Ah yield, I do conjure thee—seek no more.
Œd. I will not yield, till all be clearly known.
Joc. 'Tis for thy peace I warn thee—yet be wise.
Œd. That very wisdom wounds my peace most deeply.
Joc. Unhappy—never may'st thou know thy birth.
Œd. Will none conduct this shepherd to our presence?
Leave her to triumph in her lordly race.
Joc. Woe! woe! unhappy! henceforth by that name
Alone can I address thee, and by that
Alone for ever.
Œd. I will on
To trace my birth, though it be most obscure.
Pride swells her thus, for in a woman's breast
Pride reigns despotic, and she thinks foul scorn
Of my ignoble birth. I deem myself
The child of Fortune, in whose favoring smile
I shall not be dishonored. She alone
Hath been my fostering parent; from low state
My kindred mouths have raised me into greatness.
Sprung from such lineage, none I heed beside,
Nor blush reluctant to explore my birth.

. . . .

Enter Herdsman.

Œd. Approach, old man! look on me, and reply
To my demand. Wert thou the slave of Laius?
Herd. I was his slave—bred in his house—not purchased.
My better part of life was passed in tending
The monarch's flocks.
Œd. What regions wert thou then
Wont to frequent?
Herd. Cithæron and the meads
Adjacent.
Cor. Then answer, dost thou recollect the babe
Thou gav'st me there, as mine own child to cherish?
Herd. What wouldst thou? Whither do thy questions tend?
Cor. This is that child, my friend, who stands before thee.
Herd. A curse light on thee! wilt thou not be silent?

Œd. Reprove him not, old man, for thine own words,
Far more than his, demand a stern reprover.
Herd. I did:—Oh, had that moment been my last!
Œd. This shall be, if thou wilt not speak the truth.
Herd. And if I speak it, I am trebly lost.
Œd. This man, it seems, still struggles to elude us.
Herd. No, I confessed long since I gave the child.
Œd. And whence received? thine own, or from another?
Herd. No, not mine own; I from another's hand
Bare him.
Œd. And from what Theban, from what roof?
Herd. Oh, by the gods! my lord, inquire no further.
Œd. If I repeat th' inquiry, thou art lost.
Herd. The palace of King Laius gave him birth.
Œd. Sprung from a slave, or of the royal stock?
Herd. The child was called the son of Laius; here
The royal consort can inform thee better.
Œd. Didst thou from her receive him?
Herd. Yea, O king!—
Œd. And for what purpose?
Herd. That I might destroy him—
Œd. What—the unnatural mother!
Herd. She was awed
By woe-denouncing oracles.
Œd. What woe?
Herd. That he should prove the murderer of his parents.
Œd. Why, then, to this old man thy charge consign?
Herd. From pity, O my lord, I deemed that he
To his own land would bear the child afar.
He saved him to despair. If thou art he
Of whom he spake, how dark a doom is thine!
Œd. Woe! woe! 'tis all too fatally unveiled.
Thou Light! Oh, may I now behold thy beams
For the last time! Unhallowed was my birth;
In closest ties united, where such ties
Were most unnatural;—with that blood defiled,
From whose pollution most the heart recoils.

DEATH OF LAIUS.

EURIPIDES.

MANY and great changes took place in Athens between the ending of the Persian war and the period of Euripides. Æschylus had gained his first prize in 484 B.C., Sophocles his first in 468, and Euripides his first in 431. In this brief space of fifty years Athens had become the centre not only of advanced, but of progressive thought. Her wrestling grounds and gardens were now the seats of philosophers and teachers of rhetoric. Science had made attacks on the nature-worship of mythology, and undermined religious and ethical traditions. A more solid, because better reasoned-out, and practical morality was arising. The people had a place which they never held before. They were supreme in both politics and law. Two passions ruled them; one for superiority in eloquence, the other for acumen in the courts of justice. The accomplishments of an Athenian now were that he should be able to speak well on any given subject, and also to criticise well the speeches of others. Thus was provided for the tragedian an audience which appreciated splendid oratory, clever reasoning and intellectual subtleties. Euripides was essentially the spokesman of his own day. He represented the magnificence of Athenian decline.

Euripides was born on the island of Salamis in 480 B.C., on the very day of the memorable victory over the Persian fleet at that place. He studied oratory and philosophy, and was accomplished in athletics, music and painting. Warned by the banishment of his teacher, Anaxagoras, of the danger of free-thinking, he turned his attention to the drama, in which Æschylus had acquired, and Sophocles was acquiring fame. Between his eighteenth and his seventy-second year Euripides produced seventy-five tragdies. While he adhered to the mythical legends, he adapted them to his own purposes and brought them nearer to the level of real life. Mixing legendary lore with ordinary incidents, he reduced the language of demigods to ordinary Greek speech. His innovations on the old style were designed to bring tragedy home to the sympathies of his audience. Much of what was sacred in the character of the myths disappears, and tragedy was made realistic. But though the subject-matter had changed, the unnatural scenic representation in masks survived to mar the author's best efforts. With regard to the intervention of the gods in human affairs, Æschylus showed them as mysterious agents, providentially overruling all things; Sophocles diminished their interference; Euripides made them interfere mechanically and capriciously. He still uses them, but only as a supernatural agency to bring about a sudden turn of events. Under Euripides the function of the chorus was curtailed by separating it from the main action of the drama, while the office of messenger is expanded in order to give greater facility for brilliant description. Another change was in the introduction of the prologue, which became necessary when the plot was more complicated, and the incidents more varied. The audience had to be placed at the point of view intended by the poet.

In comparing the three great Greek tragedians, Æschylus may be said to have aimed at stability and grandeur; Sophocles at elegance and finish; Euripides at brilliancy and effect. The last excels the others in the purity and copiousness of his moral sentiments, and in his power of moving the tender passions. He was so sympathetic, so keenly sensitive to the finest feelings of humanity and virtue, that he became the delight of his country and the "darling of posterity." The last years of his life were spent at the court of Archelaus, king of Macedonia, a patron of literature and art. He died in the seventy-fifth year of his age, three years after coming to Macedonia.

MEDEA.

MEDEA was the daughter of Æetes, king of Colchis, on the Euxine Sea. When Jason went thither in search of the golden fleece, she became enamored of the gallant stranger, and used her skill in magic to assist him in overcoming all the difficulties of his attempt. Nor did she shrink from crime to accomplish the result. After gaining the fleece Jason married his guilty preserver and fled with her to Thessaly, where she obtained for him the throne. But Jason tired of the fierce passion of the sorceress, and sought the hand of Glauce, daughter of Creon, King of Corinth. This king, justly fearing the effects of Medea's anger, banished her. Though fiercely indignant at the outrage, she pretended to submit, and sought refuge at Athens. Thence she sent back her two sons with rich presents for their father's new bride. In due time Glauce arrayed herself in the rich robes sent by Medea, only to discover that they were imbued with a deadly poison, which destroyed the wearer and her father. Jason became alarmed for the fate of his sons, who had returned to their mother. He hastened after them, but was too late. The savage mother has already slain them, and exults in her revenge. At the close of the play she is represented as flying through the air, with the bodies of her children, in a chariot drawn by winged dragons.

Medea is the greatest of the tragedies of Euripides. The opening scene shows the terrible passion which has been roused in the fierce barbarian woman by the news of the second marriage. Yet the poet makes plain that her guilty thoughts and deeds are an actual result of the selfishness of others. By thus exciting a certain sympathy for her wrongs, he is able to sustain the interest in the portrayal of her murderous vengeance. Throughout the drama the whole action and passion are concentrated in this one deeply wronged and furiously revengeful woman.

MEDEA'S WRONGS.

Nurse of Medea. All is variance now
And hate: for Jason, to his children false,
False to my mistress, for a royal bride
Hath left her couch, and wedded Creon's daughter,
Lord of this land. Ill doth Medea brook
This base dishonor; on his oath she calls,
Recalls their plighted hands, the firmest pledge
Of mutual faith, and calls the gods to witness
What a requital she from Jason finds.
Of food regardless, and in sorrow sunk
She lies, and melts in tears each tedious hour
Since first she knew her lord had injured her;
Nor lifts her eye, nor lifts her face from the earth,
Deaf to her friends' entreaties as a rock,
Or billow of the sea; save when she turns
Her snowy neck, and to herself bewails

Her father, and her country, and her house,
Which she betray'd to follow this base man,
Who treats her now with such indignity.
Affliction now hath taught her what it is
Not to forsake a parent and his house.
She hates her children, nor with pleasure sees them.
I fear her, lest she form some strange design;
For violent her temper, and of wrongs
Impatient: well I know her, and I fear her,
Lest, in the dead of night, when all are laid
In deep repose, she steal into the house,
And plunge into their breast the piercing sword;
Or murder ev'n the monarch of the land,
Or the new-married Jason, on herself
Drawing severer ills: for like a storm
Her passions swell, and he that dares enrage her
Will have small cause to boast his victory.
But see, her sons from the gymnastic ring
Returning, heedless of their mother's ills;
For youth holds no society with grief.

Enter Tutor, with the Sons of Medea.

Tut. Thou old domestic servant of my mistress,
Why dost thou take thy station at the gates,
And ruminate in silence on thy griefs?
How hath Medea wish'd to be alone?
Nur. Thou good old man, attendant on the sons
Of Jason, faithful servants with their lords
Suffer in their afflictions, and their hearts
Are touch'd with social sorrow; and my griefs
Swell, for Medea's sufferings, to such height,
That strong desire impell'd me to come forth,
And tell them to the earth and to the skies.
Tut. Admits she yet no respite to her groans?
Nur. I wonder at thee: no, these ills but now
Are rising, to their height not yet advanced.
Tut. I heard one say, not seeming to attend,
But passing on to where they play with dice,
Among the grave old men, who then by chance
Were sitting near Pirene's hallow'd stream,
That Creon, lord of this fair land, will drive
These children and their mother from the state

Of Corinth: whether this report be true
I know not, but I wish it otherwise.
Nur. Will Jason bear to see his sons thus wrong'd,
Though he regards their mother now no more?
Tut. To new alliances the old gives place,
And to this house he is no more a friend.
Nur. Ruin would follow, to the former ill
If this were added ere the first subsides.
Tut. Be cautious then; it were unseasonable
Our queen knew this; in silence close thy lips.
Nur. Go in, my children, go: all will be well;
And take thou heed, keep them aloof, nor let them
Come near their mother while her griefs are fresh:
Cruel her eye, and wild; I mark'd it late,
Expressive of some dark design on these:
Nor will she check her fury, well I know,
Till the storm bursts on some one: may its stroke
Fall on some hostile head, not on a friend.
Medea (*within.*) Wretch that I am, what anguish rends my heart!
Wretched Medea, how art thou undone!
Nur. Ay, thus it is. Your mother, my dear children,
Swells with resentment, swells with rage. Go in,
Go quickly in; but come not in her eye,
Approach her not, but keep you from the wild
And dreadful fury of her violent temper.
Go now, go quickly in; this rising cloud
Of grief forebodes a storm, which soon will fall
With greater rage: inflamed with injuries,
What will not her tempestuous spirit dare?
Med. Ah me! ah me! what mighty wrongs I bear,
Wrongs that demand my tears and loud laments!
Ye sons accursed of a detested mother,
Perish, together with your father perish,
And in one general ruin sink your house!
Nur. Ah me unhappy! in their father's fault
Why make thy sons associates? Why on them
Rises thy hatred? Oh, I fear, I fear,
My children, lest some evil threatens you.
Kings have a fiery quality of soul,
Accustom'd to command; if once they feel
Control, though small, their anger blazes out,

Not easily extinguish'd; hence I deem
An equal mediocrity of life
More to be wish'd; if not in gorgeous state,
Yet without danger glides it on to age.
There's a protection in its very name,
And happiness dwells with it: but the height
Of towering greatness long to mortal man
Remains not fix'd, and, when misfortune comes
Enraged, in deeper ruin sinks the house.
Chorus. I heard the voice, I heard the loud laments
Of the unhappy Colchian: do her griefs
(Say, reverend matron), find no respite yet?
From the door's opening valve I heard her voice.
No pleasure in the sorrows of your home
I take; for deeds are done not grateful to me.
Nur. This is no more a home; all here is vanish'd,
Nor leaves a trace behind. The monarch's house
He makes his own; while my unhappy mistress
In her lone chamber melts her life away
In tears, unmoved by all the arguments
Urged by her friends to soothe her sorrowing soul.
Med. O that the ethereal lightning on this head
Would fall! Why longer should I wish to live?
Unhappy me! Death would be welcome now,
And kindly free me from this hated life.
Cho. Dost thou hear this, O Jove, O Earth, O Light,
The mournful voice of this unhappy dame?
Why thus indulge this unabated force
Of nuptial love, self-rigorous, hastening death?
Let it not be thy wish: if a new bed
Now charms thy husband, be not his offence
Engraved too deep: Jove will avenge thy wrongs;
Let not thy sorrows prey upon thy heart.
Med. O powerful Themis, O revered Diana,
See what I suffer, though with sacred oaths
This vile, accursed husband I had bound!
Oh, might I one day see him and his bride
Rent piecemeal in their house, who unprovoked
Have dared to wrong me thus! Alas, my father!
Alas, my country! whom my shameful flight
Abandon'd, having first my brother slain!
Cho. I hear her lamentations mixed with groans,

Which in the anguish of her heart she vents;
And on her faithless husband, who betray'd
Her bed, she calls aloud; upon the gods,
Thus basely wrong'd, she calls, attesting Themis,
Daughter of Jove, the arbitress of oaths,
Who led her to the shores of Greece, across
The rolling ocean, when the shades of night
Darken'd its waves, and steer'd her through the straits.

Medea's Last Words to Her Children.

O children, children! you have still a city,
A home, where, lost to me and all my woe,
You will live out your lives without a mother!
But I—lo! I am for another land,
Leaving the joy of you. To see you happy,
To deck your marriage-bed, to greet your bride,
To light your wedding torch shall not be mine!
O me, thrice wretched in my own self-will!
In vain then, dear my children! did I rear you;
In vain I travailed, and with wearing sorrow
Bore bitter anguish in the hour of childbirth!
Yea, of a sooth, I had great hope of you,
That you should cherish my old age, and deck
My corpse with loving hands, and make me blessed
'Mid women in my death. But now, ah me!
Hath perished that sweet dream. For long without you
I shall drag out a dreary, doleful age.
And you shall never see your mother more
With your dear eyes: for all your life is changed.
Woe, woe!
Why gaze you at me with your eyes, my children?
Why smile your last sweet smile? Ah me! ah me!
What shall I do? My heart dissolves within me,
Friends, when I see the glad eyes of my sons!
I cannot. No: my will that was so steady,
Farewell to it. They too shall go with me:
Why should I wound their sire with what wounds them,
Heaping tenfold his woes on my own head?
No, no, I shall not. Perish my proud will.
Yet whence this weakness? Do I wish to reap
The scorn that springs from enemies unpunished?

Dare it I must. What craven fool am I,
To let soft thoughts flow trickling from my soul!
Go, boys, into the house: and he who may not
Be present at my solemn sacrifice—
Let him see to it. My hand shall not falter.
Ah! ah!
Nay, do not, O my heart! do not this thing!
Suffer them, O poor fool; yea, spare thy children!
There in thy exile they will gladden thee.
Not so: by all the plagues of nethermost Hell,
It shall not be that I, that I should suffer
My foes to triumph and insult my sons!
Die must they: this must be, and since it must,
I, I myself will slay them, I who bore them.
So it is fixed, and there is no escape.
Even as I speak, the crown is on her head,
The bride is dying in her robes, I know it.
But since this path most piteous I tread,
Sending them forth on paths more piteous far,
I will embrace my children. O my sons,
Give, give your mother your dear hands to kiss!
O dearest hands, and mouths most dear to me,
And forms and noble faces of my sons!
Be happy even there: what here was yours,
Your father robs you of. O loved embrace!
O tender touch and sweet breath of my boys!
Go, go, go, leave me! Lo, I cannot bear
To look on you, my woes have overwhelmed me!
Now know I all the ill I have to do:
But rage is stronger than my better mind;
Rage, cause of greatest crimes and griefs to mortals.

IPHIGENIA.

IPHIGENIA was a daughter of Agamemnon and Clytæmnestra. Her father had killed a stag in the grove of Artemis (Diana), and the offended goddess therefore detained the Greek fleet at Aulis, when it assembled to sail against Troy. The seer Calchas declared that the sacrifice of Iphigenia was necessary to propitiate the goddess and obtain a favorable wind. Agamemnon yielded, and his daughter was brought to Chalcis, supposing she was to be married to Achilles. According to the usual story which was accepted by Æschylus and Sophocles, she was actually sacrificed by her father. But Euripides, probably owing to the advance of humane sentiment, modified this account as follows. When she was about to be slain at the altar, Artemis intervened and carried her off in a cloud to be priestess of her temple in Tauris (the Crimea), while a stag was substituted in the sacrifice. In Tauris it was customary to sacrifice strangers, especially Greeks, coming thither. Orestes, the brother of Iphigenia, slew his mother for her murder of his father, but was afterwards constantly pursued by the Eumenides or Furies. Pylades, who had devoted himself to watchful care of his friend, accompanied him to Tauris, whence he had been directed by the oracle to carry off the sacred image of Artemis, which was said to have fallen from heaven. These strangers were seized and were about to be sacrificed when Iphigenia recognized her brother, and fled with him, bearing away the statue. Meantime, her sister Electra heard that Orestes had been sacrificed by the priestess in Tauris, and meeting Iphigenia at Delphi, resolved to deprive her of sight. But Orestes intervened, and a general recognition and reconciliation took place. All returned to Mycenæ, but Iphigenia carried the image of Artemis to Attica, and served there as priestess. According to some traditions, she was endowed by the goddess with immortality and eternal youth.

The story has evident reference to the prevalence of human sacrifices in Greece in early times. Some critics have interpreted the name Iphigenia to mean "daughter of Jephthah," thus connecting it with the well-known story of the Hebrew Bible. This connection is increased by one form of the Greek legend, which makes Agamemnon's offence consist in having vowed in the year in which Iphigenia was born to sacrifice the most beautiful production of the year, and then neglecting to fulfill that vow. Various parts of the Greek legend were treated by the tragic poets, and Euripides used it in two dramas, "Iphigenia at Aulis," and "Iphigenia in Tauris." In modern times, also, Goethe dramatized the ancient story.

ORESTES DISCOVERS IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Iphigenia. I fear lest he who should convey
To Argos this epistle, when return'd
Safe to his native country, will neglect
My letter, as a thing of little worth.
Orestes. And wilt thou in return give him thy oath
To send him from this barbarous shore alive?
Iph. That's just: how should he bear my letter else?
Ores. Swear then; do thou propose the righteous oath.
Iph. This, let him say, he to my friends will give.
Pylades. Well, to thy friends this letter I will give.
Iph. Thee will I send safe through the darkening rocks.

Pyl. What god dost thou invoke to attest thy oath?
Iph. Diana, at whose shrine high charge I hold.
Pyl. And I heaven's potent king, the awful Jove.
Iph. But if thou slight thy oath, and do me wrong?
Pyl. Never may I return. But if thou fail,
And save me not?
Iph. Then never, while I live,
May I revisit my loved Argos more! . . . .
What in this letter is contained, what here
Is written, all I will repeat to thee,
That thou mayst bear my message to my friends.
'Gainst danger thus I guard: if thou preserve
The letter, that though silent will declare
My purport; if it perish in the sea,
Saving thyself, my words too thou wilt save.
Pyl. Well hast thou said touching the gods and me.
Say then to whom at Argos shall I bear
This letter? What relate as heard from thee?
Iph. This message to Orestes, to the son
Of Agamemnon, bear:—She who was slain
At Aulis, Iphigenia, sends thee this:
She lives, but not to those who then were there.
Ores. Where is she? From the dead return'd to life?
Iph. She whom thou seest: but interrupt me not.
To Argos, O my brother, ere I die,
Bear me from this barbaric land, and far
Remove me from this altar's bloody rites,
At which to slay the stranger is my charge.
Ores. What shall I say? Where are we, Pylades?
Iph. Or on thy house for vengeance will I call,
Orestes. Twice repeated, learn the name.
Ores. Ye gods!
Iph. In my cause why invoke the gods?
Ores. Nothing: proceed: my thoughts were wandering wide:
Strange things of thee unask'd I soon shall learn.
Iph. Tell him the goddess saved me, in exchange
A hind presenting, which my father slew
A victim, deeming that he plunged his sword
Deep in my breast: me in this land she placed.
Thou hast my charge; and this my letter speaks.
Pyl. Oh, thou hast bound me with an easy oath:

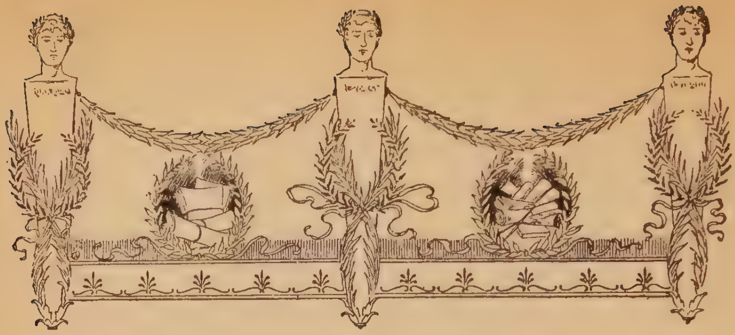
What I have sworn with honest purpose, long
Defer I not, but thus discharge mine oath.
To thee a letter from thy sister, lo,
I bear, Orestes; and I give it thee.
Ores. I do receive it, but forbear to unclose
Its foldings, greater pleasure first to enjoy
Than words can give. My sister, O most dear,
Astonish'd ev'n to disbelief, I throw
Mine arms around thee with a fond embrace,
In transport at the wondrous things I hear.

Chorus. Stranger, thou dost not well with hands profane
Thus to pollute the priestess of the shrine,
Grasping her garments hallow'd from the touch.
Ores. My sister, my dear sister, from one sire,
From Agamemnon sprung, turn not away,
Holding thy brother thus beyond all hope.
Iph. My brother! Thou my brother! Wilt thou not
Unsay these words? At Argos far he dwells.
Ores. Thy brother, O unhappy! is not there.
Iph. Thee did the Spartan Tyndarus bring forth?

Ores. And from the son of Pelops' son I sprung.
Iph. What say'st thou? Canst thou give me proof of this?
Ores. I can: ask something of my father's house.
Iph. Nay, it is thine to speak, mine to attend.
Ores. First let me mention things which I have heard
Electra speak: to thee is known the strife
Which fierce 'twixt Atreus and Thyestes rose.
Iph. Yes, I have heard it; for the golden ram,—
Ores. In the rich texture didst thou not inweave it?
Iph. O thou most dear! Thou windest near my heart.
Ores. And image in the web the averted sun?
Iph. In the fine threads that figure did I work.
Ores. For Aulis did thy mother bathe thy limbs?
Iph. I know it, to unlucky spousals led.
Ores. Why to thy mother didst thou send thy locks?
Iph. Devoted for my body to the tomb.
Ores. What I myself have seen I now as proofs
Will mention. In thy father's house, hung high
Within thy virgin chambers, the old spear
Of Pelops, which he brandish'd when he slew
Œnomaus, and won his beauteous bride,
The virgin Hippodamia, Pisa's boast.
Iph. O thou most dear (for thou art he), most dear
Acknowledged, thee, Orestes, do I hold,
From Argos, from thy country distant far?
Ores. And hold I thee, my sister, long deem'd dead?
Grief mix'd with joy, and tears, not taught by woe
To rise, stand melting in thy eyes and mine.
Iph. Thee yet an infant in thy nurse's arms
I left, a babe I left thee in the house.
Thou art more happy, O my soul, than speech
Knows to express. What shall I say? 'Tis all
Surpassing wonder and the power of words.
Ores. May we together from this hour be bless'd!
Iph. An unexpected pleasure, O my friends,
Have I received; yet fear I from my hands
Lest to the air it fly. O sacred hearths,
Raised by the Cyclops! O my country, loved
Mycenæ! Now that thou didst give me birth,
I thank thee; now I thank thee, that my youth
Thou trainedst, since my brother thou hast train'd,
A beam of light, the glory of his house.

Ores. We in our race are happy; but our life,
My sister, by misfortunes is unhappy.
Iph. I was, I know, unhappy, when the sword
My father, frantic, pointed at my neck.
Ores. Ah me! methinks e'en now I see thee there.
Iph. When to Achilles, brother, not a bride,
I to the sacrifice by guile was led,
And tears and groans the altar compass'd round.
Ores. Alas, the lavers there!
Iph. I mourn'd the deed
My father dared; unlike a father's love;
Cruel, unlike a father's love, to me.
Ores. Ill deeds succeed to ill: if thou hadst slain
Thy brother, by some god impell'd, what griefs
Must have been thine at such a dreadful deed!
Iph. Dreadful, my brother, O how dreadful! Scarce
Has thou escaped a foul, unhallow'd death,
Slain by my hands. But how will these things end?
What Fortune will assist me? What safe means
Shall I devise to send thee from this state,
From slaughter, to thy native land, to Argos,
Ere with thy blood the cruel sword be stain'd?
This to devise, O my unhappy soul!
This to devise is thine. Ah, unhappy me!
What god, what mortal, what unlook'd-for chance
Will expedite our dangerous way, and show
Two sprung from Atreus a release from ills?

IPHIGENIA DELIVERS THE LETTER TO PYLADES.



LATIN LITERATURE.

PERIOD II. 100–40 B.C.

CONQUERED Greece led her Roman conquerors captive. The cultivation of her ideas, her arts and sciences, her morality and philosophy, transformed the hardy patriots of the warlike republic into refined, luxurious cosmopolitans. Rome had early made it a rule not to interfere with the local institutions of the towns and tribes she conquered. When her political power was thoroughly established, the patricians, led by the aristocratic Scipio Africanus, found their highest intellectual enjoyment in the study of the noblest products of Greek genius. They also encouraged Plautus and Terence to translate and adapt the later Greek comedies for the general amusement of the citizens.* Tragedy might have been thought more consonant with Roman genius, but the imitators of Greek tragedy appear to have been less successful, and their works have perished. The epic poet Ennius laid claim to Greek descent, and, in imitation of Homer, composed the "Annals" of his country in dactylic hexameters. The native Saturnian metre was despised and abandoned. The Latin poets labored to fit their language to the Greek metres, until finally they constructed a poetical rhythm and diction hardly inferior to those of their masters.

The early Romans, patricians as well as plebeians, had the simple virtues of the country, but after the Carthaginian was driven from Italy the habits of city life effected a complete change in the character of the upper classes, though they never lost a certain fondness for the country as a place of retirement and recreation. For most of the year the Forum and the senate-house gave them serious occupation, while the Campus Martius afforded them exercise. But under the influence of Greek teachers and customs the change due to wealth and luxury greatly increased. Devotion to public interests was relaxed; the baths became the favorite resorts; conversation, song and music whiled away the time. Cato the Censor sternly protested against the growing corruption, and called earnestly for a return to the older discipline. His influence with the people was great, and he was even able to cause the elder Scipio Africanus to retire from Rome, yet he could not prevent the steady encroachment of foreign innovations. To counteract the growing depopulation of Italy, the Gracchi proposed agrarian laws, but lost their lives in the consequent revolution. The wars of the Italian allies, the insurrections of the slaves, the Civil wars of Marius and Sulla,—all were the results of subtle, long-continued changes in Roman society and Roman character. Yet during all these internal conflicts which threatened her very life, the mighty mistress of nations never relaxed her hold on the outlying provinces, but even extended her sway.

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* For the First Period of Latin Literature, see Volume II., pp. 111–151.

The beginning of these struggles seemed to put a stop to the development of Latin literature, which still depended on the patronage of the patricians. Of the tragedies of Pacuvius (220–132 B.C.) and the satires of Lucitius (148–103 B.C.) few fragments remain. Prose-writing was commenced by Cato the Censor (234–149 B.C.), who composed a treatise on agriculture, which is partly preserved, and a history, called "Origines," which is entirely lost. Oratory assumed a literary form, and though the speeches of Antonius, Crassus and Hortensius are lost, they prepared the way for the greater masterpieces of Cicero.

After a barren interval of fifty years, there came a sudden outburst of Roman literature. This period is dominated by the presence of Cicero, the greatest Latin prose-writer, whose literary work was by no means limited to his orations, but extended to charming essays, philosophical disquisitions, and letters which are models of epistolary style. To the same period belongs Lucretius, perhaps the greatest of philosophical poets, though himself an imitator of the Greek Empedocles. Catullus was the earliest lyrical poet of Rome, and his odes and elegies show perhaps greater originality than those of his more admired successors of the Augustan age. Yet high as is the acknowledged merit of these poets, the comprehensive genius of Cicero requires that this period should be distinguished in literary history by his name.

LUCRETIUS.

LUCRETIUS is the greatest philosophic poet of all time. Full of Greek learning, he was yet thoroughly Roman in spirit. In the development of Latin literature he forms a sort of connecting link between the ante-classical period of Ennius and Plautus and the classical period of Cicero and Virgil. His full name was Titus Lucretius Carus, and he lived probably between 97 and 53 B.C. But little is known of his personal history. Although he was the author of several works, some of which were revised by Cicero, the only surviving one is the didactic poem, "De Rerum Natura." It was suggested by the "Nature" of the Sicilian Empedocles. There is internal evidence that it was written when Rome was in a state of civil commotion; but it is not decided whether this was owing to Catiline's conspiracy, or the disorders occasioned by Clodius, eight years later. It was written with the object of destroying belief in mythology, and freeing men's minds from superstition. Scientific subjects are discussed with as much precision as the knowledge of the times permitted, and often with poetic grandeur and beauty. In his antiquated style, Lucretius displays something of the spirit of Homer and other Greek poets, as well as the vigor of the Roman Ennius. The subject with which he deals is dry, but the discussion is often relieved by unexpected sublimity. Virgil, Ovid, Spenser, Tennyson and Swinburne have found in Lucretius poetic beauties worthy of imitation.

The "De Rerum Natura" is divided into six books. It begins with a magnificent invocation of Venus as the productive power; then follows a dedication of the work to Caius Memmius, who was prætor in 58 B.C. The whole work is a statement and defence of the philosophic system of Epicurus, and especially of the atomic theory. The great argument of the poet is, "Nothing can proceed from nothing." The universe is regarded as boundless, containing only matter and space. All matter is composed of atoms, or minute bodies, to the senses imperceptible, but conceivable in mind. These atoms are indivisible, infinite and eternal. The poet declares there is no centre of things to which bodies tend. He also asserts that the atoms, though having neither color, taste nor smell, produce substances having all these properties. Worlds grow, are diminished and dissolved, even as animals grow, decline and die. Even the mind and soul, diffused through the whole body, consist of minute atoms and act on the body. Finally the poet asserts that death is the end of man, and that there is nothing to be feared thereafter. The only consolation is in the reflection that the best of men have died as well as the worst. That an abstract philosophical poem, denying immortality and tending to atheism, should have been carefully preserved from the wreck of antiquity, is one of the strange facts of literary history.

INVOCATION TO VENUS.

IN this grand opening of his work, the Roman philosopher, as Tennyson points out in his poem "Lucretius," regards Venus as the personification of the productive force of Nature. This translation, as well as the others following, is by W. H. Mallock.

MOTHER and mistress of the Roman race,
  Pleasure of gods and men, O fostering
Venus, whose presence breathes in every place,
  Peopling all soils whence fruits and grasses spring,
And all the water's navigable ways,
  Water and earth and air and everything,
Since by thy power alone their life is given
To all beneath the sliding signs of heaven;

Goddess, thou comest, and the clouds before thee
  Melt, and the ruffian blasts take flight and fly;
The dædal lands they know thee and adore thee,
  And clothe themselves with sweet flowers instantly;
Whilst pouring down its largest radiance o'er thee,
  In azure calm subsides the rounded sky,
To overarch thine advent; and for thee
A livelier sunlight laughs along the sea.

For lo, no sooner come the soft and glowing
  Days of the spring, and all the air is stirred
With amorous breaths of zephyr freshly blowing,
  Than the first prelude of thy power is heard
On all sides, in aerial music flowing
  Out of the bill of every pairing bird;
And every songster feels, on every tree,
Its small heart pulsing with the power of thee.

Next the herds feel thee; and the wild fleet races
  Bound o'er the fields, that smile in the bright weather,
And swim the streaming floods in fordless places,
  Led by thy chain, and captive in thy tether.
At last through seas and hills, thine influence passes,
  Through field and flood and all the world together,
And the birds' leafy homes; and thou dost fire
Each to renew his kind with sweet desire.

Wherefore since thou, O Lady, only thou
  Art she who guides the world upon its way;
Nor can aught rise without thee anyhow
  Up into the clear borders of the day,
Neither can aught without thee ever grow
  Lovely and sweet—to thee, to thee I pray—
Aid and be near thy suppliant as he sings
Of nature and the secret ways of things.

THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA.

THE story of Iphigenia (here called Iphianassa) has been given in connection with the plays of Euripides. Lucretius fixes upon this human sacrifice as a fatal argument against the religion which required it. He pays no attention to the modification of the legend by Euripides. Diana is called "the Trivian maid" because her temple was often placed where three ways met.

Yet fear I lest thou haply deem that thus
   We sin, and enter wicked ways of reason.
Whereas 'gainst all things good and beauteous
   'Tis oft religion does the foulest treason.
Has not the tale of Aulis come to us,
   And those great chiefs who, in the windless season,
Bade young Iphianassa's form be laid
Upon the altar of the Trivian maid?

Soon as the fillet round her virgin hair
   Fell in its equal lengths down either cheek,—
Soon as she saw her father standing there,
   Sad, by the altar, without power to speak,
And at his side the murderous minister,
   Hiding the knife, and many a faithful Greek
Weeping—her knees grew weak, and with no sound
She sank, in speechless terror on the ground.

But naught availed it in that hour accurst
   To save the maid from such a doom as this,
That her lips were the baby lips that first
   Called the king father with their cries and kiss.
For round her came the strong men, and none durst
   Refuse to do what cruel part was his;
So silently they raised her up and bore her,
All quivering, to the deadly shrine before her.

And as they bore her, ne'er a golden lyre
   Rang round her coming with a bridal strain;
But in the very season of desire,
   A stainless maiden, amid bloody stain,
She died—a victim felled by its own sire—
   That so the ships the wished-for wind might gain,
And air puff out their canvas. Learn thou, then,
To what damned deeds religion urges men.

EPICURUS.

Of the writings of Epicurus but a few fragments have been preserved, yet his teaching has had a powerful influence on the world. He was born in Samos about 340 B.C., but lived chiefly at Athens, where he died 270 B.C. His philosophic system is fully set forth by Lucretius, who pays him the following tribute.

Thou who wert first in drowning depths of night
  To lift aloft so clear a lamp, whose rays
Strike along life, and put the shades to flight—
  Thee, thee, chief glory of the Grecian race,
I strive to follow, humbly and aright,
  And my feet in thy very footprints place;
Not that thy rival I would dare to be,
But that I love, and loving follow thee.

Thy rival? Nay; can swallows rival swans?
  Or thunder-footed steeds competitors
Find 'mongst the she-goat's gamb'ling little ones?
  O first and best of all discoverers,
We are but bees along the flowery lawns,
  Who rifle for our food thy fields of verse,
And on thy golden maxims pause and prey—
All-gold, and worthy to endure for aye.

For lo! no sooner does thy powerful line
  Loud through the world the scheme of Nature sing,
Than the mind hears, and at that note of thine
  Its flocks of phantom terrors take to wing.
The world's walls roll apart, and I divine
  With opened eyes the ways of everything.
And how through Nature's void immensity
Things were not, were, and are, and cease to be.

And lo! the gods appear, the immortal races,
  Visible in the lucent windless air
That fills their quiet blest abiding-places,
  Which never noisy storm nor storm-clouds dare
To trouble, where the frost's tooth leaves no traces,
  And downwards no white falling snowflakes fare,
But on their lips the laughters never cease,
Nor want nor pain invades their ageless peace.

But on the other hand we search in vain,
  For those swart forms, the fearful deities
Of Hell. Our vision roams the whole inane,
  But aught like Acheron it nowhere sees.

And I, when I to this high view attain,
  Feel on my soul a maddening rapture seize,
And next a trembling, that thy hand should dare
Thus to the quick to lay all Nature bare.

CICERO.

THIS statesman, the great master of Roman eloquence, elegant essayist, delightful letter-writer and popularizer of philosophy, occupies the foremost place among Latin prose writers. He became the model of pure Latinity to all succeeding generations. Demosthenes was not so prominent among the orators of his age as was Cicero at Rome. Almost his only rival was Hortensius, for thirteen years the foremost barrister of the capital. Cicero owed less to fortuitous circumstances, and more to his own exertions and innate qualities, than any others with whom he may be compared. The orators who preceded him were men of high family, with the exception of Cato.

Marcus Tullius Cicero was born of an ancient family of equestrian rank, 106 B.C. After a careful education, he traveled to Athens and Asia Minor, and listened to the lectures of the most eminent teachers of philosophy and rhetoric. On his return to Rome his increased accomplishments helped him to become a public favorite. He was the first Roman who reached the highest honors of the state solely by his eloquence and his general merits. At the age of thirty-one he was quæstor of Sicily, and became successively ædile, prætor and consul. His consulate is marked by the suppression of Catiline's conspiracy. His patriotic action in this case made him many enemies, among whom was Clodius, through whose measures he was driven into banishment, 58 B.C. In his exile Cicero did not exhibit the manliness which might have been expected from his philosophic education. After ten months he returned to Rome by a decree of the senate, was received by the Fathers at the city gate, and made his entry with all the pomp of a triumphal procession. Shortly after, as pro-consul for Cilicia, he was zealous in subduing marauding tribes, and returned to Rome to claim a triumph, which, however, was not granted.

Although the purest of all practical politicians, Cicero was not successful in this capacity. He was lacking in the firmness and calmness which should characterize a great statesman. On the outbreak of the Civil war, Cicero, though leaning to Pompey's party, gave cordial support neither to the senate, Cæsar nor Pompey, and received ill-treatment from all, which he had not disinterestedness enough to resent.

Cicero's real talent was that of oratory, and on this his fame is built. His remarkable faculty of reproducing anything he ever knew, his no less remarkable memory, his extraordinary command of words, both invective and laudatory, made him the creator of a new language, full and melodious, characterized by exactness, strength and beauty. With such power, aided by the physical advantages of a dignified presence and persuasive voice, it is not wonderful if in his hands a bad cause appeared worse, and a good cause better than it really was.

Cicero's chief fault was vanity. He was often weak, vacillating and inconsistent; but sometimes he showed unusual firmness, vigor and moral courage when others shrank from committing themselves. He was ever patriotic, unselfish in his aims to benefit the state. Vainglorious, restless, and exceedingly sensitive to public opinion, he made extraordinary efforts to outstrip all others in whatever he essayed.

Of the orations, numbering in all one hundred and seven, little more than half have been preserved entire. The first was delivered at the age of twenty-five. Of the later orations the most celebrated are the four against the conspirator, Catiline, and the seven against Verres, the plunderer of Sicily.

Only two of the latter were actually delivered, because the criminal went into voluntary exile. The orations against Mark Antony, commonly called the Philippics, from their resemblance to those of Demosthenes directed against Philip of Macedon, contain the strongest terms of invective ever written. They are fourteen in number, and were in the end fatal to Cicero as those of Demosthenes had been to him. When the First Triumvirate was formed, Antony demanded the death of Cicero. The orator was assassinated in 44 B.C.

Cicero's philosophical works are a most valuable legacy from antiquity. In them he summed up the ethics and metaphysics of the great Greek thinkers so that they became the common property of all who used the Latin language. The most important treatises are the Tusculan Disputations, the treatises on the Laws, The Nature of the Gods, Moral Duties, the Academics, Old Age and Friendship, The Orator, and Brutus. The De Senectute, although in the form of a dialogue, is really a charming essay on old age. Its companion treatise, "De Amicitia," is an animated and practical discussion on friendship. The best of his philosophical works is "De Finibus," which compares the Greek schools, the Epicureans, the Stoics, the Academy and the Lyceum, with regard to their different ideas of the greatest good and the greatest evil. Moral, natural and civil laws are discussed in the same manner in "De Legibus."

The "Republic" has been justly praised by ancient and modern writers. It contains a series of discussions on government, in which Scipio is the leading speaker, while Lælius, Manlius and others support the dialogue. Its best passage is the famous "Dream of Scipio," which teaches the immortality of the soul and enunciates the doctrine of rewards and punishments in a future world. The ideas of political science, persuasively set forth by Cicero in this and other treatises, had a profound influence on all subsequent European history. Other works of Cicero, historical and poetical, have been entirely lost, but a thousand of his letters have been preserved. Those addressed to Atticus, his school companion and life-long friend, are the most interesting, and throw much light on the writer's personality.

"I AM A ROMAN CITIZEN."

CAIUS VERRES was proprætor in Sicily for three years, 73-71 B.C., during which his extortions were so great that he afterwards boasted that if he were compelled to disgorge two-thirds of the plunder, he would still have enough for a life of luxury. At the close of his term the Sicilians employed Cicero to prosecute him on criminal charges. Verres was defended by Hortensius and supported by the full power of the aristocracy. Attempts were made to procure sham trials and to obstruct and delay the real prosecution. But such was the diligence of Cicero in procuring evidence, and such the danger of postponing the case, that after delivering two orations, he placed the testimony before the judges, trusting to its weight for success. Hortensius abandoned the case. Verres, leaving the city, was condemned in his absence and retired to Marseilles. Cicero had prepared five other orations which were published, though they had not been spoken. The following extract relates to one of Verres' most glaring offences.

How shall I speak of Publius Gavius, a citizen of Consa? With what powers of voice, with what force of language, with what sufficient indignation of soul, can I tell the tale? Indignation, at least, will not fail me: the more must I strive that in this my pleading the other requisites may be made to meet the gravity of the subject, the intensity of my feeling. For the accusation is such that, when it was first laid before me, I did not think to make use of it; though I knew it to be perfectly true, I did not think it would be credible.—How shall I now proceed?—when I have already been speaking for so many hours on one subject—his atrocious cruelty; when I have exhausted upon other points well-nigh all the powers of language such as alone is suited to that man's crimes;—when I have taken no precaution to secure your attention by any variety in my charges against him,—how can I now speak on a charge of this importance? I think there is one way—one course, and only one, left for me to take. I will place the facts before you; and they have in themselves such weight, that no eloquence—I will not say of mine, for I have none—but of any man's, is needed to excite your feelings.

This Gavius of Consa, of whom I speak, had been among the crowds of Roman citizens who had been thrown into prison under that man. Somehow he had made his escape out of the Quarries,* and had got to Messana; and when he saw Italy and the towers of Rhegium now so close to him, and out of the horror and shadow of death felt himself breathe with a new life as he scented once more the fresh air of liberty and the laws, he began to talk at Messana, and to complain that he, a Roman citizen, had been put in irons—that he was going straight to Rome—that he would be ready there for Verres on his arrival.

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* This was one of the state prisons at Syracuse.

The wretched man little knew that he might as well have talked in this fashion in the governor's palace before his very face, as at Messana. For Verres had selected this city as the accomplice in his crimes, the receiver of his stolen goods, the confidant of all his wickedness. So Gavius is brought at once before the city magistrates; and, as it so chanced, on that very day Verres himself came to Messana. The case is reported to him; that there is a certain Roman citizen who complained of having been put into the Quarries at Syracuse; that as he was just going on board ship, and was uttering threats—really too atrocious—against Verres, they had detained him, and kept him in custody, that the governor himself might decide about him as should seem to him good. Verres thanks the gentlemen, and extols their good-will and zeal for his interests. He himself, burning with rage and malice, comes down to the court. His eyes flashed fire; cruelty was written on every line of his face. All present watched anxiously to see to what lengths he meant to go, or what steps he would take; when suddenly he ordered the prisoner to be dragged forth, and to be stripped and bound in the open forum, and the rods to be got ready at once. The unhappy man cried out that he was a Roman citizen—that he had the municipal franchise of Consa—that he had served in a campaign with Lucius Pretius, a distinguished Roman knight, now engaged in business at Panormus, from whom Verres might ascertain the truth of his statement. Then that man replies that he has discovered that he, Gavius, has been sent into Sicily as a spy by the ringleaders of the runaway slaves; of which charge there was neither witness nor trace of any kind, nor even suspicion in any man's mind. Then he ordered the man to be scourged severely all over his body. Yes—a Roman citizen was slashed with rods in the open forum at Messana; and as the punishment went on, no word, no groan of the wretched man, in all his anguish, was heard amid the sound of the lashes, but this cry,—"I am a Roman citizen!" By such protest of citizenship he thought he could at least save himself from anything like blows—could escape the indignity of personal torture. But not only did he fail in thus deprecating the insult of the lash, but when he redoubled his entreaties and his appeal to the name of Rome, a cross—yes, I say, a cross—was ordered for that most unfortunate and ill-fated man, who had never yet beheld such an abuse of a governor's power.

O name of liberty, sweet to our ears! O rights of citizenship, in which we glory! O laws of Porcius and Sempronius! O privilege of the tribune, long and sorely regretted, and at last restored to the people of Rome! Has it all come to this, that a Roman citizen in a province of the Roman people—in a federal town—is to be bound and beaten with rods in the forum by a man who only holds those rods and axes—those awful emblems—by grace of that same people of Rome? What shall I say of the fact that fire, and red-hot plates, and other tortures were applied? Even if his agonized entreaties and pitiable cries did not check you, Verres, were you not moved by the tears and groans which burst from the Roman citizens who were present at the scene? Did you dare to drag to the cross one who claimed to be a citizen of Rome?—I did not intend, citizens, in my former pleading, to press this case so strongly—I did not indeed; for you saw yourselves how the public feeling was already imbittered against the defendant by indignation, and hate, and dread of a common peril.

But, Verres, you say you did not know who the man was; you suspected him of being a spy. I do not ask the grounds of your suspicion. I impeach you on your own evidence. He said he was a Roman citizen. Had you yourself, Verres, been seized and led out to execution, in Persia, say, or in the farthest Indies, what other cry or protest could you raise but that you were a Roman citizen? And if you, a stranger there among strangers, in the hands of barbarians, among men who dwell in the farthest and remotest regions of the earth, would have found protection in the name of your city, known and renowned in every nation under heaven, could the victim whom you were dragging to the cross, be he who he might—and you did not know who he was—when he declared he was a citizen of Rome, could he obtain from you, a Roman magistrate, by the mere mention and claim of citizenship, not only no reprieve, but not even a brief respite from death?

Men of neither rank nor wealth, of humble birth and station, sail the seas; they touch at some spot they never saw before, where they are neither personally known to those whom they visit, nor can always find any to vouch for their nationality. But in this single fact of their citizenship they feel they shall be safe, not only with our own governors, who are held in check by the terror of the laws and of public opinion—not only among those who share that citizenship of Rome, and who are united with them by community of language, of laws, and of many things besides—but go where they may, this, they think, will be their safeguard. Take away this confidence, destroy this safeguard for our Roman citizens—once establish the principle that there is no protection in the words, "I am a citizen of Rome"—that a prætor or other magistrate may with impunity sentence to what punishment he will a man who says he is a Roman citizen, merely because somebody does not know it for a fact; and at once, by admitting such a defense, you are shutting up against our Roman citizens all our provinces, all foreign states, despotic or independent—all the whole world, in short, which has ever lain open to our national enterprise beyond all.

[Cicero turns again to Verres.]

But why talk of Gavius? as though it were Gavius on whom you were wreaking a private vengeance instead of rather waging war against the very name and rights of Roman citizenship. You showed yourself an enemy, I say, not to the individual man, but to the common cause of liberty. For what meant it that, when the authorities of Messana, according to their usual custom, would have erected the cross behind their city on the Pompeian road, you ordered it to be set up on the side that looked toward the Strait? Nay, and added this—which you cannot deny, which you said openly in the hearing of all—that you chose that spot for this reason, that as he had called himself a Roman citizen, he might be able, from his cross of punishment, to see in the distance his country and his home! And so, Romans, that cross was the only one, since Messana was a city, that was ever erected on that spot. A point which commanded a view of Italy was chosen by the defendant for the express reason that the dying sufferer, in his last agony and torment, might see how the rights of the slave and the freeman were separated by that narrow streak of sea; that Italy might look upon a son of hers suffering the capital penalty reserved for slaves alone.

It is a crime to put a citizen of Rome in bonds; it is an atrocity to scourge him; to put him to death is well-nigh parricide; what shall I say it is to crucify him?—Language has no word by which I may designate such an enormity. Yet with all this yonder man was not content. "Let him look," said he, "towards his country; let him die in full sight of freedom and the laws." It was not Gavius; it was not a single victim unknown to fame, a mere individual Roman citizen; it was the common cause of liberty, the common rights of citizenship, which you there outraged and put to a shameful death.

CÆSAR DINES WITH CICERO.

A LETTER of Cicero to Atticus describes a visit which he received in his country house near Puteoli from Julius Cæsar, already Dictator.

To think that I should have had such a tremendous visitor! But never mind, for all went off very pleasantly. But when he arrived at Philippus' house on the evening of the second day of the Saturnalia, the place was so full of soldiers that they could hardly find a spare table for Cæsar himself to dine at. There were two thousand men. Really I was in a state of perplexity as to what was to be done next day: but Barba Cassius came to my aid,—he supplied me with a guard. They pitched their tents in the grounds, and the house was protected. He stayed with Philippus until one o'clock of the third day of the Saturnalia, and would see no one; going over accounts, I suppose, with Balbus. Then he walked on the seashore. After two he had a bath; then he listened to some verses on Mamurra,* without moving a muscle of his countenance; then got himself oiled and sat down to dinner. He had taken a precautionary emetic, and therefore ate and drank heartily and unrestrainedly We had, I assure you, a very good dinner, and well served; and not only that, but "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" besides. His suite was abundantly supplied at three other tables; the freedmen of the lower rank, and even the slaves, were well taken care of. The higher class had really an elegant entertainment. Well, no need to make a long story; we found we were both "flesh and blood." Still, he is not the kind of guest to whom you would say—"Now do, pray, take us in your way on your return." Once is enough. We had no conversation on business, but a good deal of literary talk. In short, he seemed to be much pleased and to enjoy himself. He said he would stay one day at Puteoli, and another at Baiæ. So here you have an account of this visit, or, rather, quartering of troops upon me, which I disliked the thoughts of, but which really, as I have said, gave me no annoyance. I shall stay here a little longer, then go to my house at Tusculum. When Cæsar passed Dolabella's villa, all the troops formed up on the right and left of his horse, which they did no where else. I heard that from Nicias.

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* See p. 114.

CICERO TO TIRO.

CICERO'S domestic affection extended to his faithful slave Tiro, who afterwards collected and published his master's letters. Tiro accompanied Cicero to Cilicia, but was taken ill on his return and left behind at Patræ. The following interesting letter was written soon afterwards.

I thought I could have borne the separation from you better, but it is plainly impossible; and although it is of great importance to the honors which I am expecting* that I should get to Rome as soon as possible, yet I feel I made a great mistake in leaving you behind. But as it seemed to be your wish not to make the voyage until your health was restored, I approved your decision. Nor do I think otherwise now, if you are still of the same opinion. But if hereafter, when you are able to eat as usual, you think you can follow me here, it is for you to decide. I sent Mario to you, telling him either to join me with you as soon as possible, or, if you are delayed, to come back here at once. But be assured of this, that if it can be so without risk to your health, there is nothing I wish so much as to have you with me. Still, if you feel it necessary for your recovery to stay a little longer at Patræ, there is nothing I wish so much as for you to get well. If you sail at once, you will catch us at Leucas. But if you want to get well first, take care to secure pleasant companions, fine weather, and a good ship. Mind this, my good Tiro, if you love me—let neither Mario's visit nor this letter hurry you. By doing what is best for your own health, you will be best obeying my directions. Consider these points with your usual good sense. I miss you very much; but then I love you, and my affection makes me wish to see you well, just as my want of you makes me long to see you as soon as possible. But the first point is the most important. Above all, therefore, take care to get well: of all your innumerable services to me, this will be the most acceptable.

*The triumph which he failed to get.

SCIPIO'S DREAM.

THIS remarkable vision is the end of Cicero's treatise on the Republic, which was written in emulation of Plato's dialogue, bearing the same name. The Scipio who here speaks was the destroyer of Carthage. He was the younger son of L. Æmilius Paulus, and had been adopted by the son of the Elder Scipio Africanus, who here appears to him in a dream.

ON my arrival in Africa, whither I had been sent as military tribune in the fourth legion, my first step was to interview King Masinissa, who was linked by intimate bonds of friendship to our family. As soon as I approached him he embraced me, burst into tears, and raising his eyes heavenward, exclaimed:

"Thanks be to thee, O Sun, King of the planets, and to you all, gods of the Heavens! since I am permitted, before departing this life, to see in my kingdom and at my house, P. Cornelius Scipio, whose name alone cheers me! The remembrance of that excellent, that invincible hero, who has rendered this name famous, is never absent from my mind."

We then inquired of each other; I of his Kingdom, and he of our Republic, and after a long conversation, reached insensibly the close of the day. After a regal repast, we prolonged our conversation far into the night; the old king spoke of nothing save of Scipio Africanus, recalling not only his actions, but also his words.

Hardly had we lain our weary bodies down to rest, when the fatigue of the journey and the long vigil we had kept plunged us into a deeper sleep than usual. Then appeared before me (was it the effect of our conversation? I indeed believe it was) Scipio Africanus, whose features were so familiar to me; more from a long contemplation of his portrait, than from having seen him personally. I recognized him and shuddered, but he—

"Be calm," said he, "banish all fear, Scipio, and engrave in thy memory that which I am about to say to thee.

"Seest thou that city, which, forced by me to obey the Roman power, renews our old wars, and is unable to remain at peace (he pointed out to me Carthage, from an eminence studded with stars and resplendent), this city, which thou hast to-day come to besiege, as a mere soldier yet? In two years, as consul, thou shalt overthrow it, and have won for thyself the surname which thou hast from me as an heirloom. After having destroyed

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SCIPIO'S DREAM

Carthage, obtained triumphal honors, exercised the censorship, visited, as lieutenant of the Roman people, Egypt, Syria, Asia, and Greece, thou shalt be elected, during thy absence, consul a second time; finally thou shalt end this implacable war—thou shalt destroy Numantia. But after having ascended to the Capitol on thy victorious chariot, thou shalt find the Republic in a state of commotion, by the intrigues of my grandson. Then, O Scipio! for thy country's sake, cause to shine forth thy courage, thy genius, and thy prudence. But I see, in those times, a double road which opens, and destiny hesitates. Yes, when thy years shall have accomplished eight times seven of the revolutions of the sun, it is towards thee and to thy name only that Rome shall turn; to thee shall the senate, to thee shall all good citizens, to thee shall the allies, to thee shall the Latin people look. On thee alone shall rest the well-being of the State; in brief, become dictator, it must be. Strengthen the Republic, if thou escapest from the hands of thy near relatives.

"But, in order that thou may'st feel thine ardor redoubled to defend the State, Scipio, learn this: for all heroes who have saved, assisted, or enlarged the State, there is in Heaven a place reserved where they will enjoy a felicity without end. Because this supreme God, who governs the immense universe, finds nothing on earth so pleasing in his sight, and more agreeable to Him than these groupings of mortals associated by right, which are called cities. It is from hence that the genii emanate, by whom they are governed and defended, and it is here they return."

Hearing these words, although terror-stricken, not so much at the thought of death, as that of betrayal by my own immediate family, I nevertheless had the strength to ask him, "If he was still living, Paulus Æmilius, my father, and all those whom we here looked upon as being extinct?"

"Yes," said he, "they do really live, who have shaken off the bonds of the body, wherein they had been held captive; they have taken their flight, and that which you call life is really death. Behold, there is Paulus Æmilius, your father, coming towards you."

I saw him and burst into tears; he, embracing me, and lavishing caresses, forbade my weeping. As soon as I was able to restrain my sobs, I exclaimed:

"O my sainted father, best of men, since life is as you are, as I hear from Africanus, what keeps me on earth? Why should not I hasten myself to come to you?"

"Not thus," answered he, "before that God, of whom all that thou seest (the universe) is the Temple, has delivered thee from the prison of thy body, thou canst not obtain access to this abode. Because men are born to be the faithful guardians of this sphere, which thou seest in the midst of this Temple, and is called the Earth. They have been given a soul, a beam from these eternal lights, which are called the planets and stars, and which rounded in spheres, animated by divine intelligences, describe their periods and their orbits with a wonderful rapidity. It is then a duty for thee, Publius, and for all pious men, to retain their soul in the prison of the body, and thou canst not, without the order of Him who gave it, depart from this mortal life; it would seem like desertion from the human post assigned by God himself. But far better, Scipio, like thy grandfather, whom thou seest here, like me, the author of thy life, cherish justice and piety; that piety which is all love for thy parents and relatives, all devotion for thy country; this is the road which will lead thee to Heaven, in the company of men who have already lived, and who, liberated from the body, inhabit the abode which thou seest."

He then indicated the circle, which shines brilliantly by its dazzling whiteness, from among all the celestial bodies, and that which you, in imitation of the Greeks, call the Milky Way. Thence I surveyed the universe and saw nothing but grandeur and marvels. There were stars we have never perceived here below, and whose magnitude we have never dreamed of. The smallest of all was that one which, farthest from Heaven, and nearest to Earth, shone by a reflected light. In addition, the starry spheres far excel the earth in grandeur. Then the Earth itself appeared so small that our empire, visible only as a dot, looked insignificant.

"Since Earth seems so small to thee," said Africanus, "as it is in fact, raise continually thine eyes towards Heaven, and despise all earthly things. What renown, what glory worthy of thy ambition, canst thou acquire among men? Thou seest what small and narrow spaces are inhabited on the Earth, and what vast solitudes separate even these spots which form the inhabited dots. The inhabitants of this globe are so isolated from each other that they are unable to communicate with each other. Thou seest how far they live from you; some on the sides of the Earth, others on the face, others even under your feet. What glory can be expected from them?

"Thou seest the zones which seem to envelop and surround the Earth; the two from among them which are at the extremities of the globe, covered with frost, and which from one point to the other lean against the poles of heaven; the centre zone, the greatest, is scorched by the sun's intense rays. Two of those are inhabitable: the Frigid Zone, where are found people, your antipodes, and which is a world wholly unknown to yours; and the one where blows the north wind, and which you inhabit. Look! you occupy but a very small portion thereof. All this region where you are, narrowed between the north and the south, more extended from the east to the west, forms a small island, bathed by this sea, which you designate the Great Sea and the Ocean, and notwithstanding all these great names, thou seest what a petty ocean it is. But in the midst of these known and inhabited lands, has thy name, or that of any of us, ever gone beyond this Caucasus which is beneath thine eyes, or crossed beyond the waves of the Ganges? At the extremities of the rising and setting of the sun, to the last confines of the north or the south, what man will hear the name of Scipio? Take away all these countries, and then judge of the narrow limits to which your glory aspires to extend. Those even who speak of you, will they continue to do so long?

"Even then, should the future races perpetuate to envy the inheritance of our glory, for each one of us, the deluges and conflagrations which are to change the face of the earth at stated periods, would prevent this glory from being eternal, or even durable. And of what consequence, then is it to thee of being celebrated in the centuries to come, when thou hast not been so in the past, and by these men, too, who are so numerous, who have lived before us?

"If thou wilt but cast thine eyes upwards, and gaze upon that eternal home, never allow vulgar influence to gain any mastery over thee; elevate thy heart above human recompense. May virtue, by its sole attractions, lead thee to real glory. It is for others to consider how they will speak of thee; that thou wilt be spoken of, no doubt exists; but all these speeches will never go beyond the narrow limits wherein your world is enclosed; they have never immortalized a single mortal; they perish with the men, and are extinguished in the forgetfulness of posterity."

When he had thus spoken: "O Scipio Africanus," I said, "if it is true that the services rendered to one's country open the gates of Heaven, I, who since my childhood have walked in the footprints of my father and yours, and who probably have not forfeited this glorious inheritance, I wish, to-day, in the sight of this sublime prize, to redouble my zeal and efforts."

"Take courage," said he, "and remember that if thy body must perish, thou thyself art not mortal; this apparent form is not thyself; that which constitutes the man is the soul, and not this form which can be pointed at with the finger. Know then that thou art a god; because he is a god who has the force of action, who feels, who remembers, who foresees, who governs, who rules and moves this body of which he is the master, even as the Supreme God governs this world. Similar to this Eternal God who moves this partly corruptible world, the immortal soul moves the perishable body.

"Exercise that soul to its most excellent purposes. Now, then, in the foremost rank are found the deeds for the welfare of one's country. Accustomed to this noble exercise the soul will fly more rapidly towards its celestial home; its journey will be the more accelerated, inasmuch as its flight will have been begun in its body prison, and, by sublime aspirations to detach itself, so far as it is in it, of its terrestrial envelope. But the souls of those, who, enslaved by sensual pleasures of which they have constituted themselves upholders, and submissive to the voice of passions, those vassals to pleasure, have violated all divine and human laws, when once disengaged from the body, wander in a woeful condition around the earth, and only return to this Heaven after an expiation of centuries."

The hero disappeared, and I awoke.

CATULLUS.

THE first, and by far the most elegant, of the Latin lyric poets was Caius Valerius Catullus. Born near Verona in 84 B.C., he went in youth to Rome, where he squandered part of his fortune. Then to repair it, according to Roman practice, he went to Bithynia in the train of the prætor, Caius Memmius, to whom Lucretius dedicated his great poem. But Catullus quarreled with Memmius, and returned to Italy. Thenceforth he divided his time between the dissipations of the capital and the seclusion of his villa at Sirmio, a promontory on Lake Benacus (now Lago di Garda). His accomplishments obtained for him intimacy with some of the most distinguished men of his time, including Cicero and Cæsar. His favorite mistress, whom he has immortalized under the name of Lesbia, is supposed to have been Clodia, the daughter of Q. Metellus Celer. He died about 54 B.C. His works comprise more than a hundred poems in a great variety of styles. The longest is an heroic poem on "The Nuptials of Peleus and Thetis." Others are translations or imitations from the Greek. The shorter poems are characterized by originality and felicity of expression.

To Lesbia.

Let us, my Lesbia, live and love,
And, though sour Cynics disapprove,
  Heed not their frowns a stiver;
Suns set, and suns again may rise,
But we, when once our daylight dies,
  Must sleep, sleep on, forever.
Give me then a thousand kisses,
Then a hundred of like blisses,
Hundreds then to thousands add,
And, when thousands more we've had,
We'll blend, confuse them all, that so
Nor you, nor I their sum may know,—
No; nor e'en Envy's self e'er guess
Our half amount of happiness.

The Death of Lesbia's Sparrow.

Mourn, all ye Loves and Graces! mourn,
  Ye wits, ye gallants, and ye gay!
Death from my fair her bird has torn,
  Her much-loved sparrow snatched away.

Her very eyes she priz'd not so,
  For he was fond and knew my fair
Well as young girls their mothers know,
  And sought her breast and nestled there.

Once fluttering round, from place to place,
  He gaily chirp'd to her alone;
But now that gloomy path must trace,
  Whence Fate permits return to none.

Accursed Shades, o'er hell that lower,
  Oh, be my curses on you heard!
Ye, that all pretty things devour,
  Have torn from me my pretty bird.

O evil deed! O sparrow dead!
O wretched bird, if thou canst see
My fair one's eyes with weeping red,
And know how much she grieves for thee!

LESBIA'S LOVER.

This ode, imitated from Sappho, is translated by W. E. Gladstone.

Him rival to the gods I place,
Him loftier yet, if loftier be,
Who, Lesbia, sits before thy face,
Who listens and who looks on thee,
Thee smiling soft. Yet this delight
Doth all my sense consign to death;
For when thou dawnest on my sight,
Ah, wretched! flits my laboring breath.
My tongue is palsied. Subtly hid
Fire creeps me through from limb to limb:
My loud ears tingle all unbid:
Twin clouds of night mine eyes bedim.

ON MAMURRA.*

(Addressed to Cæsar.)

WHO can behold, or who endure,
Save rakes devoid of truth and shame,
Or gambling cheats, or gluttons tame,
That base Mamurra should procure
And squander free the spoil and products all
Of farthest Britain's isle, and rich Transalpine Gaul?

Miscreant Romulus! canst thou see
And suffer this? Then thine the shame,
The rake's, the cheat's, the glutton's name.
Some proud and all-abounding he
Through all our marriage beds shall rove
Gay as Adonis, soft as Venus' dove.

Canst thou still see and bear this thing,
Miscreant Romulus? Thine the shame,
The rake's, the cheat's, the glutton's name.

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* A profligate Roman knight, who, by the favor of Cæsar, amassed an immense fortune in the Gallic wars.

And for this name, unrivall'd king,
Proud didst thou bear afar thy conquering crest
E'en to the farthest isle that gems the distant West?

That he, thy lustful friend, should prey
On all the spoil, thy valor's prize!
"What matters it?" thy bounty cries,
"A little wealth he throws away."
And has he then but little wealth devour'd?
First he his father's hoards on low companions shower'd;

Then by the spoil of Pontus fed,
And then by all Iberia gave,
And Tagus from its golden wave;
Him justly Gaul and Britain dread;
Justly his grasping sway may cause alarms,
More than his emperor's name and all-victorious arms.

Oh! why so base a favorite choose,
Who has not wit, nor use, nor power,
Save all thy riches to devour?
Didst thou, O son-in-law!* then lose,
Didst thou, O conquering father! then obtain
The empire of the world to be this minion's gain?

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS.

SEPTIMIUS said, and fondly pressed
The doating Acme to his breast:
"My Acme, if I prize not thee
With love as warm as love can be,
With passion spurning any fears
Of growing faint in length of years,
Alone may I defenceless stand
To meet, on Libya's desert sand,
Or under India's torrid sky,
The tawny lion's glaring eye!"

Love, before who utter'd still
On the left-hand omens ill,
As he ceased his faith to plight,
Laugh'd propitious on the right.

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* Pompey, who married Cæsar's daughter, Julia.

Then Acme gently bent her head,
Kiss'd with those lips of cherry red
The eyes of the delighted boy,
That swam with glistening floods of joy;
And whisper'd as she closely pressed—
"Septimius, soul of Acme's breast,
Let all our lives and feelings own
One lord, one sovereign, Love alone!
I yield to love, and yield to thee,
For thou and love art one to me.
Though fond thy fervent heart may beat,
My feelings glow with greater heat,
And madder flames my bosom melt
Than all that thou hast ever felt."

Love, before who utter'd still
On the left-hand omens ill,
As she ceased her faith to plight,
Laugh'd propitious on the right.

Since favoring omens thus approved,
They mutual love and are beloved;
Septimius prizes Acme more
Than Syria's realm and Britain's shore;
And from Septimius only flows
The bliss that faithful Acme knows.
Then search the world, and search in vain
For fonder maid or happier swain.
Ask men below and gods above,
Ask Venus kind and potent Love,
If e'er they with propitious care,
Heap'd equal bliss on any pair.

A MORNING CALL.

THIS little sketch of the life of gay idlers in Rome has been paraphrased by W. S. Landor.

Varus would take me t'other day
To see a little girl he knew,—
Pretty and witty in her way,
With impudence enough for two.

Scarce are we seated, ere she chatters
(As pretty girls are wont to do)

About all persons, places, matters:—
"And pray, what has been done for *you?*"

"Bithynia, lady!" I replied,
"Is a fine province for a prætor;
For none (I promise you) beside,
And least of all am I her debtor."

"Sorry for that!" said she. "However,
You have brought with you, I dare say,
Some litter-bearers; none so clever
In any other part as they.

"Bithynia is the very place
For all that's steady, tall and straight;
It is the nature of the race.
Could you not lend me six or eight?"

"Why six or eight of them or so,"
Said I, determined to be grand;
"My fortune is not quite so low
But these are still at my command."

"You'll send them?" "Willingly!" I told her,
Although I had not here or there
One who could carry on his shoulder
The leg of an old broken chair.

"Catullus! what a charming hap is
Our meeting in this sort of way!
I would be carried to Serapis
To-morrow!"—"Stay, fair lady, stay!

"You overvalue my intention.
Yes, there *are* eight . . . there may be nine;
I merely had forgot to mention
That they are Cinna's, and not mine."

FAREWELL TO LESBIA.

THOU told'st me in our days of love,
That I had all that heart of thine;
That e'en to share the couch of Jove,
Thou wouldst not, Lesbia, part from mine.

How purely wert thou worshipp'd then!
Not with the vague and vulgar fires
Which beauty wakes in soulless men,
But loved as children by their sires.

That flattering dream, alas, is o'er;
I know thee now—and, though these eyes
Dote on thee wildly as before,
Yet, e'en in doting, I despise.

Yes, sorceress—mad as it may seem—
With all thy craft, such spells adorn thee,
That passion e'en outlives esteem,
And I, at once, adore—and scorn thee.

THE PENINSULA OF SIRMIO.

(Written upon his return to his villa there.)

SIRMIO, of all the shores the gem,
The isles where circling Neptune strays,
Whether the vast and boisterous main
Or lake's more limpid waves they stem;
How gladly on thy lands I gaze!
How blessed to visit thee again!

I scarce believe, while rapt I stand,
That I have left the Thynian fields
And all Bithynia far behind,
And safely view my favorite land.
O bliss, when care dispersing yields
To full repose the placid mind!

Then when the mind its load lays down;
When we regain, all hazards past,
And with long ceaseless travel tired,
Our household god again our own;
And press in tranquil sleep at last
The well-known bed so oft desired—

This can alone atonement make
For every toil. Hail, Sirmio sweet!
Be gay, thy lord hath ceased to roam!
Ye laughing waves of Lydia's Lake,
Smile all around! Thy master greet
With all thy smiles, my pleasant home!

ATYS.

CATULLUS in his sojourn in Bithynia came in contact with the worship of Cybele on its native soil. The mingled attraction and repulsion of this Oriental cult for educated Romans is exhibited in this unique poem.

BORNE swiftly o'er the seas to Phrygia's woody strand,
Atys with rapid haste infuriate leap'd to land;
Where high-inwoven groves in solemn darkness meet,
Rushed to the mighty Deity's remote and awful seat;
And wildered in his brain, fierce inspirations prey,
There with a broken flint he struck his sex away.
Soon as he then beheld his comely form unmann'd,
While yet the purple blood flowed reeking on the land;
Seized in his snowy grasp the drum, the timbrel light,
That still is heard, dread Cybele, at thine initiate rite,
And struck the quivering skin, whence hollow echoes flew,
And raised this panting song to his infuriate crew.
"Ye priests of Cybele, or rather let me say,
For ye are men no longer, ye priestesses, away!
Together pierce the forest, great Cybele's domains,
Ye vagrant flocks of her on Dindymus who reigns.
Ye, like devoted exiles, who seeking foreign lands,
Have followed me, your leader, have bow'd to my commands;
Have crossed the salt-sea wave, have dar'd the raging storms,
And, loathing woman's love, unmann'd your lusty forms;
The sense of error past let laughing frenzy blind;
Let doubt, let thought itself, be driven from the mind.
Haste, haste, together haste to Cybele divine!
Seek we her Phrygian grove, and dark sequestered shrine,

Where cymbals clash, where drums resound their deepening tone,
Where Phrygia's crooked pipe breathes out its solemn drone;
Where votaresses toss their ivy-circled brows,
And urge with piercing yells their consecrated vows;
Where the delirious train disport as chance may lead:
Thither our vows command in mystic dance to speed."

Thus Atys, female now, to female comrades sung.
The frantic chorus rose from many a panting tongue;
Re-echoed the deep timbrel, the hollow cymbals rang,
And all to verdant Ida ran madly at the clang.
Though breathless, still impetuous with inspiration's force:
Raving and bewildered, scarce conscious of her course;
As the unbroken heifer will fly the threaten'd yoke,
Atys through gloomy woods, where never sunbeam broke,
Loud striking the light timbrel, rush'd on with bounding stride,
And all the frantic priestesses pursue their rapid guide.
The fearful fane at length their panting ardor stops;
Each, faint and unrefreshed, in leaden slumber drops,
In languor most profound their eyelids are depress'd,
And all ecstatic rage is lull'd in torpid rest.

But when again the sun, returning to the skies,
Put forth his golden brow: when now his radiant eyes
Throughout wide heaven, and earth, and ocean pour'd their light;
And with thunder-pacing steeds, he chased the shades of night;
When slumber's reign serene had frenzy's flame subdued,
When Atys her fell deed in clearer reason view'd,
Beheld in what abode her future lot was placed,
And, ah! how low she stood in Nature's rank, disgraced;
Then, hurried to despair by passion's rising tide,
Again she wildly sought the country's sea-girt side;
And casting her full eyes o'er boundless ocean's flow,
Address'd her native land in these plaintive strains of woe.

"My country, O my country, creatress, parent earth!
My country, my dear country, that sustained me from my birth!
Must I for dreary woods forsake thy smiling shore,
And see my friends, my home, my parents nevermore?
No more the Forum seek, or the gay Palæstra's court,
Or urge, as wont of old, each fam'd gymnastic sport?

O wretched, wretched man! while years shall slowly roll,
Forever, o'er and o'er again, forever grieve, my soul!
What grace, what beauty's there, that I did not enjoy?
I, when in manhood's prime, a youth, or yet a boy,
The flower of all who trod the firm gymnastic floor,
The victor 'mid the crowd who the wrestler's prizes bore.
My gates were ever throng'd, and full my threshold swarm'd,
With blooming garlands hung that love-sick maidens form'd;
My mansion gaily glitter'd each morning as I sped,
At earliest blush of sunrise, with lightness from my bed.

And must I ever now a maniac votaress rave,
Heaven's devoted handmaid, to Cybele a slave?
Her frantic orgies ply, disgrac'd in Nature's plan,
A part of what I was, a maim'd, a barren man;
And dwell in Ida's caves, which snow forever chills,
And pass my savage life on Phrygia's rugged hills;
Placed with the sylvan stag, the forest-raging boar?
Oh! now how soon I rue the deed, how bitterly deplore!"

As from her rosy lips these wandering murmurings broke,
They rose to heav'n and bore th' unwonted words she spoke:
Indignantly unyoking her lions on the plain,
And rousing the grim beast that bore the left-hand rein,
Great Cybele, enrag'd, her dread injunction told,
And thus to fury wak'd the tyrant of the fold.

"Haste, fierce one, haste away! rush on with glaring ire,
With inspiration's rage, with frenzy's goad of fire,
Drive the too daring youth, who would my service fly,
Again to seek the gloom of yonder forest high.
Haste; lash thyself to rage till all thy flank be sore;
Let all around re-echo to thine appalling roar:
Toss with thy sinewy neck on high thy glossy mane."
So spake terrific Cybele, and loos'd her lion's rein.
Gladly the beast awakes his ruthlessness of mind;
Bounds, rages, reckless leaves the thicket crush'd behind;
Then swiftly gained the beach wash'd by the foamy flood,
Where Atys, in despair, amid the breakers stood;
And springing fiercely forth—the wretch, no longer brave,
Into the forest plung'd, and in a living grave,
There pass'd her long, devoted life, a priestess and a slave.

O great, O fearful goddess! O Cybele divine!
O goddess, who hast placed on Dindymus a shrine!
Far be from my abode thy sacred frenzy's fire;
Madden more willing votaries, more daring minds inspire.

LABERIUS.

THIS Prologue was recited by the Roman knight Laberius, whom Julius Cæsar, to inflict on him a public disgrace, required to appear on the stage and act those mimes which he had written. The translation is by W. E. Aytoun.

Whither hath Destiny (whose current strong
Hath spared so few, so many swept along)
Flung me, her victim, in my latter days,
Whom not ambition, nor the meed of praise,
Nor fear, nor power, nor frowns, nor aught beside,
Could move, when youthful, from my place of pride?
Lo! in mine age how easily I fall!
One horrid speech from Cæsar's tongue was all.
For how might I refuse his sovereign will,
Whose every wish the gods themselves fulfill?

Twice thirty years passed by without a scorn—
A Roman knight I left my home this morn,
And thither I return—as what? a Mime!
Oh! I have lived one day beyond my time—
Fortune, unequal both in good and ill,
If thou hadst power, by this unhappy skill,
To tear the wreath of honor from my brow,
Why was I not far earlier taught to bow,
When with such aid as youth and strength afford,
I might have won the crowd and pleased their lord?
Now, why thus humbled? Where's the form and face
The mien majestic, and the gallant grace—
The fire of soul, the harmony of tone,
That can adorn the mimic scene alone?
As the slow ivy kills the stately tree,
So age in its embrace is stifling me;
And nothing's left of all my former fame
Save the poor legend of a tomb—my name.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

PERIOD I. 1150–1400.

THE RISE OF PROSE LITERATURE.*

DANTE at one time intended to compose his great poem in Latin, but the boldness of his genius and the intensity of his feeling impelled him to commit it to the "vulgar speech." He had already written a Latin treatise, "De Vulgari Eloquio," which is of value to philologists. He feared the Italian, diversified by many dialects, was too unstable a medium for a work of permanent value. He saw the decline of the Provençal language to which his predecessor, Sordello of Mantua, had entrusted his lyrics. He witnessed the vogue which the poets of the court of Frederick II. had already given to the Sicilian dialect, and again the success of the Platonic scholars of the University of Bologna in their metaphysical poems. Around him there were numerous friends freely using the Tuscan dialect in canzoni and sonnets. Dante finally decided to use this every-day speech, and though he showed his humility in naming his sublime poem a comedy, he must have recognized that its true value would not be injured by its being wrought in familiar diction. Petrarch, who, from his connection with the Papal court, was still more under the influence of the Latin, trusted for his fame to his now-forgotten epic "Africa," rather than to the sonnets which have immortalized his name. For the expression of strong personal feeling, these and other poets of the time found the facile Italian more serviceable than the stately style of ancient Rome. While they feared the uncertain, perishable nature of the material in which they wrought, they were none the less careful to elaborate and polish their masterpieces of art. So well did they succeed that they established the Tuscan dialect as the model for all subsequent Italian poets.

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* For Early Italian Poetry, see Vol. II., pp. 216–266.

But the very reason which caused these local writers to hesitate to use the common speech had already made the romance-writers and the story-tellers employ it freely. Aiming at nothing more than pleasing their immediate audience, they drew from every available source, ancient and modern, and tricked them out in vulgar dress, without troubling themselves about the rules of grammar or the probability or possibility of the incidents. Manners and customs of all ages and countries were strangely intermingled, but through the tales is infused a thoroughly romantic spirit of chivalry. The first collection of these popular tales is best known as the "Cento Novelle Antiche," or "Hundred Ancient Tales." Among the supposed authors of these elementary works of Italian fiction have been recked Dante da Majano, Brunetto Latini, and Francesco da Barberini. They were undoubtedly inspired by the French trouvères, whose romances had been carried over western Europe. Many of these old stories were founded on incidents drawn from the romance of the Round Table. A beautiful copy of this story belonged to Latini, and furnished Dante with the book on which turns the episode of Paolo and Francesca. The Italian collection is gathered from Arthurian, Provençal, Greek and Oriental sources, as well as from the French fabliaux. Fifty years later the genius of Boccaccio availed itself of this collection, and not only polished the treasures thus obtained, but added to them from other fields.

Franco Sacchetti was a faithful follower in the footsteps of Boccaccio, but has not attained the fame of his master. There was soon a flood of novels and tales, many specimens of which have been translated into English by Thomas Roscoe. Even during the reign of the Humanists the same kind of novels may be found in a rind of Latin, as in the "Facetiæ" of Poggio Bracciolini. Baldassare Castiglione later imitated the classical novels of Apuleius and Lucian. In his "Cortegiano" he sets forth a faithful portrait of the ideals of the Court of Urbino. Even the Academia Della Crusca, with all its grammatical and frivolous puerilities, put Machiavelli's novel "Belfegor" in the canon of Italian classics. Next to Boccaccio and Machiavelli, Bandello ranks as the chief of Italian novelists.

History was also written in prose from the beginning of the fourteenth century. Giovanni Villani is the most noted of the early Florentine historians. He was made, in 1316, one of the Priors of the Republic, and was a Guelf in politics; but he castigates his own party. He was an acute and impartial chronicler of the time, yet he began his history with the dispersion after the Tower of Babel. Guicciardini's history extends from the invasion of Charles VIII. to the year 1534. It is of special value, as this period fixed the political conditions of Italy as they remained until the French Revolution.

While numerous poets followed in the train of Petrarch, Pulci and Boiardo were the chief ornaments of the fifteenth century. The Florentine Pulci gave a burlesque turn to the romances of chivalry, and took delight in bantering the lofty ideals of his friends, including even Lorenzo the Magnificent. The Lombard feudal lord, Boiardo, translated various works from the classics, but won fame by his "Orlando Innamorato," which prepared the way for the yet greater poem of Ariosto on the same theme.

THE HUNDRED ANCIENT TALES.

THESE tales, the earliest prose fictions in Italian, are found in a work entitled "Il Novellino." The exact period of their production and the names of their respective authors are unknown; but many of them are referred by Italian critics to the middle of the thirteenth century, while others belong to the age of Dante.

THE LEARNED GREEK.

IN a certain part of Greece there lived a king of great sway, of the name of Philip. This king, for some alleged crime or other, had imprisoned a Greek, a man of great learning, whose wisdom mounted to the skies. It happened one day that this monarch received from the King of Spain a present of a noble horse, of great size, and of a beautiful form. The king sent for his farrier to learn his opinion of the horse, but he was told that he had better apply to the learned Greek, who was reputed a man of universal knowledge. He therefore ordered the horse to be led into the field, and then commanded the Greek to be brought from his prison, and addressing him said: "Master, let me have your opinion of this horse, for I have heard a great report of your wisdom." The Greek inspected the horse, and replied: "Sire, this horse is indeed a beautiful courser, but in my opinion he has been nurtured on asses' milk." The king sent to Spain to inquire how the horse had been brought up, and found that the dam had died, and that the foal, as the Greek had asserted, had been reared on asses' milk. This circumstance astonished the king not a little, and, as a reward, he ordered half a loaf of bread a day to be given to the Greek at the expense of the court.

It fell out on another occasion, that as the king was inspecting his jewels he sent again for the Greek, and said to him: "Master mine, your knowledge is great, and it seems that you know all things. Tell me, I pray you, whether or not you understand the virtue of these stones, and which of them seems to you the most valuable." The Greek replied: "Sire, which of them do you yourself consider as the most precious one?" The king then took up one of the most beautiful amongst them and said: "This one, master, seems to me the most beautiful, and one of the highest value." The Greek examined it, and straining it closely in the palm of his hand, and placing it to his ear, said: "This stone, sire, appears to me to have a living worm in it." The king sent for his lapidary, and ordered him to break the stone, and to their surprise the animal was found within. The king now looked upon the Greek as a man of surprising wisdom, and ordered a whole loaf of bread to be given him daily at the expense of the court.

It happened not many days after this, that the king, entertaining some suspicions of his own legitimacy, again sent for the Greek, and taking him into his closet, said: "Master, I hold you for a man of great penetration, which indeed has been manifested in your answers to the questions I have proposed to you. I wish you now to inform me whose son I am." The Greek then replied: "Sire, how strange a request! You well know that you are the son of your honored predecessor." But the king, dissatisfied, said: "Do not evade my question, but tell me the truth implicitly: for if you hesitate, you shall instantly die the death of a traitor." "Then, sire," answered the Greek, "I must inform you that you are the son of a baker." Upon this, the king, being anxious to know the real truth, sent for the queen-mother, and by threats compelled her to confess that the words of the Greek were true.

The king then shut himself up in his chamber with the Greek, and said: "Master mine, I have received singular proofs of your wisdom, and I now entreat you to tell me how you have obtained a knowledge of these things." Then the Greek replied: "Sire, I will inform you. With respect to the horse, I knew that he had been nourished with asses' milk from his hanging his ears, which is not natural to a horse. And that there was a live worm in the stone I knew from the fact that stones are naturally cold, but this one I found to be warm, and it was therefore evident that the heat could only proceed from a living animal within." "And how," said the king, "did you discover that I was the son of a baker?" The Greek then replied: "Because when I told you of the wonderful circumstance of the horse, you ordered me a gift of half a loaf a day, and when I told you of the stone with the living worm in it, you ordered me a whole loaf. I then felt assured whose son you were; for if you had really been a king's son, you would have presented me with a city, as my merits deserved; whereas your origin then betrayed itself, and your natural disposition was satisfied in giving me a loaf, as your father the baker would have done." The king was then sensible of his own meanness, and immediately liberated the Greek from prison, and loaded him with gifts of value.

THE GOOD KING MELIADUS.

THE good King Meliadus and the Knight without Fear were mortal enemies to each other in the field. The cavalier, being upon one of his secret undertakings, happened to meet with some of his own squires, who, unable to recognize him, though they had the utmost regard for their master, thus accosted him: "Now, Sir Knight, tell us, on the faith of your chivalry, whether is the Knight without Fear or the good King Meliadus the better sword?" "Why, squires," replied the cavalier, "so may Heaven grant me fair adventure, the good king, I think, is the best knight that ever pressed a steed."

His squires, who bore the King Meliadus no good-will, out of the love they felt for their own lord, expressing at all times their abhorrence of the king, now fell unawares upon their master, and traitorously making him their prisoner, placed him, armed as he was, across the back of a poor palfrey, saying to each other that they would take him and have him hanged.

As they went along their way, however, they fell in with the King Meliadus, who was also proceeding in the disguise of a wandering knight to a certain tournament, in full equipment for the joust. As he passed, he thus addressed the squires: "And why do you wish to hang this cavalier, gentlemen? Who is he, that you should use him thus vilely?" To this they replied: "Because he has well deserved to die, and if you knew why as well as we, you would execute him at once. Convict him of his own fault out of his own mouth, if you please!" The king then approached the captive knight, saying: "What have you been guilty of, that these fellows should treat you thus ignominiously?" "I have done nothing," replied the cavalier, "nothing but telling them the simple truth." "How?" exclaimed the king, "that is hardly possible! Let me hear what you have really done:" "Most willingly, sir," replied the captive. "I was proceeding on my way, in the guise of a simple knight-errant, when I met with these squires, who inquired of me, on the faith of chivalry, whether the good King Meliadus or the Cavalier without Fear were the better knight. Always desirous that the truth should prevail, I declared that the King Meliadus was the best; in which I meant to speak the truth, although the same king is one of the bitterest enemies I have in the field. I bear him the deepest hatred and defiance, and yet I spoke the truth. This is the whole of my offence, and for this I am punished as you see." The King Meliadus directly fell upon the squires, and quickly dispersing them, unbound the captive cavalier, mounting him upon a rich charger, and presenting him with his coat of arms, which were, however, concealed, entreating him not to look upon them until he had reached his destination. They then each went their several ways, as well as the squires. The cavalier, when he dismounted at his quarters, raised the covering of his saddle and found the arms of King Meliadus, who had thus rescued him from his own squires, although his mortal enemy.

BOCCACCIO.

THE narrator of the immortal—even if immoral—tales of "Il Decamerone" was really ashamed of his masterpiece during his life. Fourteen years before his death he received a visit from a certain Ciani, who had been commissioned by a dying Carthusian to warn him of his approaching end and to exhort him to repentance. Boccaccio actually became panic-stricken, and in the agony of his quick conversion would have burned up the offending stories had he not been restrained—of all others—by Petrarch! But Petrarch was, indeed, a voluptuary. As it was, the truly contrite Boccaccio actually destroyed all his then unpublished vernacular writings, and recalled all the copies of the Decamerone that he could. As has been remarked, in view of this episode, "it would be too much to allege that Boccaccio had a deliberate object of corrupting the morals of his age. It was, rather, the morals of the age which corrupted Boccaccio." He himself undoubtedly believed that his best hopes for fame lay in his enthusiastic studies of Greek literature, in his Dantean scholarship, and in a poem which he modeled upon the great "Commedia."

Giovanni Boccaccio, born in 1313, the son of a merchant, had been designed for that career, and only escaped it by sweating for six years at canon law. From boyhood he had "lisped in numbers," however, and his literary destiny was inevitable. Although not so great a poet as Petrarch, he became chief of Italian novelists, and he was one of the great masters of the Tuscan tongue; "one who," as has been said, "with the happy audacity of true genius first ventured to adopt and bring into repute the *lingua volgare* of his country." He is said to have renounced commerce for the Muses while on a visit to Naples, at the tomb of Virgil. The friendship of Petrarch encouraged his more serious ambitions.

Like Petrarch, he assumed the ecclesiastical dress, and two years before his death entered into one of the monkish orders. Like his great predecessor, Dante, no less than his illustrious contemporary, the poet of Vaucluse, Boccaccio was frequently entrusted with embassies by the Florentine republic. Three of these were to successively reigning popes. It was he who carried to Petrarch the invitation to return to Florence, after the repeal of the ban against his father. Boccaccio filled the chair of the professorship of Dante, established by that great poet's repentant birthplace as a substitute for a tomb for his ashes, denied to her. Boccaccio not only wrote a life of Dante and began a commentary on the Commedia, which he did not live to complete, but he attempted a poem on the same plan, "Amorosa Visione," even before Petrarch conceived the same idea in his series of "Triumphs."

But Boccaccio's ruling passion throughout life was for the queens of beauty and the pleasures of Venus. He was himself born without the pale of wedlock, as would appear from a Papal dispensation, granted at Avignon, to permit him to assume the ecclesiastical habit. His first essay was inspired by his passion for a lady, who, he more than hints, was the natural daughter of King Robert of Naples. Boccaccio first saw her in a church, and the same year gave an idealized version of the affair in his "Fiammetta." Of this lady, and Boccaccio's other flames, Thomas Roscoe declares: "Drawn by the hand of a complete master of the descriptive art, many of these portraits of beauty are quite unrivalled in their way. But the poet has thrown a veil over them all, and who they really were, under their fictitious dress, is a question still open to the old courts of love." Boccaccio never married; we learn, nevertheless, of a daughter by the name of Violante, whom, losing in early life, he frequently afterward mentioned under the name of Olympia. After his "Fiammetta," he told the story of Florio and Biancafiore in "Filocopo," a prose novel, and then wrote in verse the "Teseide" (translated by Chaucer), and "Filostrato." But above all he gave to the world his inimitable, though oft imitated, "Decamerone."

"There are few works," says Dunlop, in his "History of Fiction," "which have had an equal influence on literature with the Decamerone of Boccaccio. Even in England its effects were powerful. From it Chaucer adopted the notion of the frame in which he has enclosed his 'Canterbury Tales,' and the general manner of his stories, while in some instances he has merely versified the novels of the Italian. In 1566 William

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AMOS CASSIOLI, PINX

BOCCACCIO RECITING THE DECAMERON

Paynter printed many of Boccaccio's stories in English, in his work called the 'Palace of Pleasure.' The first translation contained sixty novels, and it was soon followed by another volume comprehending thirty-four additional tales. These are the pages of which Shakspeare made so much use. From Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' we learn that one of the greatest amusements of our ancestors was reading Boccaccio aloud, an entertainment of which the effects were speedily visible in the literature of the country. . . . In France Boccaccio found early and illustrious imitators. In his own country he brought his native language to perfection, and gave stability to a mode of composition which before his time had only existed in a rude state in Italy; he collected the current tales of the age, which he decorated with new circumstances, and delivered in a style that has no parallel for elegance, naïveté and grace. Hence his popularity was unbounded, and his imitators more numerous than those of any other author recorded in the annals of literature."

Boccaccio not only borrowed from the "Cento Novelle Antiche," but he drew as well from the romance of the "Seven Wise Men," entitled "Dolopathos," which was written in Latin by the monk Giovanni, of the monastery of Altaselva. The French Fabliaux also furnished other plots for the refining hand of the Italian master. After all, there are many which seem to be of Boccaccio's original invention. Among these are those that exhibit the immoralities and abuses of the monks and clergy. His story of Friar Onion, who intended to show a credulous flock of believers a feather from the wing of the Angel Gabriel, and who, finding some coals substituted for his suspicious relic, assured the gaping countrymen that they were the same coals that roasted Saint Lawrence, undoubtedly inspired Chaucer to satirize the monks and their relics.

The framework of Boccaccio's work is as follows: In the year of our Lord 1348 there happened at Florence a terrible plague (which may be identified with the bubonic plague), of which the author gives a vivid picture in his prologue. He feigns that seven ladies and three cavaliers, in order to escape the horrors of the pestilence, retire to a country-house, where they beguile the time by telling stories for the space of ten days (δέκα ἡμέραι); whence the title. A chosen theme is announced in advance for each day, around which all of the stories for that day revolve. It would be a prolix task to epitomize all these tales. In general, it will suffice to remark that taken altogether they give a graphic picture of the Italy of Boccaccio's day, its noble lords and ladies, its fine cavaliers and frail dames, its gallants and gulls. The stories concern the amours and intrigues of lovers, the jealous husband being almost always supplied with horns. The chest and the balcony-window figure conspicuously. The great gull of the book is Calandrino, who is made the butt for the most grotesque practical jokes. Ingenuity is the keynote throughout. Many of the tales, however, are full of the gentle spirit of poesy, and breathe a higher nobility than the tales of amours, as may be seen in the material borrowed by Chaucer, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Molière, Lessing and others.

The Plague of Florence.

(This part of the Introduction is translated by John Payne in archaic style.)

[In the year 1348] into the notable city of Florence, fair over every other of Italy, there came the death-dealing pestilence, which, through the operation of the heavenly bodies or of our own iniquitous dealings, being sent down upon mankind for our correction by the just wrath of God, had some years before appeared in the parts of the East, and after having bereft these latter of an innumerable number of inhabitants, extending without cease from one place to another, had now unhappily spread towards the West. And there against no wisdom availing nor human foresight (whereby the city was purged of many impurities by officers deputed to that end, and it was forbidden unto any sick person to enter therein, and many were the counsels given for the preservation of health), nor yet humble supplications, not once, but many times, both in ordered processions and on other wise, made unto God by devout persons,—about the coming in of the Spring of the aforesaid year, it began on horrible and miraculous wise to show forth its dolorous effects. Yet not as it had done in the East, where, if any bled at the nose, it was a manifest sign of inevitable death; nay, but in men and women alike there appeared, at the beginning of the malady, certain swellings, either on the groin or under the armpits, whereof some waxed of the bigness of a common apple, others like unto an egg, some more and some less, and these the vulgar named plague-boils. From these two parts the aforesaid death-bearing plague-boils proceeded, in brief space, to appear and come indifferently in every part of the body; wherefrom, after awhile, the fashion of the contagion began to change into black or livid blotches, which showed themselves in many, first on the arms and about the thighs and after spread to every other part of the person, in some large and sparse, and in others small and thick-sown, and like as the plague-boils had been first (and yet were) a very certain token of coming death, even so were these for every one to whom they came.

To the cure of these maladies nor counsel of physician nor virtue of any medicine appeared to avail or profit aught; on the contrary,—whether it was that the nature of the infection suffered it not or that the ignorance of the physicians (of whom, over and above the men of art, the number, both men and women, who had never had any teaching of medicine, was become exceeding great), availed not to know whence it arose and consequently took not due measures thereagainst,—not only did few recover thereof, but well nigh all died within the third day from the appearance of the aforesaid signs, this sooner and that later, and for the most part without fever or other accident. And this pestilence was the more virulent for that, by communication with those who were sick thereof, it gat hold upon the sound, no otherwise than fire upon things dry or greasy, whereas they are brought very near thereunto. Nay, the mischief was yet greater; for that not only did converse and consortion with the sick give to the sound infection or cause of common death, but the mere touching of the clothes, or of whatsoever other thing had been touched or used of the sick appeared of itself to communicate the malady to the toucher. A marvelous thing to hear is that which I have to tell, and one which, had it not been seen of many men's eyes and of mine own, I had scarce dared credit, much less set down in writing, though I had heard it from one worthy of belief. I say, then, that of such efficience was the nature of the pestilence in question in communicating itself from one to another, that, not only did it pass from man to man, but this which is much more, it many times visibly did;—to wit, a thing which had pertained to a man sick or dead of the aforesaid sickness, being touched by an animal foreign to the human species, not only infected this latter with the plague, but in a very brief space of time killed it. Of this mine own eyes (as hath a little before been said) had one day, among others, experience on this wise; to wit, that the rags of a poor man, who had died of the plague, being cast out into the public way, two hogs came up to them and having first, after their wont, rooted amain among them with their snouts, took them in their mouths and tossed them about their jaws; then, in a little while, after turning round and round, they both, as if they had taken poison, fell down dead upon the rags with which they had in an ill hour intermeddled.

From these things and many others like unto them or yet stranger divers fears and conceits were begotten in those who abode alive, which well nigh all tended to a very barbarous conclusion, namely, to shun and flee from the sick and all that pertained to them, and thus doing, each thought to secure immunity for himself. Some there were who conceived that to live moderately and keep oneself from all excess was the best defence against such a danger; wherefore, making up their company, they lived removed from every other and shut themselves up in those houses where none had been sick and where living was best, and there, using very temperately of the most delicate viands and the finest wines and eschewing all incontinence, they abode with music and such other diversions as they might have, never suffering themselves to speak with any, not choosing to hear any news from without of death or sick folk. Others, inclining to the contrary opinion, maintained that to carouse and make merry and go about singing and frolicking, and satisfy the appetite in everything possible and laugh and scoff at whatsoever befell, was a very certain remedy for such an ill. That which they said they put in practice as best they might, going about day and night, now to this tavern, now to that, drinking without stint or measure, and on this wise they did yet more freely in other folk's houses, so but they scented there aught that liked or tempted them, as they might lightly do, for that every one—as he were to live no longer—had abandoned all care of his possessions, as of himself, wherefore the most part of the houses were become common good, and strangers used them, when as they happened upon them, like as the very owner might have done, and with all this bestial preoccupation, they still shunned the sick to the best of their power.

In this sore affliction and misery of our city, the reverend authority of the laws, both human and divine, was all in a manner dissolved and fallen into decay, for lack of the ministers and executors thereof, who, like other men, were all either dead or sick, or else left so destitute of followers that they were unable to exercise any office, wherefore every one had license to do whatsoever pleased him. Many others held a middle course between the two aforesaid, not straitening themselves so exactly in the matter of diet as the first, neither allowing themselves such license in drinking and other debauchery as the second, but using things in sufficiency, according to their appetites; nor did they seclude themselves, but went about, carrying in their hands, some flowers, some odoriferous herbs, and other some divers kinds of spiceries, which they set often to their noses, accounting it an excellent thing to fortify the brain with such odors, more by token that the air seemed all heavy and attainted with the stench of the dead bodies, and that of the sick and of the remedies used.

Some were of a more barbarous, though, peradventure a surer way of thinking, avouching that there was no remedy against pestilences better than—no, nor any so good as—to flee before them; wherefore, moved by this reasoning and recking of nought but themselves, very many, both men and women, abandoned their own city, their own houses and homes, their kinsfolk and possessions, and sought the country seats of others, or, at the least, their own, as if the wrath of God, being moved to punish the iniquity of mankind, would not proceed to do so wheresoever they might be, but would content itself with afflicting those only who were found within the walls of their city, or as if they were persuaded that no person was to remain therein and that its last hour was come. And albeit these, who opined thus variously, died not all, yet neither did they all escape; nay, many of each way of thinking and in every place sickened of the plague and languished on all sides, well nigh abandoned, having themselves, what while they were whole, set the example to those who abode in health.

MELCHIZEDEK THE JEW.

YOU must know, lovesome companions mine, that, like as folly ofttimes draweth folk forth of happy estate and casteth them into the utmost misery, even so doth good sense extricate the wise man from the greatest perils and place him in assurance and tranquillity. How true it is that folly bringeth many an one from fair estate unto misery is seen by a multitude of examples, with the recounting whereof we have no present concern, considering that a thousand instances thereof do every day manifestly appear to us; but that good sense is a cause of solacement I will, as I promised, briefly show you, by a little story.

Saladin—whose valor was such that not only from a man of little account it made him Soldan of Babylon, but gained him many victories over kings, Saracen and Christian—having in divers wars, and in the exercise of his extraordinary munificences, expended his whole treasure, and having an urgent occasion for a good sum of money, not seeing whence he might avail to have it as promptly as it behooved him, called to mind a rich Jew, by name Melchizedek, who lent at usance in Alexandria, and bethought himself that this latter had the wherewithal to oblige him, an he would; but he was so miserly that he would never have done it of his free will, and Saladin was loth to use force with him; wherefore, need constraining him, he set his every wit at work to find a means how the Jew might be brought to serve him in this, and presently concluded to do him a violence, colored by some show of reason.

Accordingly he sent for Melchizedek, and receiving him familiarly, seated him by himself, then said to him: "Honest man, I have understood from divers persons that thou art a very learned man, and deeply versed in matters of divinity; wherefore I would fain know of thee whether of the three Laws thou reputest the true—the Jewish, the Saracen, or the Christian?" The Jew, who was, in truth, a man of learning and understanding, perceiving but too well that Saladin looked to entrap him in words, so he might fasten a quarrel on him, bethought himself that he could not praise any of the three more than the others, without giving him the occasion he sought. Accordingly, sharpening his wits, as became one who felt himself in need of an answer by which he might not be taken at a vantage, there speedily occurred to him that which it behoved him reply, and he said:

"My lord, the question that you propound to me is a nice one, and to acquaint you with that which I think of the matter, it behoveth me to tell you a little story, which you shall hear. An I mistake not, I mind me to have many a time heard tell that there was once a great man and a rich, who, among other very precious jewels in his treasury, had a very goodly and costly ring, whereunto being minded, for its worth and beauty, to do honor, and wishing to leave it in perpetuity to his descendants, he declared that whichsoever of his sons should, at his death, be found in possession thereof, by his bequest unto him, should be recognized as his heir, and be held of all the others in honor and reverence as chief and head. He to whom the ring was left by him held a like course with his own descendants, and did even as his father had done. In brief, the ring passed from hand to hand, through many generations, and came at last into the possession of a man who had three goodly and virtuous sons, all very obedient to their father—wherefore he loved them all three alike. The young men, knowing the usance of the ring, each for himself desiring to be the most honored among his folk, as best he might, besought his father, who was now an old man, to leave him the ring, whenas he came to die. The worthy man, who loved them all alike, and knew not himself how to choose to which he had liefer leave the ring, bethought himself, having promised it to each, to seek to satisfy all three, and privily let make by a good craftsman other two rings, which were so like unto the first that he himself scarce knew which was the true. When he came to die, he secretly gave each one of his sons his ring, wherefore each of them, seeking, after their father's death to occupy the inheritance and the honor and denying it to the others, producing his ring in witness of his right, and the three rings being found so like unto one another that the true might not be known, the question which was the father's very heir abode pending and yet pendeth. And so say I to you, my lord; of the three Laws to the three peoples given of God the Father, whereof you question me, each people deemeth itself to have His inheritance, His true Law and His commandments; but of which in very deed hath them, even as of the rings, the question yet pendeth."

Saladin perceived that the Jew had excellently well contrived to escape the snare which he had spread before his feet; wherefore he concluded to discover to him his need, and see if he were willing to serve him; and so, accordingly, he did, confessing to him that which he had in mind to do, had he not answered him on such discreet wise. The Jew freely furnished him with all that he required, and the Soldan after satisfied him in full; moreover, he gave him very great gifts, and still had him to friend, and maintained him about his own person in high and honorable estate.

THE SCORNFUL LADY.

IN Ravenna, an ancient city of Romagna, dwelt formerly many persons of quality. Among the rest was a young gentleman, named Anastasio degli Onesti, who, by the deaths of his father and uncle, was left immensely rich, and, being a bachelor, fell in love with one of the daughters of Signor Paolo Traversaro (of a family much superior to his own), and was in hopes, by his assiduous courtship, to gain her affection. But though his endeavors were generous, noble and praiseworthy, so far were they from succeeding that, on the contrary, they rather turned out to his disadvantage; and so cruel and even savage was the beloved fair one, whom either her singular beauty or noble descent made thus haughty and scornful, that neither he, nor anything he did, could ever please her. This so afflicted Anastasio that he was going to lay violent hands upon himself; but thinking better of it, he frequently had a mind to leave her entirely, or else to hate her, if he could, as much as she had hated him. But this proved a vain design, for he constantly found that the less his hope, the greater always was his love.

The young man persevered then in his love and his extravagant way of life, till his friends all agreed that he was destroying his constitution, as well as wasting his substance. They therefore advised and entreated him to leave the place, and go and live somewhere else; for by that means he might lessen both his love and expense. For some time he made light of this advice, till being very much importuned, and not knowing how to refuse them, he promised to do so. Then making extraordinary preparations, as if he were going a long journey, either into France or Spain, he mounted his horse and left Ravenna, attended by many of his friends, and went to a place about three miles off, called Chiassi, where he ordered tents and pavilions to be brought, telling those who had accompanied him, that he meant to stay there, but that they might return to Ravenna. There he lived in the most splendid manner, inviting sometimes this company, and sometimes that, both to dine and sup, as he had used to do before.

Now it happened in the beginning of May, the season being extremely pleasant, that, thinking of his cruel mistress, he ordered all his attendants to retire and leave him to his own thoughts. Then he walked along, step by step, lost in reflection, until he came to a forest of pines. It being then the fifth hour of the day, he advanced more than half a mile into the grove, without thinking either of his dinner or anything else but his love. On a sudden he seemed to hear a most grievous lamentation, with the loud shrieks of a woman. This put an end to his meditation, when, looking round him to know what the matter was, he saw come out of a thicket full of briars and thorns, and run towards the place where he was, a most beautiful lady, quite naked, with her flesh all scratched and rent by the bushes, crying terribly and begging for mercy. In close pursuit came two fierce mastiffs, biting and tearing her wherever they could lay hold, and behind, upon a black steed, rode a gloomy knight, with a dagger in his hand, loading her with the bitterest imprecations. The sight struck him at once with wonder and consternation, as well as pity for the lady, whom he was desirous to rescue from such trouble and danger, if possible. Finding himself without arms, he tore off a branch of a tree, and went forward with it to oppose both the dogs and the knight. But the knight observing this, called out afar off, "Anastasio, do not concern yourself, but leave the dogs and me to do by this wicked woman as she has deserved." At these words the dogs seized her, and he, coming up to them, dismounted from his horse. Anastasio then stepped up to him, and said, "I know not who you are, that are thus acquainted with me; but I must tell you that it is a most villainous action for a man, armed as you are, to pursue a naked woman, and to set dogs upon her also, as if she were a wild beast. Be assured that I shall defend her to the utmost of my power."

The knight replied, "I was once your countryman, when you were but a child, and was called Guido degli Anastagi, at which time I was more enamored with this woman than ever you were with Traversaro's daughter. But she treated me so cruelly and with so much insolence that I killed myself with this dagger which you now see in my hand, for which I am doomed to eternal punishment. Soon afterwards she, who moreover was rejoiced at my death, died likewise, and for her cruelty as also for the joy which she expressed in my misery, she is condemned as well as myself. Our sentences are for her to flee before me, and for me, who loved her so well, to pursue her as a mortal enemy; and when I overtake her, with this dagger, with which I murdered myself, do I murder her; then I rip her open to the spine, and take out that hard and cold heart, which neither love nor pity could penetrate, with all her entrails, and throw them to the dogs.

In a little time (so wills the justice and power of Heaven) she rises, as though she had never been dead, and renews her miserable flight, whilst we pursue her over again. Every Friday in the year about this time do I sacrifice her here, as you see, and on other days in other places, wherever she has thought or done anything against me. And thus, being from a lover become her mortal enemy, I am to follow her for years as many as the months she was cruel to me. Let then Divine justice take its course, nor offer to oppose what you are no way able to withstand.''

Anastasio drew back at these words, terrified to death, and waited to see what the other was going to do. The knight, having made an end of speaking, ran at her with the utmost fury, as she was seized by the dogs, and pulled down on her knees begging for mercy. Then with his dagger he pierced through her breast and tore out her heart and her entrails, which the dogs immediately devoured, as if half famished. In a little time she arose again, as if nothing had happened, and fled towards the sea, the dogs biting and tearing her all the way. The knight also, being remounted, and taking his dagger, pursued her as before, till they soon passed from sight.

Upon seeing these things Anastasio stood divided betwixt fear and pity, and at length it came into his mind that, as it happened always on a Friday, it might be of particular use. Returning then to his servants, he sent for some of his friends and relations, and said to them, ''You have often importuned me to leave off loving this my enemy, and to contract my expenses. I am now ready to do so, provided you grant me one favor, which is this, that next Friday you engage Paolo Traversaro, his wife and daughter, with all their women friends and relations, to come and dine with me. The reason of my requiring this you will see at that time.'' This seemed to them but a small matter, and returning to Ravenna, they invited those whom he had desired, and though they found it difficult to prevail upon the young lady, yet the others carried her at last along with them.

Anastasio had provided a magnificent entertainment under the pines where the spectacle had lately been. Having seated all his company, he contrived that the lady should sit directly opposite to the scene of action. The last course was no sooner served up than the lady's shrieks began to be heard. This surprised them all, so that they began to inquire what it was, and as nobody could inform them, they all rose. Immediately they saw the lady, the dogs, and the knight, who were soon among them. Great was consequently the clamor both against the dogs and the knight, and many of them went to the lady's assistance. But the knight made the same harangue to them that he had done to Anastasio, which terrified and filled them with wonder. Then he acted the same part over again, while the ladies (there were many of them present who were related to both the knight and the lady, and who remembered his love and unhappy death) all lamented as much as if it had happened to themselves.

This tragical affair being ended, and the lady and knight both gone away, they held various discourse about it. But none seemed so much affected as Anastasio's mistress, who had heard and seen everything distinctly, and was sensible that it concerned her more than any other person, calling to mind her invariable cruelty towards him; so that already she seemed to flee before his wrathful spirit, with the mastiff at her heels. Such was her terror at this thought that, turning her hatred into love, she sent that very evening a trusty damsel privately to him, to entreat him in her name to come and see her, for she was ready to fulfill his desires. Anastasio replied that nothing could be more agreeable to him, but that he desired no favor from her but what was consistent with her honor. The lady, who was sensible that it had always been her own fault that they were not married, answered that she was willing; and going herself to her father and mother, she acquainted them with her intention. This gave them the utmost satisfaction, and the next Sunday the marriage was solemnized with all possible demonstrations of joy. And that spectacle was not attended with this good alone; but all the women of Ravenna were ever after so terrified with it that they were more ready to listen to and oblige the men than ever they had been before.

[The foregoing tale has been excellently paraphrased and versified by Dryden in his "Theodore and Honoria." Byron recalls both versions in the following stanzas.

"Sweet hour of twilight!—In the solitude
  Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
  Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er,
To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood;
  Ever green forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

"The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
  Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,

Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
  And vesper bells, that stole the boughs among.
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
  His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng
Which learn'd from this example not to fly
From a true lover, shadowed my mind's eye."]

HOW CIACCO PAID FOR HIS DINNER.

THERE dwelt some time in Florence one that was generally called by the name of Ciacco, a man being the greatest gourmand and grossest feeder that ever was seen in any country, all his means and procurements being unable to maintain expenses for filling his stomach. But otherwise he was of sufficient and commendable carriage, fairly demeaned, and well discoursing on any argument, yet not as a curious and spruce courtier, but rather a frequenter of rich men's tables, where choice of good cheer is seldom wanting, and such should have his company, albeit not invited, he had the courage to bid himself welcome.

At the same time, and in our city of Florence also, there was another man named Biondello, very low of stature, yet comely-formed, quick-witted, more neat and brisk than a butterfly, always wearing a wrought-silk cap on his head, and not a hair standing out of order, but the tuft flourishing above the forehead, and he such another trencher-fly for the table as our forenamed Ciacco was. It so fell out on a morning in the Lent time that he went into the fish-market, where he bought two goodly lampreys for Messer Vieri de Cierchi, and was espied by Ciacco, who, coming to Biondello, said, "What is the meaning of this cost, and for whom is it?" Whereto Biondello thus answered, "Yester-night three other lampreys, far fairer than these, and a whole sturgeon were sent unto Messer Corso Donati, and being not sufficient to feed divers gentlemen whom he hath invited this day to dine with him, he caused me to buy these two beside; dost not thou intend to make one of them?" "Yes, I warrant thee," replied Ciacco, "thou knowest I can invite myself thither without any other bidding."

So parting, about the hour of dinner-time Ciacco went to the house of Messer Corso, whom he found sitting and talking with certain of his neighbors, but dinner was not as yet ready, neither were they come thither to dinner. Messer Corso demanded of Ciacco what news with him, and whither he went. "Why, sir," said Ciacco, "I come to dine with you and your good company."

Whereto Messer Corso answered that he was welcome; and his other friends being gone, dinner was served in, none else thereat present but Messer Corso and Ciacco, all the diet being a poor dish of peas, a little piece of tunny, and a few small fishes fried, without any other dishes to follow after. Ciacco, seeing no better fare, but being disappointed of his expectation, as longing to feed on the lampreys and sturgeon, and so to have made a full dinner indeed, was of a quick apprehension, and apparently perceived that Biondello had merely gulled him in a knavery, which did not a little vex him, and made him vow to be revenged on Biondello, as he could compass occasion afterward.

Before many days were past it was his fortune to meet with Biondello, who having told his jest to divers of his friends, and made much good merriment thereat, saluted Ciacco in a kind manner, saying, "How didst thou like the fat lampreys and sturgeon which thou feddest on at the house of Messer Corso?" "Well, sir," answered Ciacco, "perhaps before eight days pass over my head thou shalt meet with as pleasing a dinner as I did." So, parting away from Biondello, he met with a porter, such as are usually sent on errands, and hiring him to do a message for him, gave him a glass bottle, and bringing him near to the hall-house of Cavicciuli, showed him there a knight called Signior Filippo Argenti, a man of huge stature, very choleric, and sooner moved to anger than any other man. "To him thou must go with this bottle in thy hand, and say thus to him, 'Sir, Biondello sent me to you, and courteously entreateth you that you would erubinate this glass bottle with your best claret wine, because he would make merry with a few friends of his.' But beware he lay no hand on thee, because he may be easily induced to misuse thee, and so my business be disappointed." "Well, sir," said the porter, "shall I say anything else unto him?" "No," quoth Ciacco, "only go and deliver this message, and when thou art returned I'll pay thee for thy pains." The porter, being gone to the house, delivered his message to the knight, who being a man of no great civil breeding, but very furious, presently conceived that Biondello, whom he knew well enough, sent this messsge in mere mockage of him, and starting up with fierce looks, said, "What erubination of claret should I send him? and what have I to do with him or his drunken friends? Let him and thee go hang yourselves together." So he stepped to catch hold on the porter, but he, being nimble and escaping from him, returned to Ciacco, and told him the answer of Filippo. Ciacco, not a little contented, paid the porter, tarried in no place till he met with Biondello, to whom he said, "When wast thou at the hall of Cavicciuli?" "Not a long while," answered Biondello; "but why dost thou ask such a question?" "Because," quoth Ciacco, "Messer Filippo hath sought about for thee, yet know not I what he would have with thee." "Is it so?" replied Biondello, "then I will walk thither presently to understand his pleasure."

When Biondello was thus parted from him, Ciacco followed not far off behind him, to behold the issue of this angry business; and Messer Filippo, because he could not catch the porter, continued much distempered, fretting and fuming because he could not comprehend the meaning of the porter's message, but only surmised that Biondello, by the procurement of somebody else, had done this in scorn of him. While he remained thus deeply discontented he espied Biondello coming towards him, and meeting him by the way he stepped close to him and gave him a cruel blow on the face, causing his nose to fall a-bleeding. "Alas, sir!" said Biondello, "wherefore do you strike me?" Messer Filippo, catching him by the hair of the head, trampled his cap in the dirt and his cloak also, when, laying many violent blows on him, he said, "Villainous traitor, as thou art, I'll teach thee what it is to erubinate with claret either thyself or any of thy cupping companions. Am I a child to be jested withal?"

Nor was he more furious in words than in strokes also, beating him about the face, hardly leaving any hair on his head, and dragging him along in the mire, spoiling all his garments, and he not able, from the first blow given, to speak a word in defence of himself. In the end Messer Filippo having extremely beaten him, and many people gathering about them, to succor a man so much misused, the matter was at large related, and manner of the message sending; for which they did all greatly reprehend Biondello, considering he knew what kind of a man Filippo was, one not any way to be jested withal. Biondello in tears maintained that he never sent any such message for wine, or intended it in the least degree; so when the tempest was more mildly calmed, and Biondello, thus cruelly beaten and dirtied, had gotten home to his own house, he could then remember that, questionless, this was occasioned by Ciacco.

After some few days were passed over, and the hurts in his face indifferently cured, Biondello beginning to walk abroad again, chanced to meet with Ciacco, who laughing heartily at him, said, "Tell me, Biondello, how dost thou like the erubinating claret of

Messer Filippo?" "As well," quoth Biondello, "as thou didst the sturgeon and lampreys at Messer Corso Donati's." "Why, then," said Ciacco, "let these tokens continue familiar between thee and me, when thou wouldest bestow such another dinner on me, then will I erubinate thy nose with a bottle of the same claret." But Biondello perceived to his cost that he had met with the worser bargain, and Ciacco got cheer without any blows, and therefore desired a peaceful atonement, each of them always after abstaining from flouting the other.

FEDERIGO AND THE FALCON.

THERE once lived in Florence a youth called Federigo, son of Messer Philippo Alberighi, who for feats of arms and accomplishments was held in higher esteem than any cavalier of his age in Tuscany. This young man became deeply enamored of a lady called Monna Giovanna, reputed in her time one of the most beautiful and agreeable women in Florence; and in order to win her affections he gave a succession of tournaments, feasts, and banquets, and spared no expense in his entertainments. But this lady, not less discreet than beautiful, paid no regard to all that was done in her honor, nor condescended to notice the author of them. Federigo, thus spending all his property, and acquiring none in return, was soon stripped of his wealth, and became suddenly impoverished, having nothing now remaining but a small farm, on the produce of which he found a bare subsistence; yet he still retained a favorite falcon, which for her rare qualities was nowhere to be matched. Being thus unable to live any longer in the city in the style he was accustomed to, and being more than ever enamored of the lady, he departed to his little estate in the country, and there, without inviting any one to his house, he amused himself with his falcon, and endured his poverty with tranquil patience. It happened that when Federigo was reduced to this extremity, the husband of Monna Giovanna fell sick, and feeling the approach of death, made his will, leaving his possessions, which were very great, to an only son now growing up, and in the event of the son's death, to Monna Giovanna, whom he dearly loved; and he had no sooner subscribed his will than he died.

Monna Giovanna, having thus become a widow, went according to the custom of our ladies to pass her year of mourning in retirement, removing to one of her estates very near to the farm of Federigo. Hereupon it happened that her son was accustomed to visit Federigo, and taking great delight in hawks and dogs, and having often seen Federigo's falcon, he became wonderfully fond of it and ardently longed to possess it, but did not venture to ask for it, as he well knew how dear it was to its owner. Within a short time after this the boy fell sick. His mother, who had no other child, and loved him to excess, stood over him the whole day to tend and comfort him, often asking him and entreating him to tell her if there were anything in the world he desired, as, if it were possible to procure it, he should have it. The youth, after a repetition of these questions, at length said, "My dear mother, if you could by any means procure me Federigo's falcon, I think I should recover from my sickness." The lady, hearing a request so far out of her power, began to consider what she might do to gratify her son's wish. She knew that Federigo had long loved her, but had never received from her so much as a single glance in return. How then (she reflected) shall I send or go to beg this falcon, which from all I hear is the best bird that ever flew, and moreover is now Federigo's sole maintenance; and how can I be guilty of so great a rudeness as to deprive a gentleman who has no other pleasure

remaining of this his only recreation? Thus troubled in her thoughts, she knew not what to reply to her son. Her maternal love, however, at last prevailed, and she determined to attempt to gratify his wishes, but resolved not to send, but to go herself to Federigo. She then said to her son, "My dear son, be comforted, and get well, for I promise you that the first thing in the morning, I will go myself for the falcon, and bring it to you." This promise brought a beam of joy into the boy's countenance, and the same day he showed evident signs of amendment.

The next morning Monna Giovanna, taking with her another lady as a companion, proceeded to Federigo's humble habitation, and inquired for him. As it happened not to be a day fit for hawking, he was in his garden, and desired one of his people to go to the gate. He was beyond measure surprised when he heard that Monna Giovanna was asking for him, and ran in great joy to meet her. As soon as she saw him approach she gracefully moved to meet him, and respectfully saluting him, said, "Federigo, I am come to recompense you in some sort for the evil you have received at my hands, at a time when you loved me more than was wise on your part, and the recompense I intend is to make myself and my companion your guests at dinner to-day." To which Federigo with great humility replied, "Alas! madam, I do not recollect to have received any evil at your hands, but so much good that, if it were ever in my power, I should be happy, for the love I have borne you, and more so for the honor of this visit, to expend my fortune a second time in your honor;" and thus speaking, he respectfully led her into his house, and thence conducted her into his garden, and there, not having any other person to introduce her to, said, "Madam, this good woman, the wife of my husbandman, will wait on you whilst I prepare our table."

Living in extreme poverty, Federigo was seldom in a state to receive any one in his house, and this morning being less prepared than usual, and finding nothing to show respect to a lady in whose honor he had entertained such numbers of people, he was grieved beyond measure, and stood in great perplexity, inveighing against his evil fortune as a man bereft of his senses, and running hither and thither, and finding neither money nor provision, and the hour being late, and his desire being great to show the lady some mark of attention, and happening to cast his eyes on his favorite falcon, which was resting on its perch in his chamber, and seeing no other resource, he seized the poor bird, and finding it fat and in good condition, thought it would be a dish worthy of the lady, and without further hesitation he wrung its neck, and giving it to a girl, ordered her to pluck it and place it on the spit and carefully roast it. He then spread on his table a napkin of snowy whiteness, one of the few things which yet remained to him of his former possessions, and after some time, with a cheerful aspect returned into the garden to the lady, and told her that a dinner, the best he could provide, was prepared for her. On this the lady with her companion went and seated themselves at the table, where Federigo with great courtesy waited on them, whilst they unknowingly ate his favorite bird.

When they had risen from table, after some agreeable conversation, it seemed to the lady to be now a proper time to make known the purpose of her visit, and turning politely to Federigo, she thus spoke: "Calling to recollection your past life, Federigo, and remembering my reserve, which you perhaps esteemed hard-heartedness and cruelty, I doubt not that you will wonder at my presumption when you learn the object of my visit; but if you now had, or ever had had children, and knew the strength of a parent's affection, I feel assured that you would in some measure pardon me; and though you have none, I, who have a dear and beloved son, cannot yet forego the common affections of a mother. I am, then, by maternal love and duty compelled to ask of you the gift of a possession which I know is indeed very dear to you, and justly so, since your evil fortune has left you no other comfort in your adversity. The gift then I ask is your falcon, which my son is so desirous of possessing, that if I do not obtain it for him, I fear it will so far aggravate the illness under which he labors, that I shall lose him. On this account, therefore, I entreat you, not by the love which you profess for me (by which you ought in no degree to be governed), but by the magnanimity of your character, which is better manifested in a courtesy of this kind than in any other way, that you would do me the favor to bestow it on me, so that by this gift I may be enabled to preserve the life of my dear and only son, and I shall myself be for ever indebted to you."

Federigo, thus hearing the request of the lady, and seeing it out of his power to gratify her, as he had served his falcon for dinner, began in her presence to weep most bitterly, and became unable to utter a word in reply. The lady, supposing that Federigo's grief arose from his affection to his falcon, and his regret to part with it, and expecting a refusal, prepared herself for the worst. "Since the hour, most honored lady," began Federigo, "that I first fixed my affection on you, I have always found Fortune most perverse and cruel to me, but all her blows I consider light in comparison with the one she has now dealt me, seeing that you have condescended to visit my house, which when I was rich you would not deign to enter, and entreat me for so small a gift, for she has so contrived that it is not in my power to grant it you, and why it is not you shall briefly hear. When you informed me that you meant to honor me with your company to dinner, considering your rank, and that it was only proper that I should pay you due honor by procuring every delicacy in my power, as is becoming on such occasions, and recollecting the falcon which you now request of me, and its many excellent qualities, I considered it a dish not unworthy to be placed before you, and I therefore this morning served it up to you roasted at dinner, a thing which at the time I considered most opportune, but finding now that you wished to possess the falcon alive for your sick son, my inability to gratify you grieves me so far that I think I shall never know happiness more." In confirmation of his words he then produced the feathers and beak and talons of the poor bird. Monna Giovanna at this recital reprehended him for killing so fine a falcon for a lady's dinner, at the same time, however, highly commending in her own mind his magnanimity, which it had not been in the power of Fortune to abase. The lady having thus lost all chance of possessing the falcon, and despairing of the recovery of her son, thanked Federigo for the honor done her, and for his intended good-will, and departed very much dejected. Her son, either through pining for the falcon, or from his complaint being aggravated by disappointment, died a few days after, to the great grief of his mother.

After having for some time indulged her sorrow and tears, her brothers seeing that she was left extremely rich, and was still young, entreated her to marry again. This she was not desirous of doing, but finding herself constantly assailed by their request, and recollecting the noble conduct of Federigo, and this last instance of his magnanimity, in having sacrificed the finest falcon in the world out of respect to her, she said to her brothers, "I should willingly, if it were agreeable to you, remain in my present state, but if you insist that I marry, I will assuredly take no one for my husband but Federigo degli Alberighi." On which her brothers, smiling, replied, "What folly is this? Would you marry a man who is a beggar?" To this she answered, "Brothers, I well know that the matter is as you state it, but I choose rather a man that hath need of wealth, than wealth that hath need of a man." The brothers, seeing her fixed determination, and knowing the genuine worth of Federigo, notwithstanding his poverty, bestowed their sister on him with all her fortune. Federigo thus unexpectedly found himself united to a beautiful lady whom he had long dearly loved, and passed the remainder of his days in peace and happiness.

THE PATIENT GRISELDA.

THIS story is condensed from the narrative of Boccaccio, which has been versified in many languages.

Among the Marquises of Saluzzo, there was one Gualtieri, a bachelor, who spent his whole time in hunting and falconry, and entertained the firm determination of never encumbering himself with a family, or running the risk of disturbing his tranquillity by being yoked with a wife who might prove of uncongenial temper. As he was the feudal lord of numerous vassals, they continually importuned him to marry, that he might not die without an heir. After long resistance, he promised to yield to their wishes, on this condition, that, let him marry whom he would, they should show her all the respect due to their liege lady; and if otherwise, he threatened to let them know to their cost the wrong they had done in inducing him to fetter himself against his inclinations. The people replied, that they were quite satisfied, provided he would make the trial, and please himself in his choice.

The marquis had taken a fancy to a remarkably well-conducted girl who lived in a cottage not far from his castle, and he made up his mind to marry her without further search. Having privately imparted his design to her father, who was a very poor man, he ordered preparations for a splendid feast, inviting all his relations and the great lords of the surrounding country. He had also prepared a rich and costly wardrobe for his bride, with a ring, a girdle, and a coronet. When the appointed hour was come, he mounted his horse, and, attended by all his friends and vassals, he rode towards the poor man's dwelling. The girl Griselda was hurrying with water from the well, in order that she might afterwards go to the castle and see the expected marchioness. Gualtieri alighted from his horse, and calling

Griselda, entered with her alone into the cottage. He then, in presence of her father, announced his intention of espousing her, and inquired of her whether she would make it her study to please him, whether she would obey all his commands, and acquiesce with perfect cheerfulness in whatever he might do or say. Having received her promise to this effect, he led her out by the hand, made her strip before all his followers, and had her completely attired in the rich apparel he had brought. He set the coronet upon her dishevelled hair, and addressed the company: "Behold, this is the person whom I intend for my wife, provided she will accept of me for her husband." Then turning towards her, "Will you," he asked, "have me for your husband?" "Yes," she replied, "if it so please your lordship." "Well," he rejoined, "and I take you for my wife." Having thus publicly espoused her, he mounted her on a palfrey, and conducted her to the palace, where the nuptials were celebrated with as much pomp as though the bride had been the daughter of the king of France.

She became a great favorite with his people, and easily assumed the manners which became her high station. The birth of a daughter gave occasion for more rejoicings; but now a new fancy occurred to the marquis, that he should make trial of her patience and submission to his will. He affected great uneasiness, and, assuming a tone of harshness, informed her that his vassals were greatly displeased with her mean origin, and were especially disposed to murmur about the appearance of a family. Without changing countenance, "My lord," she replied, "pray dispose of me and mine as you think best for your honor and happiness: I do not forget that I was meaner than the meanest of the people, and altogether unworthy of that dignity to which your favor was pleased to advance to me." After frequently repeating to her, that his subjects could not tolerate the child, he sent to her one of his servants, who, according to his instructions, addressed her with a sorrowful countenance: "Madam, I must either lose my own life, or obey my lord's commands; now he has ordered me to take your daughter, and"—— Griselda understood that he had orders to destroy the child; so she took it out of the cradle, kissed it, and gave it her blessing; then tenderly laying it in the servant's arms, she said, with composed voice but bursting heart: "Take it, and do what thy lord and mine has commanded; but, prithee, leave it not to be devoured by the fowls or wild beasts, unless that be his desire."

Afterwards Griselda presented her lord with a son, but he began to grieve and persecute her still more. One day, apparently much out of temper, he said: "Since thou hast brought me this son, I can live no longer with my people, for they mutiny to that degree at the thought of my being succeeded by the grandson of a poor shepherd, that, unless I would run the risk of being driven from my estates, I must dispose of this child as I did of the other." Her only reply was: "My lord, study only your own ease and happiness, for nothing is agreeable to me but what is pleasing to yourself." Not many days after, the son disappeared as the daughter had done before, and the people secretly execrated the marquis as a monster of cruelty, while they pitied the poor broken-hearted mother, who strove to hide her grief, and maintain the appearance of a cheerful acquiescence.

Years more passed away, and the marquis, assembling a number of his people, declared in their presence that he could no longer bear to keep Griselda as his wife. He owned that he had done very foolishly, and like a young man, in marrying her, and that he intended to solicit the pope for a dispensation to repudiate her and espouse another. In vain the people remonstrated; he only replied that his mind was made up. Having received letters apparently from Rome, he again assembled the vassals, and said: "Woman, by the pope's leave, I may now dismiss thee and take another wife. As my ancestors have all been sovereign princes of this country, and thine only peasants, I intend to keep thee no longer, but to send thee back to thy father's cottage, with the same portion which thou broughtest me, and afterwards to make choice of one more suitable to my rank." With difficulty refraining from tears, she replied: "My lord, I was always sensible that my servile condition could no way accord with your high rank and descent. For what I have been, I own myself indebted to Providence and you; I considered it but as a favor lent me; and now that you are pleased to demand it back, I willingly restore it. Behold the ring with which you espoused me; I deliver it to you. You bid me take back the dowry which I brought you. You will have no need for a teller to count it, nor I for a purse to hold it, much less for a sumpter-horse to carry it away, for I have not forgotten that you took me naked and empty-handed."

Griselda then, with much simplicity and pathos, asks and hardly receives a single under-garment in which to return to her father's cottage; so, weeping, she left the palace, an object of compassion to all who saw her. Her poor father, who had daily expected the occurrence of such an event, had kept for these thirteen years the clothes of which she had been despoiled on her wedding-day. Griselda put them on, and resumed her former servile occupations, while the marquis gave it out, that he was going to marry a daughter of one of the Counts of Panago, and began to make splendid preparations for his approaching nuptials. To add to the distress of Griselda, he sent her word that, as no one else could do it so well, he wished her to come and prepare the house, and invite the female guests, after which she should return to her father's again. Griselda had parted with her great fortune more easily than with her love for Gualtieri, and this command went like daggers to her heart. But she repaired as commanded to the palace, swept and cleaned the apartments like the meanest servant; and, when everything was ready, invited the ladies of the country, in the name of the marquis, to come to the wedding.

At the appointed time, a beautiful girl about twelve years of age, attended by a younger brother, arrived with an honorable retinue at Saluzzo, where they found the whole country assembled, waiting to see their new lady. When she entered the hall, where the banquet was prepared, Griselda, meanly dressed as she was, went cheerfully to meet her, saying: "Your ladyship is most kindly welcome." "What thinkest thou, Griselda, of my bride?" said the marquis. "My lord," she replied, "I like her extremely well; and if she be as prudent as she is fair, you may be the happiest of men; but pray do not take with this lady the heart-breaking measures that you did with your former wife; for she is very young, and has been tenderly reared, whereas the other was from childhood inured to hardship."

This final humble submission was sufficient. Gualtieri now entreated Griselda to forgive his long apparent harshness, and to recognize and accept in this young lady and her brother none other than her long-lost children, who had been carefully educated by his kinswoman at Bologna. The joy at the denouement was unbounded; Griselda was apparelled and crowned anew; and the feast was prolonged for many days. The marquis was judged a very wise man, though abundantly too severe; but as for Griselda, she was beyond compare.

PRAYER TO CUPID.

THE following song from the Decamerone is a specimen of Boccaccio's power as a lyric poet.

Cupid, the charms that crown my fair
Have made me slave to you and her.
  The lightning of her eyes,
  That darting through my bosom flies,
Doth still your sovereign power declare.
      At your control
Each grace fast binds my vanquished soul.

  Devoted to your throne
From henceforth I myself confess;
    Nor can I guess
  If my desires to her be known,
Who claims each wish, each thought, so far
  That all my peace depends on her.

Then haste, kind godhead, and inspire
  A portion of your sacred fire;
    To make her feel
  That self-consuming zeal,
  The cause of my decay,
That wastes my very heart away.

FRANCO SACCHETTI.

THIS contemporary of Boccaccio has been entitled the Father of the Modern Novel. As critic Snell has declared: "Boccaccio, even in the 'Decamerone,' was still something of a poet, a scholar, an artist, a philosopher—in short, an idealist. Sacchetti, on the contrary, was a man of the world, a shrewd, intent observer of external things. Therefore in his work rather than in the 'Decamerone' we must seek the germ of the modern novel."

Franco Sacchetti, born in 1335, was a Florentine noble. He coquetted with poetry and satire before striking his true vein, but having struck it, he set out with deliberate and characteristic zeal to write not merely one hundred tales, like Boccaccio, but three hundred. He actually completed two hundred and seventy-eight. Nor do they reveal any slavish imitation of his more famous contemporary; while, slight as they are, his tales are models of construction. Boccaccio is said, however, to have been the inspiration that led Sacchetti to desert the Muse, whom he had wooed with notable success, for the new prose fiction. Sacchetti became one of the favorite novelists of his day. He died in 1400.

His numerous "Novellette" are founded chiefly upon historical and familiar incidents, although a few are to be considered as wholly fictitious. Neither Sismondi nor Dunlop has given Sacchetti the praise which is his just due. Dunlop is, however, justly critical in his verdict that "his work wants that dramatic form which is a principal charm of the 'Decamerone,' and which can alone bestow unity or connection on this species of composition." Specimens of his light musical verses, as well as of his prose, are appended.

GIRLS ON A FINE DAY.

"BE stirring, girls! we ought to have a run:
Look, did you ever see so fine a day?
Fling spindles right away,
And rocks and reels and wools:
Now don't be fools,—
To-day your spinning's done.
Up with you, up with you!" So, one by one,
They caught hands, catch who can,
Then singing, singing, to the river they ran,
They ran, they ran
To the river, the river;
And the merry-go-round
Carries them at a bound
To the mill o'er the river.
"Miller, miller, miller,
Weigh me this lady
And this other. Now, steady!"
"You weigh a hundred, you,
And this one weighs two."
"Why, dear, you do get
stout!"

"You think so, dear, no doubt:
Are you in a decline?"
"Keep your temper, and I'll keep mine."
"Come, girls." ("Oh, thank you, miller!")
"We'll go home when you will."
So, as we crossed the hill,
A clown came in great grief

Crying, "Stop thief! stop thief!
Oh, what a wretch I am!"
"Well, fellow, here's a clatter!
Well, what's the matter?"
"O Lord, O Lord, the wolf has got my lamb!"
Now at that word of woe,
The beauties came and clung about me so,
That if wolf had but shown himself, maybe
I too had caught a lamb that fled to me.

GIRLS ON A WET DAY.

As I walked thinking through a little grove,
Some girls that gathered flowers came passing me,
Saying, "Look here! look there!" delightedly.
"O here it is!" "What's that?" "A lily, love."
"And there are violets!"
"Further for roses! Oh, the lovely pets—
The darling beauties! Oh, the nasty thorn!
Look here, my hand's all torn!"
"What's that that jumps?" "Oh, don't! it's a grasshopper!"
"Come run, come run,
Here's bluebells!" "Oh what fun!"
"Not that way! Stop her!"
"Yes, this way!" "Pluck them, then!"
"Oh, I've found mushrooms! Oh, look here!" "Oh, I'm
Quite sure that further on we'll get wild thyme."

"Oh, we shall stay too long, it's going to rain!
There's lightning; oh, there's thunder!"
"Oh, shan't we hear the vesper-bell, I wonder?"
"Why, it's not nones, you silly thing;
And don't you hear the nightingales that sing
Fly away, Oh, die away?"
"Oh, I hear something! Hush!"
"Why, where? what is it then?" "Ah! in that bush!"
So every girl here knocks it, shakes it and shocks it,
Till with the stir they make
Out skurries a great snake.
"O Lord! O me! Alack! Ah me! alack!"
They scream, and then all run and scream again;
And then in heavy drops down comes the rain.

Each running at the other in a fright,
Each trying to get before the other, and crying
And flying, stumbling, tumbling, wrong or right,
One sets her knee
There where her foot should be;
One has her hands and dress
All smothered up with mud in a fine mess;
And one gets trampled on by two or three.
What's gathered is let fall
About the wood and not picked up at all.
The wreaths of flowers are scattered on the ground;
And still as screaming, hustling with the rest,
They run this way and that, and round and round,
She thinks herself in luck who runs the best.

I stood quite still to have a perfect view,
And never noticed till I got wet through.

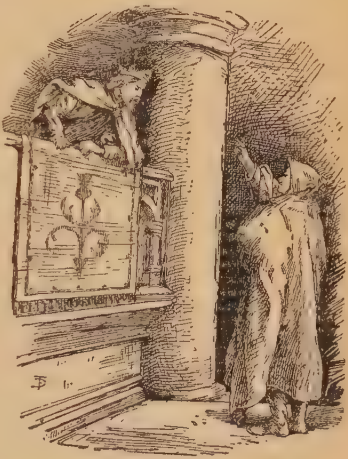
THE LORD OF MILAN AND THE MILLER.

MESSER BERNABO, Lord of Milan, being outwitted by the clever reasoning of a miller, bestowed upon him a valuable benefice. Now this lord was in his time greatly feared beyond all other rulers, and though he was cruel, yet was there in his cruelty a great measure of justice. Among many cases which happened to him was this—that a rich abbot, for a certain act of negligence (in that he had not properly fed two hounds belonging to the said lord, and so had spoilt their tempers), was by him fined 4,000 *scudi*. At this the abbot began to ask for mercy, and the said lord thereupon said to him: "If thou declarest unto me four things, I will remit everything; and the things are these—I will that thou shouldst tell me how far it is from here to heaven; how much water there is in the sea; what they are doing in hell; and what is the worth of my person." The abbot hearing this began to sigh, and thought himself in worse plight than before; yet, for the sake of peace and to gain time, he prayed Bernabo that it would please him to grant him a term for the answering of such deep questions. And the lord granted him the whole of the following day, and, as one impatient to hear the end of the matter, made him give security that he would return.

The abbot returned to his abbey exceeding sorrowful and full of thought, and puffing and blowing like a frightened horse. When he had got thither, he met with a miller who was one of his tenants, and who, seeing him thus afflicted, said: "My lord, what is the matter, that ye puff and blow on this wise?" Said the abbot: "I have good cause, for his lordship is going to be the ruin of me if I do not declare unto him four things, which neither Solomon nor Aristotle could do." Said the miller: "What things are these?" The abbot told him. Then the miller thought for a while, and said to the abbot: "Sir, I will get ye out of this strait, an ye will." The abbot replied: "Would to God it might be so!" Said the miller: "I think both God and the saints will be willing." The abbot, who knew not what he would be at, said: "If thou doest it, take from me what thou wilt, for thou shalt ask me for nothing that I will not give thee, if it be possible." . . . Then said the miller: "I must put on your tunic and hood, and I will shave my beard, and to-morrow morning, very early, I will go into his presence, saying that I am the abbot, and I will settle the four questions in such a way that I think he will be content." The abbot could not wait a moment before he had put the miller in his place, and so it was done.

Early in the morning the miller set out, dressed as the abbot, and when he reached the gate of Bernabo's house, knocked and said that such and such an abbot wished to answer certain questions which the lord had put to him. The lord, willing to hear what the abbot had to say, and wondering that he had returned so quickly, had him called. The miller, coming into his presence in a room which was not very well lighted, made his obeisance, holding his hand as much as possible before his face, and was asked by Bernabo whether he were able to answer the four questions. And he replied: "My lord, I am. Ye asked how far it is from here to heaven; from this spot it is just thirty-six millions, eight hundred and fifty-four thousand, seventy-two and a half miles, and twenty-two paces." Said Bernabo: "Thou hast given it very accurately; how wilt thou prove this?" The miller replied: "Have the distance measured, and if it be not even as I say, ye may have me hanged by the neck. In the second place, ye asked how much water there is in the sea. This was very hard to find out, since it is a thing that is never still, and there is always more being added; but I have found out that there are in the sea 25,982,000,000 hogsheads, 7 barrels, 12 gallons, and 2 glasses." Said the lord: "How knowest thou this?" The miller answered: "I reckoned it as well as I could,

—if ye do not believe me, send and fetch barrels, and have it measured. And if it be not correct, ye may have me quartered. In the third place, your lordship asked what was being done in hell. In hell there is hanging, drawing, quartering, and cutting off of heads going on,—neither less nor more than what your lordship is doing here." Bernabo asked: "What reason dost thou give for this?" He replied: "I have talked with a man who had been there, and it was from this man Dante the Florentine heard what he wrote concerning the things of hell; but this man is dead, and if ye do not believe me, send and ask him. Fourthly, ye would know what was the value of your lordship's person, and I say that it is worth twenty-nine pence." When Messer Bernabo heard this, he turned to him in a fury, saying, "May the plague seize thee! Dost think I am worth no more than an earthen pipkin?" The miller replied, and not without great fear: "My lord, listen to reason; ye know that our Lord was sold for thirty pence,—I am surely right in supposing that ye are worth one penny less than he." When Bernabo heard this he imagined that this man could not be the abbot, and, looking fixedly at him, perceiving that he was a man of far more sense than the abbot, he said to him: "Thou art not the abbot." The terror which the miller then had, every one may imagine for himself; he knelt down, and with clasped hands asked for mercy, telling Bernabo that he was the tenant of the abbey mill, and how and why he appeared before him in this disguise, and that it was rather to please him than from any ill intention. But Bernabo, hearing this, said: "Well, then, since he has made thee abbot, and thou art worth more than he, by the faith of God, I will confirm thee in thine office; and it is my will that from henceforth thou be the abbot and he the miller, and that thou have all the revenue of the monastery and he of the mill." And thus he caused it to be during all the rest of his life, that the miller should be an abbot and the abbot a miller.



GIOVANNI FIORENTINO.

A LITTLE volume, called "Il Pecorone" (the Big Sheep, or the Dunce), contains fifty stories written in happy imitation of Boccaccio. It is attributed to Ser Giovanni, called the Florentine, and some have suspected that this name denotes the historian Giovanni Villani, especially as the tales refer to historical facts mentioned by that author. The writer states that he was an exile when he began his labors in 1378. The first printed edition did not appear until 1558. The framework of the collection is thus given: Auretto, a Florentine gentleman, fell in love with Sister Saturnina, of the convent of Forli, and became a friar of the same order. Being soon promoted to be chaplain, he was able to have frequent interviews with the beautiful recluse. They met in the convent parlor, and agreed to entertain each other with the alternate recital of stories. It is to be noted that these stories are entirely free from the grossness which disgraces Boccaccio's work.

THE HAWK AND THE JAY.

THERE resided not very long ago, in Sienna, a noble youth of the name of Galgano, who, besides his birth and riches, was extremely clever, valiant, and affable, qualities which won him the regard of all ranks of people in the place. But I am very sorry to add that, attracted by the beauty of the fair Minoccia, wedded to our noble cavalier, Messer Stricca, our young friend unfortunately, and too late, fell passionately in love with her.

So violently enamored did he shortly become, that he purloined her glove, which he wore with her favorite colors wherever he went, at tilts and tourneys, at rich feasts and festivals, all of which he was proud to hold in honor of his love; yet all these failed to render him agreeable to the lady, a circumstance that caused our poor friend Galgano no little pain and perplexity. A prey to the excessive cruelty and indifference of one dearer to him than his own life, who neither noticed nor listened to him, he still followed her like her shadow, contriving to be near her at every party, whether a bridal or a christening, a funeral or a play. Long and vainly, with love-messages after love-messages, and presents after presents, did he sue; but never would the noble lady deign to receive or listen to them for a moment, ever bearing herself more reserved and harshly as he more earnestly pressed the ardor of his suit.

It was thus his fate to remain subject to this very irksome and overwhelming passion, until, wearied out, at length he would break into words of grief and bitterness against his "bosom's lord." "Alas! dread master of my destiny," he would say, "O Love! can you behold me thus wasting my very soul away, ever loving, but never beloved again? See to it, dread lord, that you are not, in so doing, offending against your own laws!" And so, unhappily dwelling upon the lady's cruelty, he seemed fast verging upon despair; then again humbly resigning himself to the yoke he bore, he resolved to await some interval of grace, watching, however vainly, for some occasion of rendering himself more pleasing to the object he adored.

Now it happened that Messer Stricca and his consort went to pass some days at their country-seat near Sienna; and it was not long before the love-sick Galgano was observed to cross their route, to hang upon their skirts, and to pass along the same way, always with the hawk upon his hand, as if violently set upon bird-hunting. Often, indeed, he passed so close to the villa where the lady dwelt, that one day being seen by Messer Stricca, who recognized him, he was very familiarly entreated to afford them the pleasure of his company; "and I hope," added Messer Stricca, "that you will stay the evening with us." Thanking his friend very kindly for the invitation, Galgano, strange to say, at the same time begged to be held excused, pleading another appointment, which he believed—he was sorry—he was obliged to keep. "Then," added Messer Stricca, "at least step in and take some little refreshment:" to which the only reply returned was, "A thousand thanks, and farewell, Messer Stricca, for I am in haste." The moment the latter had turned his back, our poor lover began to upbraid himself bitterly for not availing himself of the invitation, exclaiming, "What a wretch am I not to accept such an offer as this! I should at least have seen her—her whom from my soul I cannot help loving beyond all else in the world."

As he thus went, meditating upon the same subject along his solitary way, it chanced that he sprung a large jay, on which he instantly gave his hawk the wing, which pursuing its quarry into Messer Stricca's gardens, and there striking true, the ensuing struggle took place. Hearing the hawk's cry, both he and his lady ran towards the garden balcony, in time to see, and were surprised at the skill and boldness of the bird in seizing and bringing down its game. Not in the least aware of the truth, the lady inquired of her husband to whom the bird belonged. "Mark the hawk," replied Messer Stricca; "it does its work well; it resembles its master, who is one of the handsomest and most accomplished young men in Sienna, and a very excellent young fellow, too, ;—yes, it does well." "And who may that be?" said his wife, with a careless air. "Who," returned he, "but the noble Galgano—the same, love, who just now passed by. I wished he would have come in to sup with us, but he would not. He is certainly one of the finest and best-tempered men I ever saw." And so saying, he rose from the window, and they went to supper.

Galgano, in the meanwhile, having given his hawk the call, quietly pursued his way; but the praises lavished upon him by her husband made an impression upon the lady's mind such as the whole of his previous solicitations had failed to produce. However strange, she dwelt upon them long and tenderly. It happened that about this very time, Messer Stricca was chosen ambassador from the Siennese to the people of Perugia, and setting out in all haste, he was compelled to take a sudden leave of his lady. I am sorry to have to observe that the moment the cavalcade was gone by, recalling the idea of her noble lover, the lady likewise despatched an embassy to our young friend, entreating him, after the example of her husband, to favor her with his company in the evening. No longer venturing to refuse, he sent a grateful answer back that he would very willingly attend. And having heard tidings of Messer Stricca's departure for Perugia, he set out at a favorable hour in the evening, and speedily arrived at the house of the lady to whom he had been so long and so vainly attached.

Checking his steed in full career, he threw himself off, and the next moment found himself in her presence, falling at her feet and saluting her with the most respectful and graceful carriage. She took him joyously by the hand, bidding him a thousand tender welcomes, and setting before him the choicest fruits and refreshments of the season. Then inviting him to be seated, he was served with the greatest variety and splendor; and more delicious than all, the bright lady herself presided there, no longer frowning and turning away when he began to breathe the story of his love and sufferings into her ear. Delighted and surprised beyond his proudest hopes, Galgano was profuse in his expressions of gratitude and regard, though he could not quite conceal his wonder at this happy and unexpected change; entreating, at length, as a particular favor, that she would deign to acquaint him with its blessed cause. "That will I do soon," replied the glowing beauty; "I will tell you every word, and therefore did I send for you;" and she looked into his face with a serene and pure, yet somewhat mournful, countenance. "Indeed," returned her lover, a little perplexed, "words can never tell half of what I felt, dear lady, when I heard you had this morning sent for me, after I had desired and followed you for so long a time in vain." "Listen to me, and I will tell you, Galgano; but first sit a little nearer to me, for, alas! I love you. A few days ago, you know, you passed near our house when hawking, and my husband told me that he saw you, and invited you in to supper, but you would not come. At that moment your hawk sprang and pursued its prey, when seeing the noble bird make such a gallant fight, I inquired to whom it belonged, and my husband replied, 'To whom should it belong but to the most excellent young man in Sienna?' and that it did well resemble you, as he had never met a more pleasing and accomplished gentleman." "Did he—did he say that?" interrupted her lover. "He did indeed, and much more, praising you to me over and over; until hearing it, and knowing the tenderness you have long borne me, I could not resist the temptation of sending for you hither;" and, half blushes, half tears, she confessed that he was no longer indifferent to her, and that such was the occasion of it. "Can the whole of this be true?" exclaimed Galgano. "Alas! too true," she replied. "I know not how it is, but I wish he had not praised you so."

After struggling with himself a few moments, the lover withdrew his hand from hers, saying, "Now God forbid that I should do the least wrong to one who has so nobly expressed himself, and who has ever shown so much kindness and courtesy to me." Then suddenly rising, as with an effort, from his seat, he took a gentle farewell of the lady, not without some tears shed on both sides; both loving yet respecting each other. Never afterwards did this noble youth allude to the affair in the slightest way, but always treated Messer Stricca with the utmost regard and reverence during his acquaintance with the family.

THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY.

The great fact of Italian literature from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century is the Renaissance. It was foreshadowed in the humanistic studies of Petrarch and Boccaccio, reached its blossom in the despotic court of Lorenzo de Medici, and had its extravagant efflorescence and decay in the follies and conceits of the Marinists and Arcadians. It is not our province here to paint the glowing picture of this wonderful revival of learning, for it was indeed the death of original creation in literature while it held sway. To understand this epoch the reader should pore over the splendid pages of J. Addington Symonds's monumental work on this picturesque period, and study George Eliot's vivid reproduction of the Florence of the fifteenth century in her novel "Romola." And the story of the brilliant queen city herself may be delightfully followed in all its brightest lights and darkest shadows in Mrs. M. W. Oliphant's "Makers of Florence."

Here it is sufficient to epitomize all this in the mere statement that the philological and archæological zeal of those strange twin humanists, Petrarch and Boccaccio, not only bore early fruit in a public professorship of Greek at Florence, but also gave birth in the fifteenth century to three academies, those of Florence, of Naples, and of Rome. The Florentine Academy was founded by Cosimo I. de Medici. Among its most illustrious members were Pico della Mirandola and Angelo Poliziano (who wrote the first classical Italian drama, "Orfeo"). Marsilius Ficinus translated Plato. Under Cosimo's grandson, Lorenzo the Magnificent, the renaissance of classical literature came to its golden bloom. Lorenzo himself, as Mr. Symonds has declared, "had his mind formed by the ancients; he attended the class of the Greek Argyropulos, sat at Platonic banquets, took pains to collect codices, sculptures, vases, pictures, gems and drawings to ornament the gardens of San Marco, and to form the library afterwards called by his name. In the saloons of his Florentine palace, in his villas at Careggi, Fiesole and Ambra stood the wonderful chests painted by Dello with stories from Ovid; the Hercules of Pollajuolo; the Pallas of Botticelli; the works of Filippino and Verrochio. Lorenzo de Medici lived entirely in the classical world, and yet if we read his poems we only see the man of his time, the admirer of Dante and of the old Tuscan poets, who takes inspiration from the popular muse, and who succeeds in giving to his poetry the colors of the most pronounced realism, as well as of the loftiest idealism; who passes from the Platonic sonnet to the impassioned triplets of the 'Amore di Venere' (Love of Venus); from the grandiosity of the 'Salve' to 'Nencia,' and to 'Beoni' (an ode of Bacchus); from the 'Canto Carnascialesco' to the 'Lauda.' The feeling of nature is strong in him,—at one time sweet and melancholy, at another, vigorous and deep—as if an echo of the feelings, the sorrows, the ambitions of that deeply agitated life. He liked to look into his own heart with a severe eye, but he was also able to pour himself out with tumultuous fulness. He described with the art of a sculptor; he satirized, laughed, prayed, sighed, always elegant, always a Florentine, but a Florentine who read Anacreon, Ovid and Tibullus, who wished to enjoy life, but also taste the refinements of art."

Such is the portrait of the despot who put the chains of silver on proud Florence. Perhaps to distract her citizens from the real political degradation underneath, from his own terrible Italian vices of the secret dagger and poison, he cultivated at times the drunken muse, the muse of flippant "carnival ballate." This burlesque poetry has been well described as "the clearest reflection of that religious and moral skepticism which was one of the characteristics of Italian social life in the sixteenth century, and which showed itself more or less in all the works of that period, that skepticism which stopped the religious reformation in Italy." Girolamo Savonarola, the Ferrarese friar, was not a religious reformer in the same sense as Luther or Calvin was. He never attacked the Papal dogma, despite his torture and burning. He only repeated the exhortations of St. Catharine of Sienna. "He desired," as Symonds has asserted, "a reform of manners, and entirely of manners, not of doctrine. He prepared the ground for the

German and English religious movement of the sixteenth century, but unconsciously." He arose to fight against the literary and social movement of the Renaissance. These frivolous and ribald songs of the Medicean court, sung in the street, he would replace with hymns; this classical art he would supplant with Christian art. He struggled against Lorenzo as the patron of pagan literature, rather than as the political tyrant. Hence arose that unique spectacle of the "Burning of the Vanities" (1497). And yet there is a tradition that when the dying Lorenzo sent for him to give death-bed confession, Savonarola first counseled the despot to repent of his sins, then to restore some of his ill-gotten wealth, and then to restore the liberties of Florence. Lorenzo acceded to the first and second commands, but upon hearing the third turned his face to the wall, and thus died unshriven. So perished the great tyrant of mediæval Italy, in the year that saw the discovery of America by Columbus.

But it is not to our purpose to follow farther this story of the Medicis and their literary court, nor to dwell on Pope Nicholas V., the founder of St. Peter's and patron of Fra Angelico; nor yet to depict even in the scantiest sketch Italy's dark days of the "Babylonish Captivity;" of the tyrannies of the Sforza and the vices of the Borgias; of the age of invasions, when vain-glorious young Charles VIII., of France, disclosed the weakness of the peninsula to all Europe, and Italy became the battle-ground of nations. But "this long tragedy of Italy"—as it has been called—the terrible Black Plague (1348); the romance of Cola di Rienzi, "Last of the Tribunes" (1340–50), and his splendid dream of a United Italy (only to be achieved by the Dukes of Savoy, the "Janitors of the Alps" in this century); the shameless Sack of Rome (1527);—all these events are shadowed on the pages of contemporary Italian literature. In the famous conspiracy of Pazzi against the House of Medici nearly all of the prose-writers of Florence were involved. The historian, Jacopo Nardi, sought to free the republic from Lorenzo, and Francesco Guicciardini (1482–1540), the disappointed historian who helped Cosimo to power, revenged himself in a "History of Italy" (brought down to 1534), in which he makes such comments as that "Cosimo late in his reign used taxation like a poniard." Niccolo Machiavelli wrote a work, "Il Principe," which was meant only as a scientific presentment or commentary on Livy, but which Lorenzo seized upon as a manual of absolutism, a guide-book to the political art of tyranny.

LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT.

THE following sonnet may serve to exhibit the poetic power of this munificent patron of art and literature. His career has already been noted.

Oft on the recollection sweet I dwell,—
  Yea, never from my mind can aught efface
  The dress my mistress wore, the time, the place,
Where first she fixed my eyes in raptured spell.
How she then looked, thou, Love, rememberest well,
  For thou her side hast never ceased to grace;
  Her gentle air, her meek angelic face,
The powers of language and of thought excel.
When o'er the mountain-peaks deep clad in snow
  Apollo pours a flood of golden light,
    So down her white-robed limbs did stream her hair:
The time and place 'twere words but lost to show;
  It must be day, where shines a sun so bright,
    And Paradise, where dwells a form so fair.

ANGELO POLIZIANO.

IN his youth Poliziano bade fair to be one of the greatest of Italian poets; in his manhood he chose to bury his talent in the napkin of Latin. He became the most elegant writer of Latin in modern times, but his fame is confined almost exclusively to classical scholars. The name by which he chose to be known is derived from Monte Pulciano (Mons Politianus) where he was born July 24, 1454. At the age of fifteen he wrote such a brilliant poem on a tournament in which Julian de Medici was victor, that Lorenzo the Magnificent welcomed him to his palace, and soon afterwards entrusted to him the instruction of his children. The death of Julian seems to have put a stop to the poem, after 150 stanzas had been composed. In 1483 Poliziano gave new proof of his inventive genius in the pastoral tragedy of "Orfeo" (Orpheus), composed in two days. But he had already been dazzled by the revived fame of Virgil, and abandoned the Italian for the Latin muse, and even poetry for law and philosophy. He died in 1492, the same year as his celebrated patron. The following extract from his poem on "The Tournament of Julian" is translated by W. Parr Greswell.

THE HOME OF VENUS.

Now, in his proud revenge exulting high,
  Through fields of air Love speeds his rapid flight,
And in his mother's realms the treacherous boy
  Rejoins his kindred band of flutterers light;
That realm, of each bewitching grace the joy,
  Where Beauty wreathes with sweets her tresses bright,—
Where Zephyr importunes, on wanton wing,
Flora's coy charms, and aids her flowers to spring.

Thine, Erato, to Love's a kindred name,—
  Of Love's domains instruct the bard to tell;
To thee, chaste Muse, alone 't is given to claim
  Free ingress there, secure from every spell:
Thou rul'st of soft amours the vocal frame,
  And Cupid, oft as childish thoughts impel
To thrill with wanton touch its golden strings,
Behind his wingéd back his quiver flings.

A mount o'erlooks the charming Cyprian isle,
  Whence, towards the morn's first blush, the eye sublime
Might reach the sevenfold course of mighty Nile;
  But ne'er may mortal foot that prospect climb:
A verdant hill o'erhangs its highest pile,
  Whose base, a plain that laughs in vernal prime,
Where gentlest airs, 'midst flowers and herbage gay,
Urge o'er the quivering blade their wanton way.

A wall of gold secures the utmost bound,
  And, dark with viewless shade, a woody vale;
There, on each branch, with youthful foliage crowned,
  Some feathered songster chants his amorous tale;
And joined in murmurs soft, with grateful sound,
  Two rivulets glide pellucid through the dale;
Beside whose streams, this sweet, that bitter found,
His shaft of gold Love tempers for the wound.

No flowerets here decline their withered heads,
  Blanched with cold snows, or fringed with hoar-frost sere;
No Winter wide his icy mantle spreads;
  No tender scion rends the tempest drear.
Here Spring eternal smiles; nor varying leads
  His change quadruple the revolving year:
Spring, with a thousand blooms her brows entwined,
Her auburn locks light fluttering in the wind.

The inferior band of Loves, a childish throng,
  Tyrants of none, save hearts of vulgar kind,
Each other gibing with loquacious tongue,
  On stridulous stones their barbed arrows grind:
Whilst Pranks and Wiles, the rivulet's marge along,
  Ply at the whirling wheel their task assigned;
And on the sparkling stone, in copious dews,
Vain Hopes and vain Desires the lymph effuse.

There pleasing Pain and flattering fond Delight,
  Sweet Broils, Caresses sweet, together go;
Sorrows, that hang their heads in doleful plight,
  And swell with tears the bitter streamlet's flow;
Paleness all wan, and dreaming still of slight;
  Affection fond, with Leanness, Fear and Woe;
Suspicion, casting round his peering eye;
And o'er the midway, dancing, wanton Joy.

Pleasure with Beauty gambols; light in air,
  Bliss soars inconstant; Anguish sullen sits;
Blind Error flutters, bat-like, here and there;
  And Frenzy raves, and strikes his thigh by fits;
Repentance, of past folly late aware,
  Her fruitless penance there ne'er intermits;
Her hand with gore fell Cruelty distains,
And seeks Despair in death to end his pains.

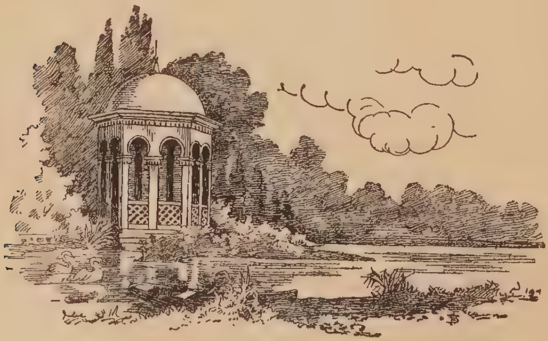
Gestures and Nods, that inmost thoughts impart,
  Illusions silent, Smiles that guile intend,
The Glance, the Look, that speak the impassioned heart,
  'Mid flowery haunts, for youth their snares suspend;
And never from his griefs Complaint apart,
  Prone on his palm his face is seen to bend;

Now hence, now thence, in unrestrainéd guise,
Licentiousness on wing capricious flies.

Such ministers thy progeny attend,
Venus, fair mother of each fluttering power!
A thousand odors from those fields ascend,
While Zephyr brings in dews the pearly shower,
Fanned by his flight, what time their incense blend
The lily, violet, rose, or other flower;
And views with conscious pride the exulting scene,
Its mingled azure, vermeil, pale and green.

The trembling pansy virgin fears alarm;
Downward her modest eye she blushing bends:
The laughing rose, more specious, bold and warm,
Her ardent bosom ne'er from Sol defends;
Here from the capsule bursts each opening charm,
Full-blown, the invited hand she here attends;
Here, she, who late with fires delightful glowed,
Droops languid, with her hues the mead bestrewed.

In showers descending, courts the enamoured air
The violet's yellow, purple, snowy hues;
Hyacinth, thy woes thy bosom's marks declare;
His form Narcissus in the stream yet views;
In snowy vest, but fringed with purple glare,
Pale Clytia the parting sun pursues;
Fresh o'er Adonis Venus pours her woes;
Acanthus smiles; her lovers Crocus shows.



FRENCH LITERATURE.

PERIOD III. 1500–1600 A.D.

THE RENAISSANCE IN FRANCE.

THE Renaissance in France is, in its earliest phases, one of the most curious phenomena of literature. That age of strange contrasts produced a widely varied offspring, including the learned Budæus and Scaliger, the motley Marot, maker of epigrams and hymns, the Pindarizing Ronsard and the Pléiade, the peculiarly sceptical Montaigne, the witty and gay pietist—Marguerite of Angoulême, and, above all, the great Rabelais—scholar in the garb of merry-andrew. To understand the reason of this variety it is absosutely necessary to perceive at the outset how the Italian Renaissance became modified when it crossed the Alps.

On the last day of 1494, Charles VIII. of France had entered Rome with flying banners, and from that time there began to grow up what Henri Estienne later styled satirically "the Italianized Frenchman." Francis I., the hero of the Cloth of Gold, sought to make his court outshine all Italy in splendor. The wife of his son Henry II., the fierce Catharine de Medici, introduced not only the Italian vices, but the Italian statecraft that led to the terrible Eve of St. Bartholomew. The Italian vices were afterward illustrated most strikingly in her daughter, the third Marguerite de Valois, who wedded Henry IV. of Navarre, the hero of Ivry. This Marguerite became notorious in the legend of the time as "Reine Margot." Nor was the House of Valois itself a model of saintliness. Its queer mixture of mystical piety and light lasciviousness had a brilliant example in Marguerite d' Angoulême, sister of Francis I., and Queen of Navarre, who is said by Brantôme to have herself written the "Heptameron." In that collection of merry tales is one that actually reveals how the king, her brother, received an incurable disease as the penalty for a brutal amour. The queen-mother, Louise of Savoy, who figures in the "Heptameron" as the holy Oisille, is accused by Balzac of having so violently made love to Charles de Montpensier, Constable of Bourbon, that he became an exile and a traitor to Francis I. At any rate the constable had quarreled with her before; having shod his horse the wrong way, he fled from France, joined Charles V., and sacked Rome. The unfortunate Etienne Dolet was rumored to be an illegitimate son of the gallant French monarch, who could not—or would not—save him from the stake. That naïve gossip, Brantôme, who retired from the army after the death of Charles VIII., has left us a quaint picture of the unblushing profligacy of the court of the French Renaissance. Erasmus could then write (to Lambert Grunnius): "There are monasteries which are worse than brothels." No wonder the virtuous Marguerite could be the responsible author of the Heptameron, and that Rabelais could dedicate his works to a cardinal. Immorality and filth were less perilous than political or religious heresy in an age of political and religious wars.

The unconscious Italian way of combining piety with service of "the flesh and the Devil" which then prevailed was singularly exemplified in the manner in which the court welcomed Clement Marot's fine translations of the Hebrew Psalms. The Dauphin, Prince Henry, who delighted in hunting, chose "*Ainsi qu'on oit le cerf bruire*" (Like as the hart desireth the waterbrooks), which he constantly sang in setting out for the chase. As for the queen, her favorite was "*Ne veuilles pas, O Sire*" (O Lord, rebuke me not in thine indignation), which she sang to a fashionable jig tune. As Thomas Warton has significantly commented, "It was on very different principles that psalmody flourished in the gloomy court of Cromwell. This fashion does not seem in the least to have diminished the gaiety and good humor of the court of Francis."

This licentiousness and incorrigible worldliness of the France of the early Renaissance served, indeed, as a mask for many of the serious-minded and earnest devotees of the new learning. It alone might have permitted the widespread expression of the Renaissance spirit which the French people witnessed. Had it not been for the political and religious entanglements of the French court from Francis I. down to Henry IV., the Renaissance and the Reformation might both have pursued a less thorny and perilous path.

But Francis I. (1515–47) had put himself in the imperial lists as a rival to Charles V. He was now the foe and now the ally of the English Henry VIII. Personally Francis was inclined to tolerance, but foreign politics controlled him. In his quarrel with Charles he could not fall out with the Pope. According to the historian, Lodge, he was "the originator of the traditional French policy, afterward so successfully pursued by Richelieu, of being Protestant abroad and Catholic at home." At the instigation of the Sorbonne, the theological faculty of the University of Paris, he issued severe edicts against heresy. Reformers were burnt at the stake or forced into exile.

Francis's son Henry II. (1547–59) was really inclined to frown on the new theology and the new learning. Only the constant wars alleviated the rigor of his edicts. But on his death, his widow, the cruel Catharine de Medici, came forth as a crafty champion of the Papacy. At her elbow were the Guises, pre-eminently Francis of Guise, the hero of the capture of Calais. The Holy (or rather Unholy) League was formed, and culminated in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, called also "The Paris Matins" (1572). The Huguenots, who had increased under the easier Francis, now entered on a severe struggle which did not even cease with the triumph of their champion; for in the hour of victory, Henry IV., true grandson of Marguerite of Navarre, recanted his Protestantism. "Paris," he declared, "is well worth a mass."

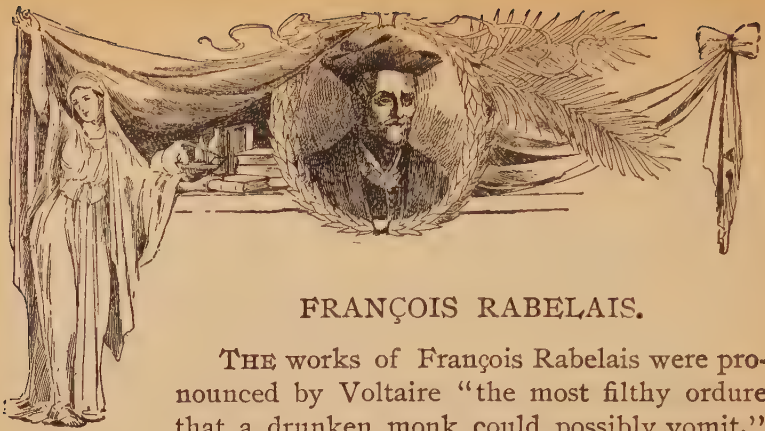
In France the Reformation, and thus in part the Renaissance, had been a game of "loaded" dice—religious dice loaded with politics; and this fact it was which rendered all free thought and free printing in that realm extremely dangerous. Erasmus was blamed by Luther for not wishing to be burned at the stake; but we of to-day cannot blame the great spirits of the French Renaissance for the masks they wore. Even these masks sometimes failed. As for Calvin his safety lay in his exile in Geneva. Rabelais, in the heart of Catholicism, disguised himself as a sottish, filthy buffoon under the anagram of "Alcofribas Nasier." Etienne Dolet (1509–46), tried to publish Rabelais's works with impunity between editions of the Testament, but was pronounced an atheist and burned at the stake. The elder Scaliger (1484–1558) was accused of heresy, and his still more learned son, Joseph Justus Scaliger (1540–1609) was vilified by the Jesuits. Pierre la Ramée (Ramus), who dared to attack Aristotle and Scholasticism, was murdered on St. Bartholomew's Eve. Even Marguerite's protection did not save the terrified Bonaventure Desperiers, Marot's intimate, from suicide; while Marot, who died before the storm, was persecuted by King Henry II.'s mistress, Diane de Poitiers. Well might Dolet write thus his death-song, which may stand as an epitaph on the age:

"When they shall have either burned or hanged me,
Put upon the wheel or quartered;
What will be the result? It will be a dead body!
Alas! however, shall they have no remorse
For putting to death so cruelly
One who has in no wise done ill?
Is a man of so small a value?
Is he a fly? or a worm which deserves
Without any regard to be destroyed so soon?
Is a man so soon shaped and well-informed,
So soon provided with science and virtue,
To be thus like a blade of grass or a straw
Annihilated? Do they prize so little
A noble mind?"

Even the gentle Michael de Montaigne, with his modest motto, "*Que scay-je*" (What know I?), was probably taking some precaution for his own safety in his description of himself as an unambitious, unpretentious, mildly sceptical man of plain habits and rather poor memory. There is what looks to modern eyes like a cutting to the wind in his essay, "That it is Folly to measure Truth and Error by our own Capacity."

But all these great minds sought to combat the old follies and errors, and to preach a new gospel of tolerance, literary and religious. There were others, however, who caught the spirit of the Renaissance in its more purely literary phases. Such were the poets Joachim du Bellay (1524–1560), brother of the Cardinal, Pierre de Ronsard (1524–1585), and their five brother-stars of the Pléiade. They simply reflected the influence of Petrarch and his school, and sought, in Rabelais's satirical words, to "flay the Latin" and "highly to Pindarize." The rules of poetic style which Du Bellay formulated for the Pléiade, and which Ronsard brought to their greatest beauty, afterwards fell under the lash of Malherbe. It is only necessary here to note that the effect of the Renaissance on French poetry was merely one of form and not of subject.

On its purely scholarly side the great Greek and Latin masters of the French Renaissance were Turnèbe, the patriarch of Hellenistic studies; Julius Cæsar Scaliger (1484–1558), whom De Thou pronounced the unequalled scholar of his age, an antagonist of Erasmus in the famous Ciceronian controversy; his son, Joseph Justus Scaliger (1540–1609), who may be said to have founded the sciences of textual criticism and historical criticism, and who encouraged the youthful Grotius; Ramus, already mentioned; and Guillaume Budé, or Budæus (1467–1540), a Parisian of an illustrious family, who turned from gaming and dissipation to scholarship and literature. Francis I. favored him with royal esteem unto the end, and it was at the joint persuasion of Budé and Du Bellay that that pleasure-loving monarch founded the Royal College of France, originally entitled the College of Three Languages. These linguists no doubt aided the learning of the age, but it is to Calvin, Rabelais, and Montaigne that the French prose owes the beginnings of its greatness.



FRANÇOIS RABELAIS.

THE works of François Rabelais were pronounced by Voltaire "the most filthy ordure that a drunken monk could possibly vomit." Francis Bacon found it impossible to designate their author any more mildly than as "a great jester." Yet this reviled outcast must now be interpreted as the supreme expression of the French Renaissance. Calvin expressed the extreme Protestant phase. Rabelais was rather a giant of learning than reform; indeed, while he bitterly satirized "the furred law cats" who had condemned his unfortunate friend and printer, Dolet, to the stake, it was on account of their bigotry against the Renaissance, instead of their enmity towards the Reformation. Rabelais himself should probably be set down as one of those Catholics who wished for reform of the Church from within. Like Melanchthon he was opposed evidently to the Papacy, the Holy Empire myth and the corruption of the monkish orders; but he would probably have been content with an ecclesiastical reform. Perhaps in his heart he was a sceptic (in which the events of the age would have encouraged him as they did his fellow-Frenchman, Montaigne), for he seemingly ridicules—in his chapter on strange births—the very central Christian doctrine of the Incarnation. However that may be, he did not feel Erasmus's objection to a cowl, and despite his terrible satires on the Church and the monks, he may be said to have died in the faith.

François Rabelais was the son of a rich innkeeper of Chinon, where he was born about 1495. He was educated by the Benedictines at Seville, and joined the order of the Franciscans at the Abbey of Fontenay-le-Comte. Imprisoned in the

Abbey prison by his outraged brethren because of his liberal studies and sentiments, he was only rescued from their clutches by the intervention of the scholar Budæus, who was one of his correspondents, and a strong friend, the magistrate Tiraqueau, of Fontenay. This experience led Rabelais to seek a kindlier refuge among his old tutors, the Benedictines. In this change, and in a subsequent doffing of the Benedictine garb for the dress of a secular priest, he had the strong protection of Geoffrey d'Estissac, an old schoolmate, now become Bishop of Maillezais, who also took Rabelais into his own house as secretary and companion.

Rabelais had already become, in the words of Tiraqueau, "a man most learned in both languages, and in all kinds of scholarship above his age." Despite the monkish hatred of Greek, he had become as near a Greek pedant as his Pantagruelian humor would allow. In his thirst for learning he studied medicine at Montpellier, edited and lectured on Galen and Hippocrates, and became quite proficient in anatomy.

There is proof in his chapter on the long carriage of Gargantua that he was also an adept in the civil law of his day. Indeed his works reveal him as a marvellous scholar in all the learning of his time and in its folly as well—its astrology, palmistry, alchemy and folklore. From 1532 until 1535 Rabelais practiced as a physician, and reverted to that profession again when driven into exile (1546–7) in Lorraine, by Francis I.'s closing bigotry. Before that exile, however, Rabelais had served as physician to Jean du Bellay, who had secured his appointment to a canonry (at St. Maur), and after the death of Francis I., this latest patron, elevated to a cardinalate at Rome, took Rabelais under his wing and even secured the Pope's pardon for him.

Rabelais had gone so far as to modify his satires before 1542, but Dolet had printed them in that year in all their original buffoonery. But now Rabelais secured the friendship not only of Cardinal du Bellay, but of the powerful Cardinal of Guise and Cardinal Odet de Chatillon. Against such bulwarks the fury of the Sorbonne would have fallen harmless. Rabelais was made curé of Meudon and of St. Christophe de Jeubet, and passed away (about 1553) as a recognized son of the church.

As his life was a paradox, so are his famous works, which relate the curious and merry adventures of the giants Gargantua and Pantagruel, the unclerical friar John, the rascally Panurge and their brave comrades. The son of an innkeeper, he assumed the guise of a swilling toper, and tells such obscene and foul jokes and stories as would befit the worst taverns. He had found the figures of both Gargantua and Pantagruel already to his hand. Both were well-known giants in the mediæval French folklore. Indeed, there exists of Gargantua a notable chapbook—"*Les grandes et inestimables chroniques du grand et ènorme géant Gargantua.*" He was supposed to have been one of King Arthur's knights for whom he performed "feats of arms." His enormous size and strength and his tremendous appetite were household words. A Breton mother would rebuke a gluttonous child by comparing him to "Grantua." A great rock was called Gargantua's tooth. Rabelais is credited with having first edited this chronicle of Gargantua, having then been inspired to write the books of Pantagruel as a sequel, and then to have returned and re-written the original story of Gargantua.

Whatever the order of his writing, the very ideas and spirit of the vulgar Gargantuan chronicle inspired Rabelais in his own work. He made of the Gargantuan tale a burlesque on eating and drinking, under cover of which he hid a satire on the degraded schools of the Mediæval Age and outlined a general system of humanistic pedagogy. His ideal of an educational Utopia he pictured in the Abbey of Theleme, in which he emphasized his disgust of the monkish rules by drawing up a diametrically opposite code of negatives. On the surface of this work Rabelais is so seemingly concentrated upon mere eating and drinking, however, that Victor Hugo has spoken of him as being "the Discoverer of the Belly." It was because of this surface phase of Rabelais' work that Ronsard wrote the epitaph that has been often misconstrued as a severe satire on him as an actual drunkard. And as Rabelais borrowed this aspect of the old folk-tale, as well as its serio-comic episode of Gargantua's terrible mare,

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RABELAIS AT THE COUNTRY FESTIVAL AT MEUDON

so he also assumed the reckless, madcap, swaggering, bluffly buffoon style which seeks only to amuse. He does not attempt to make such a plausible tale as Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" were destined to be made after him; he perpetrated the most inconsistent and unproportionate statements and statistics. He is, in fact, wildly irresponsible. And so, too, he does not sneer, as Swift (inaptly styled the English Rabelais) persisted in doing. Pope truly expressed the Frenchman's assumed attitude in his oft-quoted line, which pictures

"Rabelais laughing in his easy chair."

In his initial doggerel address to his readers Rabelais lays down the dictum:

"One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span,
Because to laugh is proper to the man."

By such means Rabelais could laugh at error, as Cervantes "laughed Spain's chivalry away." Under this maskof devil-may-care ribaldry he even dared to picture the popes as scummers of pots and ratcatchers in the world hereafter; to satirize Francis I. and his imperial craze as the world-thirsting but vain-glorious King Picrochole; to make mock of the scriptural miracles by the very solemnity with which he affected to believe the strange legends of classic mythology, gravely intermixing the two; and to call the monks "a rabble of filthy, unclean and pestilential beasts, black, dusk-dun, white, ash-colored and speckled" (in allusion to the dresses of the various orders). Rabelais had seen the monastic corruption from within, and his picture of monkish life was forcibly biting. In fact he forgets his laugh at times when lashing these monks, as he became grim and terrible in his satire on the Furred Law Cats.

But readers of to-day may see underneath the mask the grave and kindly features of a sincere Platonist, somewhat skeptical even of the Christian religion, owing to its theological abuse; a scholar poring over Plutarch, Pausanias and Athenæus in that Greek "without which," he declares, "a man may be ashamed to account himself a scholar." In his famous prologue, thoroughly typical of his style at its best, he compares himself to Socrates. Coleridge declared him "among the deepest, as well as boldest, thinkers of his age," and classed him with the great creative minds of the world.

As for his style there is much to admire, as Sainte Beuve has shown, despite its deliberately archaic features. He wrote a notable French prose, and one bristling with proverbs and idioms. The pedantic Rhetoriqueurs and the Latinic Pleiadists were not to his taste. He satirized Cretin in Raminagrobis, and either du Bellay or Ronsard has been identified by some scholars as the "Lemousin" of Rabelais' story, "who counterfeited the French tongue."

Rabelais invented a fine fable in the episode of Ding Dong and his silly sheep who followed their leader into the sea. In Panurge he seems to have sought to portray the weakness and pitiableness of mere learning without morality; in Friar John, the bestiality of the mere shows of theology divorced from the spirit of religion. Pantagruel's significance has escaped the critics, but he would seem to typify the True Wisdom, tolerant and beneficent. Panurge's voyage to learn the Oracle of the Holy Bottle, on his proposed marriage, is told much in the spirit of Lucian, with an account of many strange places, such as the land of windmills, of club-noses, of immortals, etc. The purport of this portion of his work is seen in his creation of La Quinte (Queen Whims). Of Rabelais's making of Gargantua, a King of Utopia, Henry Morley remarks that Rabelais was not without inspiration from Sir Thomas More's Utopia, published in 1516, which Rabelais had read.

PROLOGUE TO GARGANTUA.

MOST noble and illustrious drinkers, and you thrice precious profligates (for to you and none else do I dedicate my writings), Alcibiades, in that dialogue of Plato's, which is entitled, "The Banquet," whilst he was setting forth the praises of his schoolmaster, Socrates (without all question the prince of philosophers), amongst other discourses to that purpose said, that he resembled the Sileni. Sileni of old were little boxes, like those we now may see in the shops of apothecaries, painted on the outside with wanton toyish figures, as harpies, satyrs, bridled geese, horned hares saddled ducks, flying goats, harnessed harts, and other such counterfeited pictures, at pleasure, to excite people unto laughter, as Silenus himself, who was the foster-father of good Bacchus, was wont to do; but within those capricious caskets called Sileni, were carefully preserved and kept many rich and fine drugs, such as balm, ambergris, amomon, musk, civet, with several kinds of precious stones, and other things of great price. Just such another thing was Socrates: for to have eyed his outside, and esteemed of him by his exterior appearance, you would not have given the beard of an onion for him, so deformed he was in body, and ridiculous in his gesture. He had a sharp-pointed nose, with the look of a bull, and countenance of a fool; he was in his carriage simple, boorish in his apparel, in fortune poor, unhappy in his wives, unfit for all offices in the commonwealth, always laughing, tippling, and merry, carousing to every one, with continual jibes and jeers, the better by those means to conceal his divine knowledge. Now opening this box, you would have found within it a heavenly and inestimable drug, a more than human understanding, an admirable virtue, matchless learning, invincible courage, inimitable sobriety, certain contentment of mind, perfect assurance, and an incredible disregard of all that for which men commonly do so much watch, run, sail, fight, travel, toil and turmoil themselves.

Whereunto (in your opinion) doth this little flourish of a preamble tend; for so much as you, my good disciples, and some other jolly fools of ease and leisure, reading the pleasant titles of some books of our invention, as Gargantua, Pantagruel, Whippot, of Pease and Bacon, with a Commentary, etc., are too ready to judge, that there is nothing in them but jests, mockeries, lascivious discourse, and recreative lies; because the outside (which is the Title) is usually, without any farther inquiry, entertained with scoffing and derision. But, truly, it is very unbeseeming to make so slight account of the works of men, seeing yourselves avouch that it is not the habit makes the monk; many being monasterially accoutred, who inwardly are nothing less than monachal; and that there are of those who wear Spanish caps, who have but little of the valor of Spaniards in them. Therefore is it, that you must open the book, and seriously consider of the matter treated in it, then shall you find that it containeth things of far higher value than the box did promise; that is to say, that the subject thereof is not so foolish, as by the title, at the first sight, it would appear to be.

And put the case, that in the literal sense you meet with purposes merry and solacious enough, and consequently very correspondent to their inscriptions, yet must not you stop there, as at the melody of the charming Sirens; but endeavor to interpret that in a sublimer sense, which, possibly, you might think was spoken in the jollity of heart. Did you ever pick the lock of a cupboard to steal a bottle of wine out of it? Tell me truly; and if you did, call to mind the countenance which then you had. Or, did you ever see a dog with a marrow-bone in his mouth, the beast of all others, says Plato, the most philosophical? If you have seen him, you might have remarked with what caution and circumspectness he wards and watcheth it; with what care he keeps it; how fervently he holds it; how prudently he gobbets it; with what affection he breaks it, and with what diligence he sucks it. To what end all this? what moveth him to take all these pains? what are the hopes of his labor? what doth he expect to reap thereby? Nothing but a little marrow. True it is, that this little is more savory and delicious than the great quantities of other sorts of meat, because the marrow (as Galen testifieth) is a nourishment most perfectly elaborated by nature.

In imitation of this dog, it becomes you to be wise, to smell, feel, and have in estimation, these fair, goodly books, stuffed with high conceptions, which, though seemingly easy in the pursuit, are in the cope and encounter somewhat difficult. And then, like him, you must, by a sedulous reading and frequent meditation, break the bone, and suck out the substantial marrow; that is, my allegorical sense, or the things I to myself propose to be signified by these Pythagorical symbols; with assured hope, that in so doing, you will at last attain to be both well advised and valiant by the reading of them; for, in the perusal of this treatise, you shall find another kind of taste, and a doctrine of a more profound and abstruse consideration, which will disclose unto you the most glorious doctrines and dreadful mysteries, as well in what concerneth our religion, as matters of the public state and life economical.

How Gargantua Rode to Paris.

In the same season Fayoles, the fourth king of Numidia, sent out of the country of Africa, to Grangousier, the most hideous great mare that ever was seen, and of the strangest form; for you know well enough how it is said that Africa always is productive of some new thing. She was as big as six elephants, and had her feet cloven into toes like Julius Cæsar's horse, with slouchhanging ears, like the goats in Languedoc, and a little horn on her buttock. She was of a burnt-sorrel hue, with a little mixture of dapple-grey spots; but, above all, she had a horrible tail; for it was little more or less than every whit as great as the steeple of Saint Mark, beside Langes, and squared as that is, with tuffs and ennicroches, or hair-plaits, wrought within one another, no otherwise than as the beards are upon the ears of wheat. She was brought by sea in three carricks and a brigantine unto the harbor of Olone, in Thalmondois, when Grangousier saw her. "Here is," said he, "what is fit to carry my son to Paris. So now, in the name of God, all will be well; he will in times coming be a great scholar." If it were not, my masters, for the beasts, we should live like clerks.

The next morning, after they had drunk, you must understand, they took their journey; Gargantua, his pedagogue Ponocrates and his train, and with them Eudemon, the young page. And because the weather was fair and temperate, his father caused to be made for him a pair of dun boots; Babin calls them buskins. Thus did they merrily pass their time in traveling on their highway, always making good cheer, and were very pleasant till they came a little above Orleans, in which place there was a forest of five and thirty leagues long, and seventeen in breadth, or thereabouts. This forest was most horribly fertile and copious in dorflies, hornets and wasps, so that it was a very purgatory for the poor mares, asses and horses. But Gargantua's mare did avenge herself handsomely of all the outrages therein committed upon beasts of her kind, and that by a trick whereof they had no suspicion. For as soon as ever they were entered into the said forest, and that the wasps had given the assault, she drew out her tail, and therewith skirmishing, did so sweep them that she overthrew all the wood alongst and athwart, here and there, this way and that way, longwise and sidewise, over and under, and felled everywhere the wood with as much ease as a mower doth the grass, in such sort, that never since hath there been there either wood or dorflies: for all the country was thereby reduced to a plain champaign field, which Gargantua took great pleasure to behold, and said to his company no more but this: "Je trouve beau ce," I find this pretty; whereupon that country hath been ever since that time called Beauce. But all the breakfast the mare got that day was but a little yawning and gaping, in memory whereof the gentlemen of Beauce do as yet, to this day, break their fast with gaping, which they find to be very good, and do spit the better for it. At last they came to Paris, where Gargantua refreshed himself two or three days, making very merry with his folks, and inquiring what men of learning there were then in the city, and what wine they drank there.

FRIAR JOHN FEASTED BY GARGANTUA.

WHEN Gargantua was set down at table, after all of them had somewhat stayed their stomachs by a snatch or two of the first bits eaten heartily, Grangousier began to relate the source and cause of the war raised between him and Picrochole; and came to tell how Friar John of the Funnels had triumphed at the defence of the close of the abbey, and extolled him for his valor above Camillus, Scipio, Pompey, Cæsar and Themistocles. Then Gargantua desired that he might be presently sent for, to the end that with him they might consult of what was to be done. Whereupon, by a joint consent, his steward went for him and brought him along merrily, with his staff of the cross, upon Grangousier's mule.

When he was come, a thousand huggings, a thousand embracements, a thousand "good days" were given. "Ha, Friar John, my friend, Friar John, my brave cousin, Friar John! Let me clip thee, my heart, about the neck; to me an armful. I must gripe thee, till thy back crack with it. Come, let me coll thee till I kill thee." And Friar John, the gladdest man in the world, never was man made welcomer; never was any more courteously and graciously received than Friar John. "Come, come," said Gargantua, "a stool here close by me at this end." "I am content," said the monk, "seeing you will have it so." "Some water, page; fill, my boy, fill; it is to refresh my liver. Give me some, child, to gargle my throat withal." "Deposita cappa," said Gymnast, "let us pull off this frock." "Ho, gentlemen," said the monk, "there is a chapter in 'Statutis Ordinis,' which opposeth my laying of it down." "Pish!" said Gymnast, "a fig for your chapter! This frock breaks both your shoulders; put it off." "My friend," said the monk, "let me alone with it; for I'll drink the better that it is on. It makes all my body jocund. If I should lay it aside, the waggish pages would cut to themselves garters out of it, as I was once served at Coulaines. And which is worse, I shall lose my appetite. But if in this habit I sit down at table, I will drink both to thee and to thy horse; and so, courage, frolic—God save the company! I have already supped, yet will I eat never a whit the less for that: for I have a paved stomach, as hollow as a butt of malvasie, or St. Benedictus' holy butt, and always open like a lawyer's pouch. We are like to eat no great store of goslings this year; therefore, friend, reach me some of that roasted pig there. Diavolo, is there no more must? No more sweet wine? This wine is none of the worst. What wine drink you at Paris? I give myself to the devil if I did not once keep open house at Paris for all comers six months together. Do you know Friar Claude of the High Jumps? Oh! the good fellow that he is! But I do not know what fly hath stung him of late, he is become so hard a student. For my part I study not at all. In our abbey we never study for fear of the mumps, which disease in horses is called the mourning in the chine. Our late abbot was wont to say that it is a monstrous thing to see a learned monk. Ah, master, my friend, you never saw so many hares as there are this year. I could not anywhere come by a goss-hawk, nor tassel of falcon. My Lord Belloniere promised me a lanner, but he wrote to me not long ago that he was become pursy. The partridges will so multiply henceforth that they will go near to eat up our ears. I take no delight in the stalking horse; for I catch such cold that I am like to founder myself at that sport. If I do not run, toil, travel and trot about, I am not well at ease. True it is, that in leaping over the hedges and bushes my frock leaves always some of its wool behind it."

"By the faith of a Christian," said Eudemon, "I do wonderfully dote, and enter in a great ecstasy, when I consider the honesty and good fellowship of this monk; for he makes us here all merry. How is it, then, that they exclude the monks from all good companies, calling them feast-troublers, marrers of mirth, and disturbers of all civil conversation, as the bees drive away the drones from their hives? "Hereunto," answered Gargantua, "there is nothing so true, as that the frock and cowl draw to them the opprobries, injuries, and maledictions of the world, just as the wind called Cecias attracts the clouds. But if you conceive, how an ape in a family is always mocked, and provokingly incensed, you shall easily apprehend how monks are shunned of all men, both young and old. The ape keeps not the house as a dog doth; he draws not in the plough as the ox; he yields neither milk nor wool as the sheep; he carrieth no burthen as a horse doth. That which he doth is only to spoil and defile all, which is the cause wherefore he hath of men mocks, frumperies and bastinadoes. After the same manner a monk (I mean those lither, idle, lazy monks) doth not labor and work, as do the peasant and artificer; doth not ward and defend the country, as doth the man of war; cureth not the sick and diseased, as the physician doth; doth neither preach nor teach, as do the Evangelical doctors and schoolmasters; doth not import commodities and things necessary for the commonwealth, as the merchant doth. Therefore is it, that by and of all men they are hooted at, hated, and abhorred." "Yea, but," said Grangousier, "they pray to God for us." "Nothing less," answered Gargantua. "True it is, that with a tingle-tangle jangling of bells they trouble and disquiet all their neighbors about them." "Right," said the monk; "a mass, a matin, a vesper well rung is half said." "They mumble out great store of legends and psalms, by them not at all understood: they say many pater-nosters, interlarded with Ave Maries, without thinking upon, or apprehending the meaning of what it is they say, which truly I call mocking of God, and not prayers. But so help them God, as they pray for us, and not for being afraid to lose their victuals, their manchets, and good fat pottage. All true Christians, of all estates and conditions, in all places, and at all times, send up their prayers to God, and the Mediator prayeth and intercedeth for them, and God is gracious to them. Now such a one is our good Friar John, therefore every man desireth to have him in his company. He is no bigot or hypocrite, he is not torn and divided betwixt reality and appearance, no wretch of a rugged and peevish disposition, but honest, jovial, resolute, and a good fellow. He travels, he labors, he defends the oppressed, comforts the afflicted, helps the needy, and keeps the close of the abbey." "Nay," said the monk, "I do a great deal more than that; for, whilst we are despatching our matins and anniversaries in the choir, I make withal some cross-bow strings, polish glass-bottles and bolts; I twist lines and weave purse nets, wherein to catch coneys. I am never idle. But now, hither come, some drink, some drink here! You are not as yet, it seems, well moistened in this house with the sweet wine and must. I drink to all men freely, and at all fords like a proctor or promoter's horse."

THE ABBEY OF THELEME.

GARGANTUA would have made the monk Abbot of Seville, but he refused it. He would have given him the Abbey of Bourgueil, or of Sanct Florent, which was better, or both, if it pleased him; but the monk gave him a very peremptory answer, that he would never take upon him the charge nor government of monks. "For how shall I be able," said he, "to rule over others, that have not full power and command of myself? If you think I have done you, or may hereafter do you any acceptable service, give me leave to found an abbey after my own mind and fancy."

The motion pleased Gargantua very well, who thereupon offered him all the country of Theleme by the River of Loire, till within two leagues of the great forest of Port-Huault. The monk then requested Gargantua to institute his religious order contrary to all others. "First then," said Gargantua, "you must not build a wall about your convent, for all other abbeys are strongly walled and mured about." "See," said the monk, "and not without cause, where there is mur before, and mur behind, there is store of murmur, envy, and mutual conspiracy." Moreover, seeing there are certain convents in the world, whereof the custom is, if any women come in, I mean chaste and honest women, they immediately sweep the ground which they have trod upon; therefore was it ordained, that if any man or woman, entered into religious orders, should by chance come within this new abbey, all the rooms should be thoroughly washed and cleansed through which they had passed. And because in all other monasteries and nunneries all is compassed, limited, and regulated by hours, it was decreed that in this new structure there should be neither clock nor dial, but that according to the opportunities and incident occasions, all their hours should be disposed of; for, said Gargantua, the greatest loss of time that I know, is to count the hours. What good comes of it? Nor can there be any greater dotage in the world than for one to guide and direct his courses by the sound of a bell, and not by his own judgment and discretion.

Item, Because at that time they put no women into nunneries, but such as were either purblind, blinkards, lame, crooked, ill-favored, misshapen, fools, senseless, spoiled, or corrupt; nor encloistered any men, but those that were either sickly, subject to defluxions, ill-bred louts, simple sots, or peevish trouble-houses: "But to the purpose," said the monk. "A woman that is neither fair nor good, to what use serves she?" "To make a nun of," said Gargantua. "Yea," said the monk, "to make shirts and smocks." Therefore was it ordained, that into this religious order should be admitted no women that were not fair, well-featured, and of a sweet disposition; nor men that were not comely, personable, and well-conditioned.

Item, Because in the convents of women, men come not but underhand, privily, and by stealth; it was therefore enacted, that in this house there shall be no women in case there be not men, nor men in case there be not women.

Item, Because both men and women, that are received into religious orders, after the expiring of their noviciate or probation year, were constrained and forced perpetually to stay there all the days of their life; it was therefore ordered, that all whatever, men or women, admitted within this abbey, should have full leave to depart with peace and contentment, whensoever it should seem good to them so to do.

Item, For that the religious men and women did ordinarily make three vows, to wit, those of chastity, poverty, and obedience; it was therefore constituted and appointed, that in this convent they might be honorably married, that they might be rich, and live at liberty.

INSCRIPTION ON THE GATE OF THELEME.

HERE enter ye, and welcome from our hearts,
All noble souls, endow'd with gallant parts.
This is the glorious place, which bravely shall
Afford wherewith to entertain you all.
Were you a thousand, here you shall not want
For anything: for what you'll ask we'll grant.
Stay here you lively, jovial, handsome, brisk,
Gay, witty, frolic, cheerful, merry, frisk,
Spruce, jocund, courteous, furtherers of trades,
And in a word, all generous comrades.
  Blades of heroic breasts
  With us shall taste the feasts,
    Both privily and civilly,
  Of the celestial guests,
  Blades of heroic breasts.

Here enter ye, pure, honest, faithful, true,
Who teach the Gospel though men storm at you;
Whose glosses do not blind our reason, but
Make it to see the clearer; here be shut
In refuge safe from hatred, avarice,
Poisonous Error and her brood of vice.

Come, and found here a firmly settled faith,
Which neighborly affection nourisheth.
Here speak, and write, and break at last the rod
Of those who rage against the Word of God.
The Holy, Sacred Word
Shall always here afford
Defence around our holy ground,
A spiritual shield and sword,
The Holy, Sacred Word.

Here enter ye, all ladies of high birth,
Delicious, stately, full of prudent mirth,
Ingenious, honorable, heavenly fair,
Here Honor lives, and breathes her native air.
The high God, who was Giver of this ground,
Gives all the calm and gold that is around.
Come, joys enjoy; the Lord celestial
Hath given enough wherewith to bless us all.
Gold He gives us, God forgives us,
And from all our woes relieves us;
In His Pardon is our treasure,
In our giving is our pleasure,
Here there is no Wrong that grieves us,
Gold He gives us, God forgives us.

HOW PANURGE ESCAPED FROM THE TURKS.

"Now tell me," said Pantagruel, "how you escaped out of the hands of the Turks."

"Sir," said Panurge, "I will not lie to you in one word. The rascally Turks had broached me upon a spit all larded like a rabbit, for I was so dry and meagre, that, otherwise, of my flesh they would have made but very bad meat, and in this manner began to roast me alive. As they were thus roasting me, I recommended myself unto the divine grace, having in my mind the good Saint Lawrence, and always hoped in God that He would deliver me out of this torment, which came to pass, and that very strangely. For, as I did commit myself with all my heart unto God, crying, Lord God, help me, Lord God, save me, Lord God, take me out of this pain and hellish torture, wherein these traitorous dogs detain me for my sincerity in the maintenance of Thy law! the roaster or turn-spit fell asleep by the divine will, or else by the virtue of some good Mercury, who cunningly brought Argus into a sleep for all his hundred eyes. When I saw that he did no longer turn me in roasting, I looked upon him, and perceived that he was fast asleep. Then took I up in my teeth a firebrand by the end where it was not burned, and cast it into the lap of my roaster, and another did I throw as well as I could under a field-couch, that was placed near to the chimney, wherein was the straw-bed of my master turn-spit. Presently the fire took hold in the straw, and from the straw to the bed, and from the bed to the loft, which was planked and ceiled with fir, after the fashion of the foot of a lamp. But the best was, that the fire which I had cast into the lap of my poultry-roaster burned all his groin, when he became sensible of the danger, for his smelling was not so bad, but that he felt it sooner than he could have seen daylight. Then suddenly getting up, and in a great amazement running to the window, he cried out to the streets as high as he could, Dal baroth, dal baroth, dal baroth, which is as much as to say, Fire, fire, fire. Incontinently turning about, he came straight towards me, to throw me quite into the fire, and to that effect had already cut the ropes, wherewith my hands were tied, and was undoing the cords from off my feet, when the master of the house hearing him cry Fire, and smelling the smoke from the very street where he was walking with some other Bashaws and Mustaphas, ran with all the speed he had to save what he could, and to carry away his jewels. Yet such was his rage, before he could well resolve how to go about it, that he caught the broach whereon I was spitted, and therewith killed my roaster stark dead, of which wound he died there for want of regimen or otherwise; for he ran him in with the spit a little above the navel, towards the right flank, till he pierced the third lappet of his liver, and, the blow slanting upwards from the midriff or diaphragm, through which it had made penetration, the spit passed athwart the pericardium, or capsule of his heart, and came out above at his shoulders, betwixt the spondyls or turning joints of the chine of the back, and the left homoplat, which we call the shoulder-blade.

"True it is, for I will not lie, that, in drawing the spit out of my body, I fell to the ground near unto the andirons, and so by the fall took some hurt, which indeed had been greater, but that the lardons, or little slices of bacon, wherewith I was stuck, kept off the blow. My Bashaw, then seeing the case to be desperate, his house burnt without remission, and all his goods lost, gave himself over unto all the devils, calling upon some of them by their names, Grilgoth, Astaroth, Rappalus, and Gribouillis, nine several times. Which when I saw, I had above five penny-worth of fear, dreading that the devils would come even then to carry away this fool, and, seeing me so near him, would perhaps snatch me up too. I am already, thought I, half roasted, and my lardons will be the cause of my mischief; for these devils are very lickerish of lardons, according to the authority which you have of the philosopher Jamblicus, and Murmault, in the Apology de Crookbactis de Contrefactis, pro magistros nostros. But for my better security I made the sign of the cross, crying, Hagios, athanatos, ho Theos, and none came. At which my rogue Bashaw being very much aggrieved, would, by transpiercing his heart with my spit, have killed himself, and to that purpose had set it against his breast, but it could not enter, because it was not sharp enough. Whereupon I, perceiving that he was not like to work upon his body the effect which he intended, although he did not spare all the force he had to thrust it forward, came up to him and said, Master Bugrino, thou dost here but trifle away thy time, or rashly lose it, for thou wilt never kill thyself in that way. Well, thou mayest hurt or bruise somewhat within thee, so as to make thee languish all thy life-time most pitifully amongst the hands of the chirurgeons; but, if thou wilt be counselled by me, I will kill thee clear outright, so that thou shalt not so much as feel it, and trust me, for I have killed a great many others, who have found themselves very well after it. Ha, my friend, said he, I prithee do so, and for thy pains I give thee my budget; take, here it is, there are six hundred sapphires in it and some fine diamonds, and most excellent rubies." "And where are they?" said Epistemon. "By St. John," said Panurge, "they are a good way hence, if they always keep going. But where is the last year's snow? This was the greatest care that Villon, the Parisian poet, took." "Make an end," said Pantagruel, "that we may know how thou didst dress thy Bashaw." "By the faith of an honest man," said Panurge, "I do not lie in one word. I swaddled him in a scurvy swaddle-binding, which I found lying there half burnt, and with my cords tied him royster-like both hand and foot, in such sort that he was not able to wince; then passed my spit through his throat, and hanged him thereon, fastening the end thereof at two great hooks or cramp-irons, upon which they did hang their halberds; and then, kindling a fair fire under him, did flame you up my Milourt, as they use to do dry herrings in a chimney. With this, taking his budget, and a little javelin that was upon the aforesaid hooks, I ran away at a fair gallop, and Heaven knows how I did smell my shoulder of mutton.

"When I came down into the street, I found everybody coming to put out the fire with store of water, and seeing me half-roasted, they did naturally pity my case, and threw all their water upon me, which, by a most joyful refreshing of me, did me very much good. Then did they present me with some victuals, but I could not eat much, because they gave me nothing to drink but water after their fashion. Other hurt they did me none, only one little villanous Turkey knob-breasted rogue came theftuously to snatch away some of my lardons, but I gave him such a sturdy thump and sound rap on the fingers with all the weight of my javelin, that he came no more the second time. But note, that this roasting cured me entirely of a sciatica, whereunto I had been subject above seven years before, upon that side which my roaster, by falling asleep, suffered to be burnt.

"Now, whilst they were busy about me, the fire triumphed, never ask how. For it took hold on above two thousand houses, which one of them espying cried out, saying, By Mahoom, all the city is on fire, and we do nevertheless stand gazing here, without offering to make any relief. Upon this every one ran to save his own; for my part, I took my way towards the gate. When I had got upon the knap of a little hillock, not far off, I turned me about as did Lot's wife, and, looking back, saw all the city burning in a fair fire, whereat I was glad. But God punished me well for it." "How?" said Pantagruel. "Thus," said Panurge; "for when with pleasure I beheld this jolly fire, jesting with myself, and saying,—Ha! poor flies, ha! poor mice, you will have a bad winter of it this year, the fire is in your reeks, it is in your bed-straw,—out came more than six, yea more than thirteen hundred and eleven dogs, great and small, altogether, out of the town, flying away from the fire. At the first approach they ran all upon me, being carried on by the scent of my half-roasted flesh, and had even then devoured me in a trice, if my good angel had not well inspired me with the instruction of a remedy, very sovereign against the toothache." "And wherefore," said Pantagruel, "wert thou afraid of the toothache, or pain of the teeth? Wert thou not cured of thy rheums?" "By Palm Sunday," said Panurge, "is there any greater pain of the teeth, than when the dogs have you by the legs? But on a sudden, as my good angel directed me, I thought upon my lardons, and threw them into the midst of the field amongst them. Then did the dogs run, and fight with one another at fair teeth, which should have the lardons. By this means they left me, and I also left them bustling with, and hairing one another. Thus did I escape frolic and lively, gramercy roast meat and cookery."

MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE.

THIS great essayist of France was selected by Emerson in his "Representative Men" as the supreme type of "The Skeptic." Emerson entitles him as "the prince of egotists" and remarks: "The wise skeptic wishes to have a near view of the best game and the chief players (of life). . . . The terms of admission to this spectacle are, that he have a certain solid and intelligible way of living of his own; some method of answering the inevitable needs of human life; proof that he has played with skill and success; that he has evinced the temper, stoutness and the range of qualities which, among his contemporaries and countrymen, entitle him to fellowship and trust. . . . Men do not confide themselves to boys, or coxcombs, or pedants, but to their peers. Some wise limitation, as the modern phrase is; some condition between the extremes, and having, itself, a positive quality; some stark and sufficient man, who is not salt or sugar, but sufficiently related to the world to do justice to Paris or London, and, at the same time, a vigorous and original thinker, whom cities can not overawe, but who uses them,—this is the fit person to occupy this ground of speculation. These qualities meet in the character of Montaigne." The old Gascon's biography certainly justifies this portrait.

Michael de Montaigne was born in February, 1533, as the third son of Pierre Eyquem, Ecuyer, who was mayor of Bordeaux in that year. The father had seen service as a soldier beyond the mountains and had brought back from Italy and Spain a cultivated mind. Says the son: "Marcus Aurelius was very frequent in his mouth." This worthy gentleman had seriously pondered on the subject of his son's education, and formed a system which, as Mrs. Shelley has observed, may in some sort be considered the basis of Rousseau's later scheme in "Emile." Remarks Montaigne: "The good father that God gave me sent me from my cradle to be brought up in a poor village of his, . . . bringing me up to the meanest and most common way of living. This humor of his aimed at this end, to make me familiar with those people and that condition of men which most need our assistance." Thus Montaigne secured an initial glimpse into the world of common folk, as he was later to view the inside of court life. Until six he heard nothing but Latin, however, so that his boyish years could not have been so full of such philosophic observation of the poor people. Of Greek he acquired "but little smattering." At six years of age he was sent to the College of Guienne, then the best and most flourishing in France. He learned French at a later period, "as it were a foreign tongue, and which, having only just been nationalized by Francis I., was as yet anything but a *langage fait.*"

At thirteen Montaigne chose the business of law-court in preference to that of camp, and became, in 1554, one of the counsellors of the Parliament of Bordeaux. The functions of this office he fulfilled until the death of an elder brother gave him an independent income and the studious leisure which his quiet, somewhat negative, nature coveted. During his life as a counsellor he made frequent journeys to Paris and to the Court, where his conversational powers, it is said, obtained for him the favor and patronage of Henry II., by whom he was appointed a gentleman of the king's bedchamber. He also received the collar of the order of St.

Michael. In Paris he became an intimate of the Chancellor de l'Hôpital and of De Thou, a proof of the high degree of confidence with which he was honored, due perhaps in part to the magistrate of an important town, at a period full of the most important events.

It has been said of Montaigne at this time of his career: "He knew mankind on many sides, and in the most different classes. He was in a station to associate early with the highest ranks, even with kings, and of habits and a temper that smoothed his intercourse even with the lowest. He had learning to make him an apt companion for scholars; practical shrewdness and knowledge to procure him respect from the world; and the secure and easy circumstances which gave him perfect leisure to indulge his tastes and fancies, to speculate upon those of others."

At the age of thirty-three he married Françoise de la Chassaigne, daughter of one of the most celebrated counsellors of the Parliament of Bordeaux. "Might I have had my own will, I would not have married Wisdom herself, if she would have had me; but 'tis to no purpose to evade it, the common custom and use of life will have it so; the most of my actions are guided by example, not choice."

Five years later, by the death of his father, Montaigne succeeded to the family chateau and estate—one or two small villages. Dropping the family name Eyquem, he was known as Sieur de Montaigne. From this period he settled on his estate, "loving the compass, staidness and independence of a country gentleman's life. . . . In the Civil wars of the League, which converted every house into a fort, Montaigne kept his gates open and his house without defense. All parties freely came and went, his courage and honor being universally esteemed. The neighboring lords and gentry brought jewels and papers to him for safe keeping. Gibbon reckons, in these bigoted times, but two men of liberality in France—Henry IV. and Montaigne."

Montaigne now began the writing of his Essays. Instead of the diversion of leisure, "I find," he has left confession, "that my mind is like a horse that has broken from his rider, who voluntarily runs into a much wilder career than any horseman would put him to, and creates me so many chimeras and fantastic monsters, one upon another, without order or design, that, the better at leisure to contemplate their strangeness and absurdity, I have begun to commit them to writing, hoping in time to make them ashamed of themselves.'' And this may account for the fact, noted emphatically by Emerson, that "Montaigne is the frankest and honestest of all writers.. His French freedom runs into grossness; but he has anticipated all censure by the bounty of his own confession.'' Indeed Montaigne himself declares: "Whoever goes in quest of knowledge, let him fish for it where it is to be found; there is nothing I so little profess. These are fancies of my own, by which I do not pretend to discover things, but to lay open myself.'' Of his quotations he adds: "I do not number my borrowings, I weigh them;'' and of his critics, "I would have them give Plutarch a fillip upon my nose, and put themselves in a heat with railing against Seneca, when they think they rail at me.'' "As things come into my head,'' he admits, "I heap them in; sometimes they advance in whole bodies, sometimes in single file. I let myself jog on at my own rate and ease. . . . I could wish to have a more perfect knowledge of things, but I will not buy it so dear as it will cost. My design is to pass over easily, and not laboriously, the remainder of my life. There is nothing that I will break my brain about; no, not knowledge, of what price soever.'' He certainly shows throughout "an impatience and fastidiousness at color or pretense of any kind.'' Over his name he drew an emblematic pair of scales, and "*Que scay-je?*''—What know I?—under it. Declares Emerson: "The sincerity and marrow of the man reaches to his sentences. I know not anywhere the book that seems less written. It is the language of conversation transferred to a book. Cut these words and they would bleed; they are vascular and alive.'' And also: "His writing has no enthusiasms, no aspiration; contented, self-respecting, and keeping in the middle of the road. There is but one exception,—in his love for Socrates. In speaking of him, for once his cheek flushes and his style rises to passion.''

Montaigne's journey into Germany, Switzerland, and Italy was posterior to the publication of the Essays. The descriptions which he gives in his Journal of Rome, of the Pope, and all he saw, are short, but drawn with the hand of a master. A Diary kept on his journey reveals Montaigne eagerly inquiring into the tenets of the Protestants, despite the skeptical tone of his Essays; yet his account of the Reformers is by no means flattering.

The first English translation of the Essays of Montaigne was executed by John Florio, Italian and French tutor to Prince Henry, son of James I. (1603). Charles Cotton's translation appeared about 1680. Our extracts are taken from Hazlitt's revision of Cotton's translation.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

THIS, reader, is a book without guile. It tells thee, at the very outset, that I had no other end in putting it together but what was domestic and private. I had no regard therein either to thy service or my glory; my powers are equal to no such design. It was intended for the particular use of my relations and friends, in order that, when they have lost me, which they must soon do, they may here find some traces of my quality and humor, and may thereby nourish a more entire and lively recollection of me. Had I proposed to court the favor of the world, I had set myself out in borrowed beauties; but 'twas my wish to be seen in my simple, natural and ordinary garb, without study or artifice, for 'twas myself I had to paint. My defects will appear to the life, in all their native form, as far as consists with respect to the public. Had I been born among those nations who, 'tis said, still live in the pleasant liberty of the law of nature, I assure thee I should readily have depicted myself at full length and quite naked. Thus, reader, thou perceivest I am myself the subject of my book; 'tis not worth thy while to take up thy time longer with such a frivolous matter; so fare thee well.

From Montaigne, this 12th of June, 1580.

THE FORCE OF CUSTOM.

HE seems to me to have had a right and true apprehension of the power of custom who first invented the story of a country-woman, who, having accustomed herself to play with, and carry from the hour of its birth, a calf in her arms, and daily continuing to do so as it grew up, obtained this by custom, that when grown to be a great ox, she was still able to bear it. For, in truth, custom is a violent and treacherous school-mistress. She, by little and little, slily and unperceived, slips in the foot of her authority, but having by this gentle and humble beginning, with the aid of time, fixed and established it, she then unmasks a furious and tyrannic countenance, against which we have no more the courage nor the power so much as to lift up our eyes. We see it at every turn forcing and violating the rules of nature: *Usus efficacissimus rerum omnium magister*, "Custom is the greatest master of all things." I believe in Plato's cave in his Republic, and the physicians, who so often submit the reasons of their art to the authority of habit: as also the story of that king who by custom brought his stomach to that pass as to live on poison; and the girl that Albertus reports to have lived upon spiders; and in that New World of the Indies, there were found great nations, and in very different climates, who lived upon the same diet, made provision of them, and fed them for their tables, as well as grasshoppers, mice, bats and lizards; and in a time of a scarcity, a toad was sold for six crowns; all which they cook, and dish up with several sauces. There were also others found to whom our food and the flesh we eat were venomous and mortal. *Consuetudinis magna vis est: pernoctant venatores in nive; in montibus uri se patiuntur: pugiles cæstibus contusi, ne ingemiscunt quidem.* "The power of custom is very great: huntsmen will one while lie out all night in the snow, and another suffer themselves to be parched with heat on the mountains; and prize-fighters, though beaten almost to a jelly with the cæstus, utter not a groan." These examples will not appear so strange, if we consider what we have ordinary experience of, how much custom dulls our senses. To be satisfied of this we need not go to what is reported of the cataracts of the Nile; and to what philosophers believe of the music of the spheres, that the circles of those bodies being solid and smooth and coming to touch and rub upon one another, cannot fail of creating a wonderful harmony, the changes and cadences of which cause the revolutions and dances of the stars; but that the hearing sense of all creatures here below being universally, like that of the Egyptians, deafened and stupefied with the continual noise, cannot distinguish it, how great soever it be. Smiths, millers and armorers could never be able to live in the perpetual noise of their own trades did it strike their ears as it does ours.

My perfumed doublet gratifies my own nose at first, as well as that of others, but after I have worn it three or four days together, I myself no more perceive it; but it is yet more strange that custom, notwithstanding long intermissions and intervals, should yet have the power to unite, and establish the effect of its impressions upon our senses, as is manifest to such as live near belfries. I myself lie at home in a tower, where every morning and evening a very great bell rings out the Ave Maria, the noise of which shakes my very tower, and at first seemed insupportable to me; but in a little while I got so used to it that I hear it without any manner of offence, and often without awaking at it.

Plato reprehending a boy for playing at some childish game—"Thou reprovest me," said the boy, "for a very little thing." "Custom," replied Plato, "is no little thing." Our greatest vices derive their first propension from our most tender infancy; our principal education depends upon the nurse. Mothers are mightily amused to see a child twist off the neck of a chicken, or divert itself with hurting a dog or a cat; and such wise fathers there are in the world who look upon it as a notable presage of a martial spirit when he hears his son miscall or domineer over a poor peasant or lacquey, that dares not reply or turn again; and a great sign of wit when he sees him cheat and overreach his play-fellow by some sly trick; yet these are the true seeds and roots of cruelty, tyranny and treason. They bud and put out there, and afterwards shoot up vigorously in the hands of custom: and it is a very dangerous mistake to excuse these vile inclinations upon account of the tenderness of their age, and the triviality of the subject; first, it is nature that speaks, whose voice is then more sincere, and whose inward thoughts are more undisguised, as it is younger and more shrill; secondly, the deformity of cozenage does not consist in, nor depend upon, the difference betwixt crowns and pins; but merely upon itself, for a cheat is a cheat, be it more or less; which makes me think it more just to conclude thus, "Why should he not cozen in crowns since he does it in pins?" than as they do, who say, "They only play for pins, he would not do it if it were for crowns." Children should carefully be instructed to abhor vices for themselves, and the natural deformity of those vices ought so to be represented to them that they may not only avoid them in their actions, but so abominate them in their hearts that the very thought should be hateful to them, with what mask soever they may be palliated or disguised.

I know very well, for what concerns myself, that from having been brought up in my childhood to a plain and sincere way of dealing, and from then having had an aversion to all manner of juggling and tricking in my childish sports and recreations (and indeed it is to be noted that the play of children is not really play, but must be judged of as their most serious actions), there is no game so small, wherein from my own bosom naturally, and without study or endeavor, I have not an extreme aversion for deceit. I shuffle and cut, and make as much ado with the cards, and keep as strict account for farthings, as if it were for doubloons; when winning or losing against my wife and daughter, it is indifferent to me, as when I play in good earnest with others for round sums. At all times, and in all things, my own eyes are sufficient to look to my fingers; I am not so narrowly watched by any other, neither is there any I more fear to be discovered by, or to offend, than myself.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

OUR good or ill has no other dependence but on ourselves. 'Tis there that our offerings and our vows are due, and not to fortune: she has no power over our manners; on the contrary, they draw and make her follow in her train, and cast her in their own mould. Why should not I judge Alexander, roaring and drinking at the rate he sometimes used to do? Or, if he played at chess, what string of his soul was not touched by this idle and childish game? I hate and avoid it because it is not play enough—that it is too grave and serious a diversion; and I am ashamed to lay out as much thought and study upon that as would serve to much better uses. He did not more pump his brains about his glorious expedition into the Indies; and another, that I will not name, took not more pains to unravel a passage upon which depends the safety of all mankind. To what a degree then does this ridiculous diversion molest the soul, when all her faculties shall be summoned together upon this trivial account? And how fair an opportunity she herein gives every one to know, and to make a right judgment of, himself? I do not more thoroughly sift myself in any other posture than this. What passion are we exempted from in this insignificant game? Anger, spite, malice, impatience, and a vehement desire of getting the better in a matter wherein it were more excusable to be ambitious of being overcome; for to be eminent, and to excel above the common rate in frivolous things, is nothing becoming in a man of quality and honor. What I say in this example may be said in all others. Every particle, every employment of man, does exhibit and accuse him equally with any other.

PLAYING WITH HIS CAT.

WHEN my Cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my Cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or refuse to play as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language (for doubtless cats talk and reason with one another) that we agree no better? And who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser, than to play with her, and laughs and censures my folly for making sport with her, when we two play together?

DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.

DEMOCRITUS and Heraclitus were two philosophers, of whom the first, thinking human condition ridiculous and vain, never appeared abroad but with a jeering and laughing countenance: whereas Heraclitus, commiserating that condition of ours, appeared always with a sorrowful look and tears in his eyes.

> "One always, when he o'er his threshold stept,
> Laugh'd at the world, the other always wept."

I am clearly for the first humor; not because it is more pleasant to laugh than to weep, but because it is more contemptuous, and expresses more condemnation than the other; for I think we can never be sufficiently despised to our desert. Compassion and bewailing seem to imply some esteem of, and value for, the thing bemoaned: whereas the things we laugh at are by that expressed to be of no moment. I do not think that we are so unhappy as we are vain, or have in us so much malice as folly: we are not so full of mischief as of inanity, nor so miserable as we are vile and mean. And therefore Diogenes, who passed away his time in rolling himself in his tub, and made nothing of the great Alexander, esteeming men no better than flies, or bladders puffed up with wind, was a sharper and more penetrating, and consequently, in my opinion, a juster judge than Timon, surnamed the Man-hater; for what a man hates he lays to heart. This last was furious against mankind, passionately desired our ruin, and avoided our conversation as dangerous, and proceeding from wicked and depraved natures: the other valued us so little that we could neither trouble nor infect him by our contagion, and left us to herd with one another, not out of fear, but contempt of our society, concluding us as incapable of doing good as ill.

CLEMENT MAROT.

To the period of the Renaissance belongs the lyrical poet, Clement Marot (1495–1544). He was the successor of François Villon and the predecessor of the Pléiade and Ronsard. He may be said to have formed the link of union between the crude grace of the vagabond rhymer and the classical conceits of the famous Seven. Francis I., indeed, encouraged Marot to collect the poems of Villon, for he says in the preface that thanks must be given to the king, "who alone was the cause of the undertaking." Marot no doubt found it a comfortable thing thus to shift all the responsibility upon the broad shoulders of the king. Afterwards, however, the Pléiade criticized Marot for having countenanced "so miserable a workman" as Villon and editing "what was worth nothing." Marot could, however, sympathize as a poet with the disgraced ballad-maker; for Marot had, like him, "l'esprit Gaulois" (the Gallic wit). The Style Marotique is said by Masson "to combine Villon's warm coloring, Froissart's simplicity, and Alain Chartier's common sense, with the delicacy of Charles d'Orleans and the keen satire of Jean de Meung." It may be added that the last-named poet's "Roman de la Rose" was edited by Marot.

Marot was Norman-born, the son of the poet-laureate of Anne of Britanny. Sent to Paris, however, he had made himself an adept in the artificial arts of ballade and rondeau of the reigning Rhetoriqueurs, who also adhered to the allegorical method of the previous century. Marot even wrote panegyrics to the head of this school, Guillaume Cretin, the original of Rabelais's Raminagrobis. Before the accession of Francis I., he happily presented that prince with a poem, and soon after we find the young singer styling himself as "facteur (poet) de la reine" to Queen Claude. He found an even more propitious patroness in Marguerite. But after the defeat of Francis I. at the battle of Pavia, where Marot was himself wounded, his luck turned. He was imprisoned on a charge of heresy, during which he wrote his vigorous poem, "L'Enfer" (Hell). Marguerite saved him, and with the king rescued him also from a later imprisonment on the same charge. A third time he was summoned to answer for the same crime, and this time he fled to Ferrara and thence to Venice. Francis I. bestirred himself to secure his pardon from exile, and on his return Marot, who had previously collected his "Adolescence Clementine," wrote his famous translations of the Psalms. They are said to have done much to advance the cause of the Reformation in France. The Sorbonne condemned these Psalms to the flames. Later he was forced again to flee into exile, first to Geneva, where the austere Calvin frowned on him, too, as a freethinker, and at last to Turin, where he died far from his home. He was the first distinctively modern French poet, and still ranks with La Fontaine as a master of French vernacular verse. He wrote many odes, madrigals and epigrams. The Diane of his love poems has been identified—somewhat doubtfully—as Diane de Poitiers.

FRIAR LUBIN.

To gallop off to town post-haste,
  So oft, the times I cannot tell;
To do vile deed, nor feel disgraced,—
  Friar Lubin will do it well.
But a sober life to lead,
  To honor virtue, and pursue it,
That's a pious, Christian deed,—
  Friar Lubin cannot do it.

To mingle, with a knowing smile,
  The goods of others with his own,
And leave you without cross or pile,
  Friar Lubin stands alone.
To say 'tis yours is all in vain,
  If once he lays his finger to it;

For as to giving back again,
  Friar Lubin cannot do it.

With flattering words and gentle tone,
  To woo and win some guileless maid,
Cunning pander need you none,—
  Friar Lubin knows the trade.
Loud preacheth he sobriety,
  But as for water, doth eschew it;
Your dog may drink it,—but not he;
  Friar Lubin cannot do it.

ENVOY.

When an evil deed's to do,
Friar Lubin's stout and true;
Glimmers a ray of goodness through it,
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

THE PORTRAIT.

THIS dear resemblance of thy lovely face,
  'Tis true, is painted with a master's care,
But one far better still my heart can trace,
  For Love himself engraved the image there.
Thy gift can make my soul blest visions share;
  But brighter still, dear love, my joys would shine,
Were I within thy heart impressed as fair,
  As true, as vividly, as thou in mine!

TO DIANE.

FAREWELL! since vain is all my care,
  Far, in some desert rude,
I'll hide my weakness, my despair;
  And, 'midst my solitude,
I'll pray, that should another move thee,
He may as fondly, truly love thee.

Adieu, bright eyes, that were my heaven!
  Adieu, soft cheeks, where summer blooms!
Adieu! fair form, earth's pattern given,
  Which Love inhabits and illumes!
Your rays have fallen but coldly on me:
One far less fond, perchance, had won ye!

THE SATIRE MENIPPÉE.

One of the most remarkable satires in all political literature was a product of the strange epoch of the Renaissance. "The Satire Menippée did, perhaps, as much to place the Béarnais on his throne," declares M. Masson, "as the veteran bands which won the fields of Arques and Ivry." The Satire was in four parts, and received its name from the Greek satirist Menippus. It was published in 1593-4, and condemned the Leaguers as hirelings of the Spanish king. The little nest of satirists screened behind this mask were all of them animated by the ancient national spirit. They hated the Spaniards and all other foreigners on the one side, and the Jesuits on the other. Nevertheless all were Catholics, save only Passerat, to whom is attributed the bulk of the verses. He occupied the chair of eloquence and Latin poetry in the College of France. Another of the coterie was Pierre Pithou, a champion of reformed Catholicism and the Gallican Church, who had only been converted after the St. Bartholomew night. Louis Leroy, who suggested the masterpiece, was a Gallican monk from Normandy, who "conceived the idea," as Van Laun puts it, "of sublimating the cruel, arrogant and persecuting spirit of Roman and Spanish Catholicism in the form of a miraculous drug." Around this skit, "The Virtue of the Catholicon of Spain," the whole satire was built up by the different wits. Another name incidentally given for this Catholicon, or panacea of righteousness, was "Higuiero del Infierno" (literally, "fig-tree from hell").

The later parts give a burlesque report of a meeting of the States of the League at Paris. It is a parody of an actual convention. The churchmen march in procession with rusty armor over their robes, a gun is fired by accident, and a panic ensues, which is quieted with some difficulty. They meet in a hall adorned with tapestry showing the Golden Calf, the revolt of Absalom, the murder of Henry III. The speeches made by the prime movers declare their real motives and reveal their iniquities. Finally comes a long speech on behalf of the *Tiers État*, which sets forth the evils under which France was then groaning. In this the satire gives way to a burst of patriotic eloquence.

The depth of our miseries is that, amidst so many misfortunes and necessities, we are permitted neither to complain nor to demand succor; and, with death between our teeth, we must say that we are well, and too happy to be wretched in so good a cause. O Paris, which is no longer Paris, but a den of wild beasts, a citadel of Spaniards, Walloons and Neapolitans, a refuge and safe retreat of thieves, murderers and assassins; will you never again recognize your dignity, and remember what you have been at the price of what you are; will you never recover from the frenzy which, in the place of a legitimate and gracious king, has spawned for you fifty kinglets and fifty tyrants? Behold yourself in irons, behold yourself in the Spanish inquisition, more intolerable a thousand times, and more hard to endure to minds born free and frank, as are the French, than the most cruel deaths which the Spaniards could devise. You could not support a slight increase of taxes and dues, and a few new edicts which affected you but little; but now you endure that men should pillage your houses; that they should exact even your blood, that they should imprison your senators, that they should drive out and banish your good citizens and counsellors; that they should hang and massacre your principal magistrates. You see it and you endure it; you not only endure it, but you approve of it and praise it, and dare not and cannot do otherwise. You could not endure your good-natured king, so free, so familiar, who made himself like a fellow-citizen and burgher of your town, which he enriched, which he adorned with sumptuous buildings, to which he added strong and proud ramparts, decorated with honorable privileges and exemptions. What do I say? Could not endure him? Far worse: you drove him from his town, from his palace, from his couch. What, drove him? You pursued him. What, pursued him? You assassinated him, canonized the assassin, and made bonfires at his death. And now you see how much this death profited you; for that is the cause why another has risen in his place, much more vigilant, more painstaking, far more warlike, who will know well how to press you closer, as you have, to your cost, already discovered.

SPANISH LITERATURE.

PERIOD III. 1550–1650 A.D.

IN Spanish literature the sixteenth century is recognized as the Classic Age. The union of Aragon and Castile, the expulsion of the Moors, and the discovery of America, excited and gratified the stronger national spirit and overcame local jealousies. A common culture was diffused throughout the Peninsula, and various local schools of poetry sprang up. The Italian influence introduced by Boscan and Garcilaso de la Vega was thoroughly naturalized, and its products no longer wore a foreign air. Some lyric poets adhered to the older style, but most varied the forms of verse according to the subject treated. But while the poets were more numerous, there were few that rose above a general level of excellence.

It was in prose that the national genius manifested its new powers. On the one hand was the pastoral romance, partly derived from Italy, and partly an easy development of the pastoral songs and ballads already familiar. There are examples of these later pastorals from the hands of Lope de Vega and his greater contemporary Cervantes. On the other hand there arose an entirely original form of fiction in the *picaresque* or rogue novel, which has ever since been characteristic of Spain. The first example is "The Life of Lazarillo de Tormes," which sets forth the adventures of a rogue in the service of various masters. This is usually attributed to Don Diego de Mendoza, otherwise known as a diplomatist and historian. It was followed by Aleman's "Guzman de Alfarache," which aimed to be more eloquent, but fell short of the satirical vigor of the first. Besides numerous romances of the same style there soon appeared novels of adventure, in which Cervantes led the way with his "Exemplary Novels."

But so great is the merit as well as the fame of the masterpiece of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra that it has thrown into the shade all the other productions of his time. His "Adventures of Don Quixòte de la Mancha" represents to the world the highest performance of the Spanish literary genius. The way had been prepared for its production by his previous labors, but in this he effected a unity of character and design which raised his achievement to an unimagined loftiness as a work of art. It has usually been considered a satire on chivalry or on the over-wrought romances of chivalry, as he himself states in his Preface, but it is more truly a satire on that exaggerated pride of birth and caste, which is not yet extinct in the Spanish grandee. It is a true patriot's warning against the evils which have reduced the proudest nation in Christendom to a state of degradation. While the people have acknowledged the truth of the picture, they have been far from profiting by its palpable lesson. The instant popularity of the work led a bold forger to attempt to secure part of the author's profit by adding a sequel, but when Cervantes returned to this task after ten years' interval, the master's hand was easily discerned, and the fraudulent imitation was condemned. Later novelists generally contented themselves with imitating the great master's less noted novels of manners and adventures. The drama, which also attained prominence in this period, will be treated separately.

LUIS PONCE DE LEON.

HIGH among Spanish religious lyric poets stands the sweet singer Luis Ponce de Leon. He was born in 1528, and entered the University of Salamanca at the age of fourteen. He distinguished himself as a student, became a monk, and finally professor in the university where he was bred, rising rapidly until he obtained the chair of Sacred Literature. His great learning brought on him a multitude of enemies, by whom he was charged with having translated the Song of Solomon into his native Castilian, and with having said that the Latin Vulgate was capable of improvement. In consequence of these accusations the Inquisition laid upon him its iron hand and he was confined for five years in a dark dungeon at Valladolid. Being released, rebuked and admonished, he returned to his professor's chair; and began his lecture with the words: "We were saying yesterday ——." But he never recovered from the cruelties which he had suffered, and though he was made Provincial Vicar of Salamanca, he died in 1591, a victim of the Church which he revered and adored.

His prose is eloquent and his translations are of great value; but Luis de Leon was above everything else a poet and the head of lyric poetry in Spain. His poems cover not more than a hundred pages, but every line is imperishable. His secular odes are dear to the nation's heart, but his sacred hymns and sonnets are precious to all in the wide world who love the exquisite rhythmic expression of religious devotion, trust, and tenderness.

THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED.

REGION of life and light!
Land of the good whose earthly toils are o'er!
Nor frost nor heat may blight
Thy vernal beauty, fertile shore,
Yielding thy blessed fruits for evermore!

There, without crook or sling,
Walks the Good Shepherd; blossoms white and red
Round his meek temples cling;
And, to sweet pastures led,
His own loved flock beneath his eye is fed.

He guides, and near him they
Follow delighted; for he makes them go
Where dwells eternal May,
And heavenly roses blow,
Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.

He leads them to the height
Named of the infinite and long-sought Good,
And fountains of delight;
And where his feet have stood,
Springs up, along the way, their tender food.

And when, in the mid skies,
The climbing sun has reached his highest bound,
Reposing as he lies,
With all his flock around,
He witches the still air with numerous sound.

From his sweet lute flow forth
Immortal harmonies, of power to still
All passions born of earth,
And draw the ardent will
In destiny of goodness to fulfill.

Might but a little part,
A wandering breath, of that high melody
Descend into my heart,
And change it till it be
Transformed and swallowed up, O Love! in thee:

Ah! then my soul should know,
Beloved! where thou liest at noon of day;
And from this place of woe
Released, should take its way
To mingle with thy flock, and never stray.

DIEGO DE MENDOZA.

According to the popular account, it was the fate of this statesman, diplomatist, historian and poet to become more widely celebrated by the comic romance of his college days than by the literary labors of his mature years. Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza was born at Granada in 1503, and being a younger son, was educated for the priesthood at the University of Salamanca. Finding the ecclesiastical profession ill suited to his disposition, he became a soldier and a distinguished member of the retinue of Charles V. In 1545 he was imperial plenipotentiary at the Council of Trent, and afterwards was governor and captain-general of Sienna, where his arbitrary rule provoked several attempts at assassination. After the abdication of Charles he attended the court of Philip II., but was not a favorite with that morose sovereign. Mendoza was imprisoned for having thrown a rival in gallantry from the balcony of the palace into the street. He was then banished to Granada, but was allowed to return to court at Valladolid a few months before his death in 1575.

Throughout his career Mendoza was an active patron of learning and poetry. His own performances were highly creditable. Had he penned no other work than his "History of the Moorish Wars," it would have sufficed to enrol his name on his country's scroll of honor. He wrote also satires, poetical epistles, sonnets, and various forms of verse. But none of these attracted the attention which was secured by his story of the rogue "Lazarillo de Tormes." Some excellent critics, however, deny his authorship of this famous book, so different from the others positively attributed to him. It was the original of the *picaresque* novel, which has ever held a high place in Spanish fiction. In the tragi-comedy "Celestina" the rascality had been subordinate to the love-story, but now roguery was the entire theme, though abounding in variations. The "Life of Lazarillo de Tormes" purports to be the autobiography of a keen-witted son of the streets, who enters the service of various masters in turn. First he leads a blind beggar, then he works for a priest till discharged for theft, then he serves a starveling gentleman, a trader in indulgences, and so on until he marries a nobleman's mistress. Obviously this plan lends itself readily to the purpose of satire, which was so thinly disguised with wit and boisterous fun that the book was condemned by the Inquisition. The vivacity of the narrative is well marked by the spirited idiomatic style in which it is told. The book was soon translated in many languages and gave rise to many imitations mostly inferior in literary merit.

LAZARILLO DE TORMES.

WHILE I was ill there were always some well-disposed persons who were willing to give me alms, but no sooner was I recovered than they said, "Why do you stay idling here? why don't you seek a master?" On which the reply would rise to my lips, "It is very easy to talk, but it is hard to find one."

In this manner I went on, seeking my living from door to door, and a mighty poor living it was, for charity has left us mortals here to take a flight to heaven long since. But one day I accidentally encountered a certain esquire in the street; he was of a good appearance, well dressed, and walked with an air of ease and consequence. As I cast my eyes upon him, he fortunately took notice of me, and said, "Are you seeking a master, my boy?" I replied that I was. "Then follow me," said he; "you have reason to thank your stars for this meeting. Doubtless you have said your prayers with a better grace than usual this morning." I followed him, returning thanks to Providence for this singular good turn of fortune; for, if one might judge from appearances, here was exactly the situation which I had so long desired. It was early in the morning when I was engaged by this kind master, and I continued to follow him, as he desired, till we made the tour of a great part of the city. As we passed the market I hoped that he would give me a load to carry home, as it was then about the hour that people usually made purchases of that kind; but he passed by without taking the slightest notice. "Peradventure," quoth I to myself, "these commodities are not exactly to his taste; we shall be more fortunate in some other quarter."

It was now eleven o'clock, and my master went into the cathedral to hear prayers, where I likewise followed him. Here we stayed until the whole service was finished and the congregation were departed; and then my master left, and proceeded towards one of the back streets of the city. Never was anybody more delighted than I, to find my master had not condescended to trouble himself about supplying his table, concluding, of course, that he was a gentleman whose means enabled him to consign to others such inferior domestic cares, and that on our arrival at home we should find everything in order—an anticipation of great delight to me, and, in fact, by this time almost a matter of necessity. The clock had struck one when we arrived at a house before which my master stopped, and throwing his cloak open he drew from his sleeve a key, with which he opened the door.

I followed my master into the house, the entrance of which was extremely dark and dismal, so much so as to create a sensation of fear in the mind of a stranger; and when within, I found it contained a small courtyard and tolerably-sized chambers.

The moment he entered, he took off his cloak, and inquiring whether I had clean hands, assisted me to fold it, and then carefully wiping the dust from a seat, laid it thereon. He next very composedly seated himself, and began to ask me a variety of questions, as to who I was, where I came from, and how I came to that city; to all which I gave a more particular account than exactly suited me at that time, for I thought it would have been much more to the purpose had he desired me to place the table and serve up the soup, than ask me the questions he then did.

With all this, however, I contrived to give him a very satisfactory account of myself, dwelling on my good qualities, and concealing those which were not suitable to my present auditory. But I began now to grow very uneasy, for two o'clock arrived, and still no signs of dinner appeared, and I began to recollect that ever since we had been in the house I had not heard the foot of a human being, either above or below. All I had seen were bare walls, without even a chair or a table,—not so much as an old chest. In fact, it seemed to me like a house under the influence of enchantment.

"Boy, hast thou eaten anything to-day?" asked my master at last. "No, Sir," I replied, "seeing that it was scarcely eight o'clock when I had the good fortune to meet your honor."

"Early as it was," returned my master, "I had already breakfasted, and it is never my custom to eat again till the evening; manage as you can till then; you will have the better appetite for supper."

It may be easily supposed, that, on hearing this, my newly-raised hopes vanished as rapidly as they had risen; it was not hunger alone that caused me to despond, but the certainty that Fortune had not yet exhausted her full store of malice against me. Already I saw in perspective my troubles renewed, and I could not but weep over the incidents of my past unfortunate career, and anticipate its rapidly approaching close; yet withal, concealing my emotion as well as possible, I said, "Thank God! Sir, I am not a boy that troubles himself much about eating and drinking; and for this quality I have been praised even to this very day by all the masters whom I have ever served." "Abstinence is a great virtue," returned my master, "and for this I shall esteem thee still more; gormandizing is only for swine, men of understanding require little to allay their appetite." "I can understand that sentiment right well," quoth I to myself; "my masters have all advised the same course; though the devil a bit do *they* find the virtues of starvation so very pleasant, by all that I have seen."

Seating myself near the door, I now began to eat some crusts of bread which I had about me; they were part of some scraps I had collected in my career of charity. "Come here, boy," said my master, "what are you eating?" I went to him, and showed him the bread. He selected from the three pieces which I had, the best and largest, and said, "Upon my life, but this seems exceedingly nice bread." "Yes, Sir," I replied, "it is very good." "It really is," he continued, "where did you get it? Was it made with clean hands, I wonder?" "That I can't answer for," I replied, "but the flavor of it does not come amiss to me."

"Nor to me either, please God!" said my poor devil of a master; and, having finished his scrutiny, he raised the bread to his mouth, and commenced as fierce an attack on it, as I quickly did on the other.

"By heavens! but this bread is beautiful!" exclaimed he; and I, beginning to see how matters stood with him, redoubled my haste with the remainder, being well assured that if he finished first, he would have little hesitation in assisting me; but luckily we finished together. He then carefully picked up the crumbs which had fallen, and entering a small chamber adjoining, brought out an old jar with a broken mouth. Having drank therefrom he handed it to me, but to support my character of abstemiousness, I excused myself, saying, "No, Sir, I thank you; I never drink wine."

"The contents of the jar will not hurt you," he said; "it is only water!" I took the jar, but a very small draught satisfied me, for thirst was one of the few things from which I suffered no inconvenience.

Thus we remained till night, I anticipating my supper, and my master asking me many questions, to all of which I answered in the best manner I was able. Then he took me into the chamber whence he had brought the jar of water, and said, "Stay here, my boy, and see how to make this bed, as from henceforth you will have this duty." We then placed ourselves on each side of this bed, if such it can be called, to make it; though little enough there was to make. On some benches was extended a sort of platform of reeds, on which were placed the clothes, which, from want of washing, were not the whitest in the world. There was nothing in the shape of feather-bed or mattress, but the canes showed like the ribs of a lean hog, through an old covering which served to lie upon, and the color of which one could not exactly praise.

It was night when the bed was made, and my master said, "Lazaro! it is rather late now, and the market is distant; likewise the city abounds with rogues; we had better therefore pass the night as we can, and to-morrow morning we will fare better. Being a single man, you see, I don't care much for these things, but we will arrange better in future."

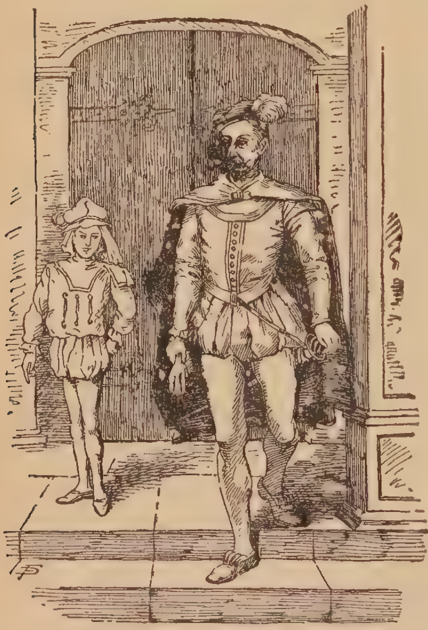
"Sir, as to myself," I replied, "I beg you will on no account distress yourself. I can pass a night without food with no inconvenience, or even more indeed, if it were necessary." "Your health will be all the better for it," he said, "for take my word for it, as I said to-day, nothing in the world will insure length of life so much as eating little."

"If life is to be purchased on such terms," said I to myself, "I shall never die, for hitherto I have been obliged to keep this rule, whether I will or no; and, God help me, I fear I shall keep it all my long life."

My master then went to bed, putting his clothes under his head, instead of a pillow, and ordered me to seek my rest at his feet, which I accordingly did, though the situation precluded all hope of sleep. The canes, of which the bedstead was composed, and my bones, which were equally prominent, were, throughout the night, engaged in a continual and most unpleasant intimacy; for, considering my illness and the privations which I had endured, to say nothing of my present starving condition, I do not believe I had a single pound of flesh on my whole body. Throughout that day I had eaten nothing but a crust of bread, and was actually mad with hunger, which is in itself a bitter enemy to repose. A thousand times did I curse myself and my unhappy fortunes—the Lord forgive my impiety; and what was a sore addition to my misery, I dared not move nor vent my grief in audible expressions, for fear of waking my master. Many times during this night did I pray to God to finish my existence!

As the morning appeared we arose, and I set about cleaning my master's clothes and putting them in order, and helped him to dress, very much to his satisfaction. As he placed his sword in his belt, he said, "Do you know the value of this weapon, my boy? The gold was never coined that could buy this treasure of me? Of all the blades Antonio ever forged, he never yet made its fellow." And then—drawing it from its scabbard and trying its edge with his fingers—he added, "With this blade I would engage to sever a bale of wool:" "and I would do more than that with my teeth," said I to myself, "for though they are not made of steel, I would engage to sever a four-pound loaf and devour it afterwards."

He then sheathed his sword and girded it round him, and with an easy, gentlemanlike carriage, bearing himself erect and throwing the corner of his cloak over his shoulder or over his arm, placing his right hand on his side, he sallied forth, saying: "See to the house while I go to hear mass, and make the bed during my absence; the vessel for water wants filling, which you can do at the river which runs close by; though take care to lock the door when you go, lest we should be robbed, and put the key on this hinge, in case I return before you, and that I may let myself in."



He then walked up the street with such an air of gentility, that a stranger would have taken him for a near relation of the Count of Arcos, or at least for his *valet de chambre.*

"Blessed be the Lord!" said I, "who, if he inflicts misfortunes, gives us the means of bearing them. Now who, on meeting my master, would dream but that he had supped well and slept well; and, although early in the morning, but that he had also breakfasted well? There are many secrets, my good master, that you know, and that all the world is ignorant of. Who would not be deceived by that smiling face and that fine cloak? and who would believe that such a fine gentleman had passed the whole of yesterday without any other food than a morsel of bread, that his boy had carried in his breast for a day and a night? To-day washing his hands and face, and, for want of a towel, obliged to dry them with the lining of his garments—no one would ever suspect such things from the appearance before them. Alas! how many are there in this world who voluntarily suffer more for their false idea of honor than they would undergo for their hopes of an hereafter!"

Thus I moralized at the door of our house, while my master paced slowly up the street; and then, returning within, I lost no time in making the tour of the house, which I did, though without making any fresh discovery whatever, or finding anything of a more consolatory nature than my own gloomy thoughts.

I quickly made our bed, such as it was, and taking the water jar went with it to the river. There I saw my gay master in one of the gardens by the river side, in close conversation with two ladies, closely veiled, for there were many who were in the habit of resorting thus early in the morning, to enjoy the fresh air and to take breakfast with some of the gentlemen of the city, who likewise frequented the spot. There he stood between them, saying softer things than Ovid ever did; while they, seeing him apparently so enamored, made no scruple of hinting their wish to breakfast. Unfortunately his purse was as empty as his heart was full, therefore this attack on his weaker position threw him somewhat suddenly into disorder, which became evident from his confusion of language, and the lame excuses of which he was obliged to avail himself. The ladies were too well experienced not to perceive, and that quickly, how matters stood; it was not long, therefore, before they exchanged him for a more entertaining gallant.

I began to think seriously what I should do, still hoping, however, that, as the day advanced, my master might return with the means to provide, at least, for our dinner, but in vain. Two o'clock came, but no master; and, as my hunger now became insupportable, without further consideration I locked the door, and, placing the key where I was told, sallied out in search of food. With a humble, subdued voice, my hands crossed upon my breast, and the name of the Lord upon my tongue, I went from house to house begging bread. The practice of this art, I may say, I imbibed with my mother's milk; or rather, that having studied it under the greatest master in Spain, it is no wonder that I was so great an adept in all its various branches.

Suffice it to say, that although in this city there is no more charity than would save a saint from starvation, yet such was my superiority in talent, that before four o'clock, I had stowed away nearly four pounds of bread in my empty stomach, and two pounds more in my sleeves, and in the inside of my jacket. Passing then by the tripe market, I begged of one of the women that keep the stalls, who gave me a good-sized piece of cow-heel, with some other pieces of boiled tripe. When I got home, I found my good gentleman already arrived, and having folded and brushed his cloak, he was walking about the court-yard. As I entered, he came up to me, as I thought, to chide me for my absence, but, thank God, it was far otherwise. He inquired where I had been, to which I replied, "Sir, I remained at home till two o'clock; but when I found that your honor did not return, I went out, and recommended myself so well to the notice of the good people of this city, that they have given me what you see." I then showed him the bread and the tripe which I had collected. At the sight of these delicacies, his countenance brightened up. "Ah!" said he, "I waited dinner for you some time; but as it grew late I finished. You have nevertheless acted very properly in this matter; for it is much better to ask, for the love of God, than to steal. I only charge you on no account to say you live with me, as such proceedings would not exactly redound to my honor—although I hardly think there is any danger, seeing that I am known so little in this city." "Do not alarm yourself, Sir, on that head," said I, "for people thought as little of asking who was my master, as I of telling them." "Eat away, then, you young rogue," said he, "and with the blessing of God, we shall not long have need of such assistance, though I must say, since I have been in this house, good fortune has never visited me. There are houses, from some reason or other, so unlucky, that every one who occupies them becomes infected with their ill fortune, and this is without doubt one of them; but I promise you that directly the month is up, I will leave, even if they should offer it to me for nothing."

I seated myself on the end of the bench, and commenced my supper with the tripe and bread. My poor unhappy master all the time eyed me askance, and never once took his eyes from my skirts, which at that time served me instead of a dinner-service. Providence had that day so favored me, that I resolved my master should partake of my abundance, for I could well understand his feelings, having experienced them of old, and to that very day, indeed, I was no stranger to them. I began to think whether it would exactly become me to invite him to my repast, but as he had unfortunately said he had dined, I feared lest he might take it amiss. However, I very much wished that the poor sinner might have the benefit of my labor, and break his fast as he had done the day before, particularly as the food was better, and my hunger less. My good wishes towards him were speedily gratified, as they happened to jump with his own humor, for directly I commenced my meal, he began walking up and down the room, and approaching me rather closely—

"Lazaro," said he, "I really cannot help remarking the extreme grace with which you make your meal. I don't think I ever saw any one eat with more natural elegance; certain it is, an observer might benefit by your example."

"Doubtless, my good Sir," thought I, "it can only be to your extreme amiability, that I am indebted for this compliment." Then, in order to give him the opportunity which I knew he longed for, I said, "Good materials, Sir, require good workmen. This bread is most delicious, and this cow-heel is so well cooked and seasoned that the smell alone is sufficient to tempt any one."

"Cow-heel, is it?" said he.

"It is, Sir," I replied.

"Ah," said he, "cow's heel is one of the most delicate morsels in the world; there is nothing I am so fond of."

"Then taste it, Sir," said I, "and try whether this is as good as you have eaten." He seated himself on the bench beside me, and laying hands on the cow-heel, with three or four pieces of the whitest bread, commenced in such good earnest, that one might easily see his rations were not disagreeable to him—grinding every bone as ravenously as a greyhound. "With a nice sauce of garlic," said he, "this would be capital eating."

"You eat it with a better sauce than that, my good Sir," thought I.

"By heavens," said he, "anybody would think, to see me eat, that I had not touched a morsel to-day."

"I wish I was as sure of good luck as I'm sure of that," said I to myself. He asked me for the water jug, and I gave it to him, which, by the way, was a sure proof he had eaten nothing, for it was as full as when I brought it from the river. After drinking we went to bed in the same manner as on the night before, though it must be confessed in a much more contented mood.

THE RETIRED COURTIER.

(From his Epistle to Luis de Zuniga.)

ANOTHER world I seek, a resting-place,
Sweet times and seasons, and a happy home,
Where I in peace may close my mortal race.
There shall no evil passions dare presume
To enter, turbulence, nor discontent:
Love to my honored king shall there find room.
And if to me his clemency be sent,
Giving me kindly wherewithal to live,
I will rejoice; if not, will rest content.
My days shall pass all idly fugitive,
Careless my meals, and at no solemn hour;
My sleep and dreams such as content can give.
Then will I tell, how, in my days of power,
Into the East Spain's conquering flag I led,
All undismayed amid the fiery shower;
While young and old around me throng in dread,
Fair dames, and idle monks, a coward race,
And tremble while they hear of foes that fled.
And haply some ambassador may grace
My humble roof, resting upon his way:
His route and many dangers he will trace
Upon my frugal board, and much will say
Of many valiant deeds; but he'll conceal
His secret purpose from the light of day;
To mortal none that object he'll reveal:
His secret mission you shall never find,
Though you should search his heart with pointed steel.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

THE author of "Don Quixote" shines afar as the glory of Spanish literature. His creation of the immortal knight has given him world-wide fame, and his other novels and dramas were sufficient to give him an honorable place among Spanish authors.

Miguel de Cervantes was born at Acala de Henares, and there baptized on the 9th of October, 1547. He assumed the name Saavedra to distinguish himself from other members of the family. In his twenty-second year Cervantes went to Rome in the service of Cardinal Açquaviva, which he left to enlist in the wars against the Turks. A wound received in the battle of Lepanto cost the rash youth the use of his left arm, but Cervantes never ceased to boast of the part he had played in the greatest victory of the age. His comrades honored his bravery by nicknaming him "the cripple of Lepanto," and though in hospital a long time, he served another four years with his regiment. In his twenty-ninth year

Cervantes was captured with his ship by Algerian corsairs, and he was given as slave to a renegade Greek, Deli Mami. Later he became the chattel of one Hassan Pasha, with twenty-five thousand Christian fellow-slaves, who endured endless cruelties. Cervantes made many attempts to escape, and that his life was not forfeited is explained by his possession of letters from important personages, which induced his captors to demand a higher ransom. After five years' durance he was liberated on payment of a sum which impoverished his family. His ten years' absence from Spain enriched his experience, but not his purse. He was reported to the Inquisition as a probable heretic or pervert to Mohammedanism, but pulled through the ordeal safely. After another spell of army service as a private Cervantes roamed into Portugal, where he consorted with a lady of rank, the mother of his only daughter, Isabel, who solaced him in his declining years and then took the veil. She remained in his house after his marriage, in 1584, to a lady who bore him no children.

The crippled veteran became an author. His plays and other writings sustained the household in genteel poverty, diversified by not infrequent visits of the sheriff's officer. In 1590 he petitioned the king for a small office in America. Instead he was made a tax-collector, and soon found himself in jail on a three months' sentence for inability to produce a sum of money which he had foolishly entrusted to the keeping of a friend of the wrong sort. After this he was collecting rents in the little town of Argamasilla, in the district of La Mancha, when he got into some unknown trouble with the local authorities, who imprisoned him in the cellar of a house which still exists and is preserved as a memorial. Within its walls has recently been printed a costly edition of Cervantes' works. It was here, in these depressing conditions, that he composed and wrote the "History of the Ingenious Knight." It appeared in 1605, and became instantly famous. Written when he had turned fifty, the story is enriched by his large knowledge of life in many phases, unequalled as a kindly satire upon the weaknesses of human nature, and as a faithful panorama of Spanish character. It is needless to indicate the features of a work so universally familiar. If Cervantes administered the *coup de grace* to the conventional romance of chivalry, it must be perceived that it was already moribund. He does not portray his knight as a paragon of virtue nor as wholly insane; nor has the picture a tinge of satire aimed at honest but weak endeavor to be good and do good. Cervantes well knew the queerly mixed motives that animate the good and the bad. He knew the ups and downs of life, and in penning the history of his hero's body and mind as a mirror for all other men whatsoever, he seems to have chuckled to himself as he plunges the best-intentioned of mortals into mishaps and woes enough to make a warm purgatory for the wickedest. Such is life. This is why everybody reads Don Quixote, and this is how it is that while all enjoy it few agree as to its grand aim or lesson. There could be no higher tribute to any book.

The second part was published by Cervantes ten years after the first, to which a spurious supplement had been written. As the work of a man near seventy it is a marvel of vigor and brightness, and fitly rounds off a production of supreme and unpretentious genius. His circumstances had improved, and when he died, only ten days before Shakespeare breathed his last, Spain lost her greatest writer, as England lost her still greater genius.

THE KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA.

DOWN in a village of La Mancha, the name of which I have no desire to recollect, there lived, not long ago, one of those gentlemen who usually keep a lance upon a rack, an old buckler, a lean horse, and a coursing greyhound. Soup, composed of somewhat more mutton than beef, the fragments served up cold on most nights, lentils on Fridays, collops and eggs on Saturdays, and a pigeon by way of addition on Sundays, consumed three-fourths of his income; the remainder of it supplied him with a cloak of fine cloth, velvet breeches, with slippers of the same for holidays, and a suit of the best homespun, in which he arrayed himself on week-days. His family consisted of a housekeeper above forty, a niece not quite twenty, and a lad who served him both in the field and at home, who could saddle the horse or handle the pruninghook. The age of our gentleman bordered upon fifty years; he was of a strong constitution, spare-bodied, of a meagre visage, a very early riser, and a lover of the chase. Some pretend to say that his surname was Quixada ["jaws"], or Quesada, for on this point his historians differ; though, from very probable conjectures, we may conclude that his name was Quixana. This is, however of little importance to our history; let it suffice that, in relating it, we do not swerve a jot from the truth.

Be it known, then, that the afore-mentioned gentleman, in his leisure moments, which comprised the greater part of the year, gave himself up with so much ardor to the perusal of books of chivalry, that he almost wholly neglected the exercise of the chase, and even the regulation of his domestic affairs; indeed, so extravagant was his zeal in this pursuit, that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of knight-errantry, collecting as many as he could possibly obtain. Among them all, none pleased him so much as those written by the famous Feliciano de Silva, whose brilliant prose and intricate style were, in his opinion, infinitely precious; especially those amorous speeches and challenges in which they so abound, such as: "The reason of the unreasonable treatment of my reason so enfeebles my reason, that with reason I complain of your beauty." And again: "The high heavens that, with your divinity, divinely fortify you with the stars, rendering you meritorious of the merit merited by your greatness." These and similar rhapsodies distracted the poor gentleman, for he labored to comprehend and unravel their meaning, which was more than Aristotle himself could do, were he to rise from the dead expressly for that purpose. He was not quite satisfied as to the wounds which Don Belianis gave and received; for he could not help thinking that, however skillful the surgeons were who healed them, his face and whole body must have been covered with seams and scars. Nevertheless he commended his author for concluding his book with the promise of that interminable adventure; and he often felt an inclination to seize the pen himself and conclude it, literally as it is there promised; this he would doubtless have done, and not without success, had he not been diverted from it by meditations of greater moment, on which his mind was incessantly employed.

He often debated with the curate of the village, a man of learning and a graduate of Siguenza, which of the two was the best knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis de Gaul; but Master Nicholas, barber of the same place, declared that none ever came up to the Knight of the Sun: if, indeed, any one could be compared to him, it was Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul, for he had a genius suited to everything: he was no effeminate knight, no whimperer, like his brother; and in point of courage he was by no means his inferior. In short, he became so infatuated with this kind of study, that he passed whole days and nights over these books; and thus, with little sleeping and much reading, his brains were dried up and his intellect deranged. His imagination was full of all that he had read—of enchantments, contests, battles, challenges, wounds, courtships, amours, tortures, and impossible absurdities; and so firmly was he persuaded of the truth of the whole tissue of visionary fiction, that, in his mind, no history in the world was more authentic. The Cid Ruy Diaz, he asserted, was a very good knight, but not to be compared with the knight of the Flaming Sword, who, with a single back-stroke, cleft asunder two fierce and monstrous giants. He was better pleased with Bernardo del Carpio, because, at Roncesvalles, he slew Roland the Enchanted, by availing himself of the stratagem employed by Hercules upon Antæus, whom he squeezed to death within his arms. He spoke very favorably of the giant Morgante, for, although of that monstrous brood who are always proud and insolent, he alone was courteous and well-bred. Above all he admired Rinaldo de Montalvan, particularly when he saw him sallying forth from his castle to plunder all he encountered, and when, moreover, he seized upon that image of Mahomet which, according to history, was of massive gold. But he would have given his housekeeper, and even his niece into the bargain, for a fair opportunity of kicking the traitor Galalon [Ganelon].

In fine, his judgment being completely obscured, he was seized with one of the strangest fancies that ever entered the head of any madman: this was, a belief that it behooved him, as well for the advancement of his glory as the service of his country, to become a knight-errant, and traverse the world, armed and mounted, in quest of adventures, and to practice all that had been performed by knights-errant of whom he had read; redressing every species of grievance, and exposing himself to dangers which, being surmounted, might secure to him eternal glory and renown. The poor gentleman imagined himself at least crowned Emperor of Trebisond, by the valor of his arm; and thus wrapped in these agreeable delusions, and borne away by the extraordinary pleasure he found in them, he hastened to put his designs into execution.

The first thing he did was to scour up some rusty armor, which had been his great-grandfather's, and had lain many years neglected in a corner. This he cleaned and adjusted as well as he could; but he found one grand defect: the helmet was incomplete, having only the morion; this deficiency, however, he ingeniously supplied, by making a kind of visor of pasteboard, which, being fixed to the morion, gave the appearance of an entire helmet. It is true indeed that, in order to prove its strength, he drew his sword, and gave it two strokes, the first of which instantly demolished the labor of a week; but not altogether approving of the facility with which it was destroyed, and in order to secure himself against a similar misfortune, he made another visor; having fenced this in the inside with small bars of iron, he felt assured of its strength, and, without making any more experiments, held it to be a most excellent helmet.

In the next place he visited his steed; and although this animal had more blemishes than the horse of Gonela, which "*tantum pellis et ossa fuit*" [was only skin and bones], yet, in his eyes, neither the Bucephalus of Alexander nor the Cid's Babieca could be compared with him. Four days was he deliberating upon what name he should give him; for, as he said to himself, it would be very improper that a horse so excellent, appertaining to a knight so famous, should be without an appropriate name; he therefore endeavored to find one that should express what he had been before he belonged to a knight-errant, and also what he now was;

nothing could, indeed, be more reasonable than that, when the master changed his state, the horse should likewise change his name, and assume one pompous and high-sounding, as became the new order he now professed. So after having devised, altered, lengthened, curtailed, rejected, and again framed in his imagination a variety of names, he finally determined upon Rozinante, a name, in his opinion, lofty, sonorous, and full of meaning; importing that he had been only a *rozin*, a drudge-horse, *before* his present condition, and that now he was *before* all the *rozins* in the world.

Having given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he resolved to fix upon one for himself. This consideration employed him eight more days, when at length he determined to call himself Don Quixote; whence some of the historians of this most true history have concluded that his name was certainly Quixada, and not Quesada, as others would have it. Then recollecting that the valorous Amadis, not content with the simple appellation of Amadis, added thereto the name of his kingdom and native country, in order to render it famous, styling himself Amadis de Gaul, so he, like a good knight, also added the name of his province, and called himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; whereby, in his opinion, he fully proclaimed his lineage and country, which at the same time, he honored by taking its name.

His armor being now furbished, his helmet made perfect, his horse and himself provided with names, he found nothing wanting but a lady to be in love with; for a knight-errant without the tender passion was a tree without leaves and fruit—a body without a soul. "If," said he, "for my sins, or rather, through my good fortune, I encounter some giant—an ordinary occurrence to knights-errant—and overthrow him at the first onset, or cleave him in twain, or, in short, vanquish him and force him to surrender, must I not have some lady to whom I may send him as a present? that when he enters into the presence of my charming mistress he may throw himself upon his knees before her, and in a submissive, humble voice, say, 'Madam, in me you behold the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island Malendrania, who, being vanquished in single combat by the never-enough-to-be-praised Don Quixote de la Mancha, am by him commanded to present myself before you, to be disposed of according to the will and pleasure of your highness.'" How happy was our good knight after this harangue! How much more so when he found a mistress! It is said that in a neighboring village, a good-looking peasant girl resided, of whom he had formerly been enamored, although it does not appear that she ever knew or cared about it; and this was the lady whom he chose to nominate mistress of his heart. He then sought a name for her, which, without entirely departing from her own, should incline and approach towards that of a princess or great lady, and determined upon Dulcinea del Toboso (for she was a native of that village), a name, he thought, harmonious, uncommon, and expressive—like all the others which he had adopted.

MAMBRINO'S HELMET.

DON QUIXOTE discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head something which glittered as if it had been of gold; and scarcely had he seen it when, turning to Sancho, he said, "I am of opinion, Sancho, there is no proverb but what is true, because they are all sentences drawn from experience itself, the mother of all the sciences; especially that which says, 'Where one door is shut another is opened.' I say this because, if fortune last night shut the door against what we sought, deceiving us with the fulling-mills, it now opens wide another, for a better and more certain adventure; in which if I am deceived, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my ignorance of fulling-mills or to the darkness of night. This I say because, if I mistake not, there comes one towards us who carries on his head Mambrino's helmet, concerning which thou mayest remember I swore the oath." "Take care, sir, what you say, and more what you do," said Sancho; "for I would not wish for other fulling-mills, to finish the milling and mashing of our senses." "The devil take thee!" replied Don Quixote: "what has a hemet to do with fulling-mills?" "I know not," answered Sancho; "but, in faith, if I might talk as much as I used to do, perhaps I could give such reasons that your worship would see you are mistaken in what you say." "How can I be mistaken in what I say, thou scrupulous traitor?" said Don Quixote. "Tell me, seest thou not yon knight coming towards us on a dapple-gray steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?" "What I see and perceive," answered Sancho, "is only a man on a gray ass like mine, with something on his head that glitters." "Why, that is Mambrino's helmet," said Don Quixote. "Retire, and leave me alone to deal with him, and thou shalt see how, in order to save time, I shall conclude this adventure without speaking a word, and the helmet I have so much desired remain my own." "I shall take care to get out of the way," replied Sancho; "but Heaven grant, I say again, that it may not prove another fulling-mill adventure." "I have already told thee, Sancho, not to mention those fulling-mills, nor even think of them," said Don Quixote: "if thou dost—I say no more, but I vow to mill thy soul for thee!" Sancho held his peace, fearing lest his master should perform his vow, which had struck him all of a heap.

Now the truth of the matter concerning the helmet, the steed, and the knight which Don Quixote saw, was this. There were two villages in that neighborhood, one of them so small that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had both; therefore the barber of the larger served also the less, wherein one customer now wanted to be let blood, and another to be shaved, to perform which the barber was now on his way, carrying with him his brass basin; and it so happened that while upon the road it began to rain, and to save his hat, which was a new one, he clapped the basin on his head, which being lately scoured, was seen glittering at the distance of half a league; and he rode on a gray ass, as Sancho had affirmed. Thus Don Quixote took the barber for a knight, his ass for a dapple-gray stead, and his basin for a golden helmet; for whatever he saw was quickly adapted to his knightly extravagances; and when the poor knight drew near, without staying to reason the case with him, he advanced at Rozinante's best speed, and couched his lance, intending to run him through and through; but, when close upon him, without checking the fury of his career, he cried out, "Defend thyself, caitiff! or instantly surrender what is justly my due." The barber, so unexpectedly seeing this phantom advancing upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance than to slip down from the ass; and no sooner had he touched the ground than, leaping up nimbler than a roebuck, he scampered over the plain with such speed that the wind could not overtake him. The basin he left on the ground, with which Don Quixote was satisfied, observing that the pagan had acted discreetly, and in imitation of the beaver, which, when closely pursued by the hunters, tears off with his teeth that which it knows by instinct to be the object of pursuit.

Sancho, taking up the helmet and holding it, said, "Before Heaven, the basin is a special one, and is well worth a piece of eight, if it is worth a farthing." He then gave it to his master, who immediately placed it upon his head, turning it round in search of the vizor; but not finding it he said, "Doubtless the pagan for whom this famous helmet was originally forged must have had a prodigious head—the worst of it is that one-half is wanting." When Sancho heard the basin called a helmet, he could not forbear laughing, which, however, he instantly checked on recollecting his master's late choler. "What dost thou laugh at, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "I am laughing," answered he, "to think what a huge head the pagan had who owned that helmet, which is for all the world just like a barber's basin." "Knowest thou, Sancho, what I conceive to be the case? This famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by some strange accident must have fallen into the possession of one who, ignorant of its true value as a helmet, and seeing it to be of the purest gold, hath inconsiderately melted down the one-half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this, which, as thou sayest, doth indeed look like a barber's basin; but to me, who know what it really is, its transformation is of no importance, for I will have it so repaired in the first town where there is a smith, that it shall not be surpassed nor even equalled by that which the god of smiths himself made and forged for the god of battles. In the meantime I will wear it as I best can, for something is better than nothing, and it will be sufficient to defend me from stones." "It will so," said Sancho, "if they do not throw them with slings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed your worship's chaps, and broke the cruse of that most blessed liquor which made me vomit up my inside." "The loss of that balsam gives me no concern," said Don Quixote; "for knowest thou, Sancho, I have the recipe by heart?" "So have I too," answered Sancho; "but if ever I make or try it again while I live, may I be fixed and rooted to this place. Besides, I do not intend to put myself in the way of requiring it; for I mean to keep myself, with all my five senses, from being wounded, or from wounding anybody. As to being tossed again in a blanket, I say nothing, for it is difficult to prevent such mishaps; and if they do come, there is nothing to be done but wink, hold one's breath, and submit to go whither fortune and the blanket shall please." "Thou art no good Christian, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "since thou dost not forget an injury once done thee; but know, it is inherent in generous and noble minds to disregard trifles. What leg of thine is lamed, or what rib or head broken, that thou canst not forget that jest?—for, properly considered, it was a mere jest and pastime, otherwise, I should long ago have returned thither, and done more mischief in revenging thy quarrel than the Greeks did for the carrying off of Helen, who, had she lived in these times, or my Dulcinea in those, would never have been so famous for beauty as she is!" and here he heaved a sigh, and sent it to the clouds.

"Let it pass, then, for a jest," said Sancho, "but I know of what kind the jests and the earnest were, and I know also they will no more slip out of my memory than off my shoulders. But, setting this aside, tell me, sir, what shall we do with this dapple-gray steed which looks so much like a gray ass, and which that caitiff whom your worship overthrew has left behind here to shift for itself? For, by his scouring off so hastily, he does not think of ever returning for him: and, by my beard, the beast is a special one." "It is not my custom," said Don Quixote, "to plunder those whom I overcome, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take from the vanquished their horses, and leave them on foot, unless the victor had lost his own in the conflict; in such a case it is lawful to take that of the enemy, as fairly won in battle. Therefore, Sancho, leave this horse, or ass, or whatever thou wilt have it to be, for when we are gone, his owner will return for him." "God knows whether it were best for me to take him," replied Sancho, "or at least to exchange him for mine, which, methinks, is not so good. Verily, the laws of chivalry are very strict if they do not even allow the swapping of one ass for another; but I would fain know whether I might exchange furniture, if I were so inclined?" "I am not very clear as to that point," answered Don Quixote; "and, being a doubtful case, until better information can be had, I think thou mayest make the exchange, if thou art in extreme want of them." "So extreme," replied Sancho, "that I could not want them more if they were for my own proper person." Thus authorized, he proceeded to an exchange of caparisons, and made his own beast three parts in four the better for his new furniture. This done, they breakfasted on the remains of the plunder from the sumpter-mule, and drank of the water belonging to the fulling-mills, but without turning their faces towards them—such was the abhorrence in which they were held, because of the effect they had produced. Being thus refreshed and comforted both in body and mind, they mounted; and, without determining upon what road to follow, according to the established custom of knights-errant, they went on as Rozinante's will directed, which was a guide to his master and also to Dapple, who always followed, in love and good-fellowship, wherever he led the way.

THE DISTRESSED DAMSEL.

THEY were now interrupted by the voice of Sancho Panza, who, not finding them where he left them, began to call out loudly; they went instantly to meet him, and were eager in their inquiries after Don Quixote. He told them that he had found him stripped to his shirt, feeble, wan, and half-dead with hunger, sighing for his lady Dulcinea; and though he had informed him that it was her express desire that he should leave that place and repair to Toboso, where she expected him, his answer was, that he "positively would not appear before her beauty until he had performed exploits that might render him worthy of her favor:" If his master, he added, persisted in that humor, he would run a risk of never becoming an emperor, as in honor bound; nor even an archbishop, which was the least he could be: so they must consider what was to be done to get him away. The licentiate begged him not to give himself any uneasiness on that account, for they should certainly contrive to get him out of his present retreat.

The priest then informed Cardenio and Dorothea of their plan for Don Quixote's cure, or at least for decoying him to his own house. Upon this Dorothea said she would undertake to act the distressed damsel better than the barber, especially as she had apparel with which she could perform it to the life; and they might have reliance upon her, as she had read many works of chivalry, and was well acquainted with the style in which distressed damsels were wont to beg their boons of knights-errant. "Let us, then, hasten to put our design into execution," exclaimed the curate, "since fortune seems to favor all our views."

Dorothea immediately took from her bundle a petticoat of very rich stuff, and a mantle of fine green silk, and out of a casket a necklace and other jewels, with which she quickly adorned herself, in such a manner that she had all the appearance of a rich and noble lady. They were charmed with her beauty, grace and elegance. But her greatest admirer was Sancho Panza, who thought that in all his life he had never seen so beautiful a creature, and he earnestly desired the priest to tell him who this beautiful lady was, and what she was looking for in those parts. "This beautiful lady, friend Sancho," answered the priest, "is, to say the least of her, heiress, in the direct male line, of the great kingdom of Micomicon; and she comes in quest of your master, to beg a boon of him, which is, to redress a wrong or injury done her by a wicked giant: for it is the fame of your master's prowess which is spread over all Guinea, that has brought this princess to seek him." "Now, a happy seeking and a happy finding!" quoth Sancho Panza; "especially if my master is so fortunate as to redress that injury, and right that wrong, by killing the rascally giant you mention: and kill him he certainly will, if he encounters him, unless he be a goblin, for my master hath no power at all over goblins. But one thing I must again beg of your worship, Signor Licentiate, and that is, to prevent my master from taking it into his head to be an archbishop, and advise him to marry this princess out of hand; for then, not being qualified to receive archiepiscopal orders, he will come with ease to his kingdom, and I to the end of my wishes; for I have considered the matter well, and find by my account it will not suit me for my master to be an archbishop, as I am unfit for the Church, being a married man; and for me to be now going about to procure dispensations for holding Church living, having, as I have, a wife and children, would be an endless piece of work. So that, sir, the whole business rests upon my master's marrying this lady out of hand—not knowing her grace, I cannot call her by name." "The Princess Micomiconia is her name," said the priest, "for as her kingdom is named Micomicon, of course she must be called so." "To be sure," answered Sancho, "for I have known many take their title and surname from their birthplace, as Pedro de Alcala, John de Ubeda, Diego de Valladolid; and for aught I know it may be the custom in Guinea for queens to take the names of their kingdoms." "It is certainly so," said the priest; "and as to your master marrying this princess, I will promote it to the utmost of my power." With this assurance Sancho was no less satisfied than the priest was amazed at his simplicity in thus entering into the extravagant fancies of his master.

Dorothea had now mounted the priest's mule, and the barber had fitted on the ox-tail beard. They desired Sancho to conduct them to Don Quixote, cautioning him not to say that he knew the licentiate or the barber, since on that depended all his fortune. Neither the priest nor Cardenio would go with them: the latter, that he might not remind Don Quixote of the dispute which he had had with him; and the priest, because his presence was not then necessary; the others, therefore, went on before, while they followed slowly on foot. The priest would have instructed Dorothea in her part; but she would not trouble him, assuring him that she would perform it precisely according to the rules and precepts of chivalry.

Having proceeded about three-quarters of a league, they discovered Don Quixote in a wild, rocky recess, at that time clothed, but not armed. Dorothea now whipped on her palfrey, attended by the well-bearded squire; and having approached the knight, the squire leaped from his mule to assist his lady, who, lightly dismounting, went and threw herself at Don Quixote's feet, where, in spite of his efforts to raise her, she remained kneeling, as she thus addressed him:

"I will never arise from this place, O valorous and redoubted knight, until your goodness and courtesy vouchsafe me a boon which will redound to the honor and glory of your person, and to the lasting benefit of the most disconsolate and aggrieved damsel the sun has ever beheld. And if the valor of your puissant arm correspond with the report of your immortal fame, you are bound to protect an unhappy wight, who, attracted by the odor of your renown, is come from distant regions to seek at your hands a remedy for her misfortunes."

"It is impossible for me to answer you, fair lady," said Don Quixote, "while you remain in that posture." "I will not arise, signor," answered the afflicted damsel, "until your courtesy shall vouchsafe the boon I ask." "I do vouchsafe and grant it to you," answered Don Quixote, "provided my compliance be of no detriment to my king, my country, or to her who keeps the key of my heart and liberty." "It will not be to the prejudice of either of these, dear sir," replied the afflicted damsel. Sancho, now approaching his master, whispered softly in his ear, "Your worship may very safely grant the boon she asks, for it is a mere trifle—only to kill a great lubberly giant; and she who begs it is the mighty Princess Micomiconia, Queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, in Ethiopia." "Whosoever the lady may be," answered Don Quixote, "I shall act as my duty and my conscience dictate, in conformity to the rules of my profession;" then addressing himself to the damsel, he said, "Fairest lady, arise; for I vouchsafe you whatever boon you ask." "My request, then, is," said the damsel, "that your magnanimity will go whither I shall conduct you, and that you will promise not to engage in any other adventure until you have avenged me on a traitor who, against all right, human and divine, has usurped my kingdom." "I grant your request," answered Don Quixote; "and therefore, lady, dispel that melancholy which oppresses you, and let your fainting hopes recover fresh life and strength; for, by the help of Heaven and my powerful arm, you shall soon be restored to your kingdom and seated on the throne of your ancient and high estate, in despite of all the miscreants who would oppose it; and therefore we will instantly proceed to action, for there is always danger in delay." The distressed damsel would fain have kissed his hands; but Don Quixote, who was in every respect a most gallant and courteous knight, would by no means consent to it, but, making her arise, embraced her with much politeness and respect, and ordered Sancho to look after Rozinante's girth, and to assist him to arm. Sancho took down the armor from a tree, where it hung like a trophy; and having got Rozinante ready, quickly armed his master, who then cried, "In God's name, let us hasten to succor this great lady."

The barber was still upon his knees, and under much difficulty to forbear laughing, and keep his beard from falling—an accident which might have occasioned the miscarriage of their ingenious stratagem; but seeing that the boon was already granted, and that Don Quixote was prepared to fulfill his engagement, he got up and took his lady by the other hand, when they both assisted to place her upon the mule, and then mounted themselves. Sancho alone remained on foot, which renewed his grief for the loss of his Dapple; but he bore it cheerfully, reflecting that his master was now in the right road, and just upon the point of becoming an emperor; for he made no doubt but that he was to marry that princess, and be at least King of Micomicon. One thing only troubled him, which was, that his kingdom being in the land of negroes, his subjects would all be blacks; but presently recollecting a special remedy, he said to himself, "What care I, if my subjects be blacks?—what have I to do but to ship them off to Spain, where I may sell them for ready money, with which money I may buy some title or office, on which I may live at ease all the days of my life? See whether I have not brains enough to manage matters, and sell thirty or ten thousand slaves in the turn of a hand! Before Heaven, I will make them fly, little and big; and let them be ever so black, I will turn them into white and yellow boys. Let me alone to lick my own fingers." After these reflections, he went on in such good spirits that he forgot the fatigue of traveling on foot.

THE CONVALESCENT KNIGHT.

DURING a whole month the priest and the barber refrained from seeing Don Quixote, lest they should revive in his mind the remembrance of things past. However, they paid frequent visits to his niece and housekeeper, charging them to take great care of him, and to give him good nourishing diet, as that would be salutary to his heart and his brain, whence all the mischief proceeded. The good women assured them of their continual care of the patient, and said they occasionally observed in him symptoms of returning reason. The priest and the barber were greatly pleased to hear this, and congratulated themselves on the success of the scheme they had adopted of bringing him home enchanted in the ox-wagon, as it is related in the last chapter of the First Part of this no less great than accurate history. They resolved, therefore, to visit him and make trial of his amendment: at the same time, thinking it scarcely possible that his cure could be complete, they agreed not to touch upon the subject of knight-errantry, lest they might open a wound which must yet be so tender.

They found him sitting on his bed, clad in a waistcoat of green baize, with a red Toledo cap on his head, and so lean and shrivelled that he looked like a mummy. He received them with much politeness, and when they inquired after his health, he answered them in a very sensible manner, and with much elegance of expression. In the course of their conversation they touched upon matters of state and forms of government, correcting this abuse and condemning that, reforming one custom and exploding another; each of the three setting himself up for a perfect legislator, a modern Lycurgus, or a spick-and-span new Solon; and, by their joint efforts, they seemed to have clapped the commonwealth into a forge, and hammered it into quite a new shape. Don Quixote delivered himself with so much good sense upon every subject they had touched upon, that the two examiners were inclined to think that he was now really in full possession of all his mental faculties. The niece and the housekeeper were present at the conversation, and hearing from their master such proofs of a sound mind, thought they could never sufficiently thank Heaven.

The priest, changing his former purpose of not touching upon matters of chivalry, was now resolved to put the question of his amendment fairly to the test; he therefore mentioned, among other things, some intelligence lately brought from court, that the Turk was advancing with a powerful fleet, and that, his object being unknown, it was impossible to say where the storm would burst; that all Christendom was in great alarm, and that the king had already provided for the security of Naples, Sicily, and the island of Malta. To this Don Quixote replied, "His majesty has acted with great prudence in providing in time for the defence of his dominions, that he may not be taken by surprise; but, if my counsel might be taken, I would advise him to a measure which probably never yet entered into his majesty's mind." On hearing this, the priest said within himself, "Heaven defend thee, poor Don Quixote! for methinks thou art about to fall from the summit of thy madness into the depth of folly!"

The barber, who had made the same reflection, now asked Don Quixote what the measure was which he thought would be so advantageous, though, in all probability, it was like the impertinent advice usually given to princes. "Mine, Master Shaver," answered Don Quixote, "shall not be impertinent, but to the purpose." "I mean no offence," replied the barber; "only experience has shown that all or most of the projects so offered to his majesty are either impracticable, absurd, or prejudicial to himself or his kingdom." "True," answered Don Quixote; "but mine is neither impracticable nor absurd, but the most easy, the most just, and also the most reasonable and expeditious that ever entered the mind of a projector." "Signor Don Quixote," quoth the priest, "you keep us too long in suspense." "I do not choose," replied Don Quixote, "that it should be told here now, that another may carry it by daybreak to the lords of the privy-council, and thereby intercept the reward which is due only to me." "I give you my word," said the barber, "here and before Heaven, that I will not reveal what your worship shall say, either to king, or to rook, or to any mortal man—an oath which I learned from the romance of 'The Priest,' where he gives the king information of the thief that robbed him of the hundred pistoles and his ambling mule." "I know not the history," said Don Quixote; "but I presume the oath is a good one, because I am persuaded Master Barber is an honest man." "Though he were not," said the priest, "I will pledge myself for him, and engage, under any penalty you please, that he shall be as silent as the dumb on this affair." "And who will be bound for your reverence, Master Priest?" said Don Quixote. "My profession," answered the priest, "which enjoins secrecy as an indispensable duty."

"Body of me!" cried Don Quixote; "has his majesty anything to do but to issue a proclamation ordering all the knights-errant who are now wandering about Spain to repair on an appointed day to court? If not more than half a dozen came, there might be one of that number able, with his single arm, to destroy the whole power of the Turk. Pray, gentlemen, be attentive, and listen to me. Is it anything new for a single knight-errant to defeat an army of two hundred thousand men, as if they had all but one throat or were made of pastry? How many examples of such prowess does history supply! If, in an evil hour for me (I will not say for any other), the famous Don Belianis, or some one of the numerous race of Amadis de Gaul, were in being at this day to confront the Turk, in good faith I would not farm his winnings! But God will protect his people, and provide some one, if not as strong as the knights-errant of old, at least not inferior to them in courage. Heaven knows my meaning. I say no more!" "Alas!" exclaimed the niece at this instant; "may I perish if my uncle has not a mind to turn knight-errant again!" Whereupon Don Quixote said, "A knight-errant I will live and die; and let the Turk come, down or up, when he pleases, and with all the forces he can raise—once more I say, Heaven knows my meaning!"

"Gentlemen," said the barber, "give me leave to tell you a short story of what happened once in Seville; for it comes so pat to the purpose that I cannot help giving it to you." Don Quixote and the priest signified their consent, and the others being willing to hear, he began thus:

"A certain man, being deranged in his intellects, was placed by his relations in the madhouse of Seville. He had taken his degrees in the canon law at Ossuna; but, had it been at Salamanca, many are of opinion he would nevertheless have been mad. This graduate, after some years' confinement, took it into his head that he was quite in his right senses, and therefore wrote to the archbishop, beseeching him, with great earnestness and apparently with much reason, that he would be pleased to deliver him from that miserable state of confinement in which he lived, since, through the mercy of God, he had regained his senses; adding that his

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DON QUIXOTE, CONVALESCENT, VINDICATES KNIGHT-ERRANTRY

relations, in order to enjoy part of his estate, kept him still there, and, in spite of the clearest evidence, would insist upon his being mad as long as he lived. The archbishop, prevailed upon by the many sensible epistles he received from him, sent one of his chaplains to the keeper of the madhouse to inquire into the truth of what the licentiate had alleged, and also to talk with him, and if it appeared that he was in his senses, to set him at liberty. The chaplain accordingly went to the rector, who assured him that the man was still insane; for though he sometimes talked very sensibly, it was seldom for any length of time without betraying his derangement, as he would certainly find on conversing with him. The chaplain determined to make the trial, and during the conversation of more than an hour, could perceive no symptom of incoherence in his discourse; on the contrary, he spoke with so much sedateness and judgment that the chaplain could not entertain a doubt of the sanity of his intellects. Among other things, he assured him that the keeper was bribed by his relations to persist in reporting him to be deranged; so that his large estate was his great misfortune, to enjoy which his enemies had recourse to fraud, and pretended to doubt of the mercy of Heaven in restoring him from the condition of a brute to that of a man. In short, he talked so plausibly that he made the rector appear venal and corrupt, his relations unnatural, and himself so discreet that the chaplain determined to take him immediately to the archbishop, that he might be satisfied he had done right. With this resolution the good chaplain desired the keeper of the house to restore to him the clothes which he wore when he was first put under his care. The keeper again desired him to beware what he did, since he might be assured that the licentiate was still insane; but the chaplain was not to be moved either by his cautions or entreaties; and as he acted by order of the archbishop, the keeper was compelled to obey him. The licentiate put on his new clothes, and now finding himself rid of his lunatic attire, and habited like a rational creature, he entreated the chaplain, for charity's sake, to permit him to take leave of his late companions in affliction.

"Being desirous of seeing the lunatics who were confined in that house, the chaplain, with several other persons, followed him upstairs, and heard him accost a man who lay stretched in a cell, outrageously mad, though just then composed and quiet. 'Brother,' said he to him, 'have you any commands for me? For I am going to return to my own house, God having been pleased, of His infinite goodness and mercy, without any desert of mine, to restore me to my senses. I am now sound and well, for with God nothing is impossible: put your whole trust and confidence in Him, and He will doubtless restore you also. I will take care to send you some choice food; and fail not to eat it, for I have reason to believe, from my own experience, that all our distraction proceeds from empty stomachs and brains filled with wind. Take heart, then, my friend, take heart; for despondence under misfortune impairs our health and hastens our death.'

"This discourse was overheard by another madman, the tenant of an opposite cell, who, rising from an old mat, whereon he had been lying stark naked, asked who it was that talked of going away restored to his senses. 'It is I, brother, that am going,' answered the licentiate; 'for, thanks to Heaven, my stay here is no longer necessary.' 'Take heed, friend, what you say,' replied the maniac; 'let not the the devil delude you: stir not a foot, but keep where you are, and you will spare yourself the trouble of being brought back.' 'I know,' answered the other, 'that I am perfectly well, and shall have no more occasion to visit the station-churches.' 'You well, truly?' said the madman; 'we shall soon see that. Farewell! but I swear by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that for this single offence of setting thee at large, and pronouncing thee to be in thy sound senses, I am determined to inflict such a single punishment on this city, that the memory thereof shall endure forever and ever. And knowest thou not, pitiful fellow, that I have the power to do it? I, who am the thundering Jove, and grasp in my hands the flaming bolts with which I might instantly destroy the world!—but, remitting that punishment, I will chastise their folly by closing the flood-gates of heaven, so that no rain shall fall upon this city or the surrounding country for three years, reckoning from this very day and hour on which my vengeance is denounced. You at liberty!—you recovered, and in your right senses, and I here a madman, distempered, and in bonds!—I will no more rain than I will hang myself.'

"This rhapsody was heard by all present; and our licentiate, turning to the chaplain, 'My good sir,' said he, seizing both his hands, 'regard not his foolish threats, but be perfectly easy; for should he, being Jupiter, withhold his rain, I, who am Neptune, the god of water, can dispense as much as I please, and whenever there shall be occasion.' To which the chaplain answered, 'Nevertheless, Signor Neptune, it would not be well at present to provoke Signor Jupiter; therefore, I beseech you, remain where you are, and when we have more leisure and a better opportunity, we will return for you.' The rector and the rest of the party laughed, and put the chaplain quite out of countenance. In short the licentiate was immediately disrobed, and he remained in confinement; and there is an end of my story."

"This, then, Master Barber," said Don Quixote, "is the story which was so much to the purpose that you could not forbear telling it? Ah, Signor Cut-beard! Signor Cut-beard! he must be blind indeed who cannot see through a sieve! Is it possible you should be ignorant that comparisons of all kinds, whether as to sense, courage, beauty or rank, are always offensive? I, Master Barber, am not Neptune, god of the waters, nor do I set myself up for a wise man; all I aim at is to convince the world of its error in not reviving those happy times when the order of knight-errantry flourished. But this our degenerate age deserves not to enjoy so great a blessing as that which was the boast of former ages, when knights-errant took upon themselves the defence of kingdoms, the protection of orphans, the relief of damsels, the chastisement of the haughty, and the reward of the humble. The knights of these times rustle in damask and brocade, rather than in coats of mail. Where is the knight now who will lie in the open field, exposed to the rigor of the heavens, in complete armor from head to foot? or leaning on his lance, take a short nap without quitting his stirrups, like the knights-errant of old times? You have no one now who, issuing out of a forest, ascends some mountain, and thence traverses a barren and desert shore of the sea, commonly stormy and tempestuous; and, finding on the beach a small skiff, without oars, sail, mast or tackle of any kind, he boldly throws himself into it, committing himself to the implacable billows of the deep ocean, which now mount him up to the skies, and then cast him down to the abyss; and he, opposing his courage to the irresistible hurricane, suddenly finds himself above three thousand leagues from the place where he embarked; and, leaping on the remote and unknown shore, encounters accidents worthy to be recorded, not on parchment, but on brass.

"But in these days, sloth triumphs over activity, idleness over labor, vice over virtue, arrogance over bravery, and the theory over the practice of arms, which only existed and flourished with knights-errant in those ages of gold. For, tell me, I pray, where was there so much valor and virtue to be found as in Amadis de Gaul? Who was more discreet than Palmerin of England? Who more affable and obliging than Tirante the White? Who more gallant than Lisuarte of Greece? Who gave or received more cuts and slashes than Don Belianis? Who was more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? Who more enterprising than Felixmarte of Hyrcania? Who more sincere than Esplandian? Who more daring than Don Ciriongilio of Thrace? Who more brave than Rodomonte? Who more prudent than King Sobrino? Who more intrepid than Rinaldo? Who more invincible than Orlando? And who more gallant and courteous than Ruggierio, from whom, according to Turpin's Cosmography, the present dukes of Ferrara are descended? All these and others that I could name, Master Priest, were knights-errant, and the light of chivalry; and such as these are the men I would advise his majesty to employ. He then would be well served, a vast expense would be spared, and the Turk might go tear his beard for very madness. So now I will stay at home, since the chaplain does not fetch me out; and if Jupiter is determined to withhold his rain, here am I, who will rain whenever I think proper--Goodman Basin will see that I understand him."

SANCHO PANZA AND THE DUCHESS.

SANCHO PANZA did not take his afternoon sleep, but in compliance with his promise went immediately after his dinner to see the duchess, who, being delighted to hear him talk, desired him to sit down by her on a stool, although Sancho, out of pure good manners, would have declined it; but the duchess told him that he must be seated as a governor and talk as a squire, since in both those capacities he deserved the very seat of the famous champion Cid Ruy Diaz. Sancho therefore submitted, and placed himself close by the duchess, while all her damsels and duennas drew near and stood in silent attention to hear the conversation. "Now that we are alone," said the duchess, "where nobody can overhear us, I wish Signor Governor would satisfy me as to certain doubts that have arisen from the printed history of the great Don Quixote: one of which is that as honest Sancho never saw Dulcinea—I mean the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso—nor delivered to her the letter of Don Quixote, which was left in the pocket-book in the Sierra Morena, I would be glad to know how he could presume to feign an answer to that letter, or assert that he found her win-

nowing wheat, which he must have known to be altogether false, and much to the prejudice of the peerless Dulcinea's character, as well as inconsistent with the duty and fidelity of a trusty squire."

At these words, without making any reply, Sancho got up from his stool, and with his body bent, and the tip of his forefinger on his lips, he stepped softly round the room, lifting up the hangings; this done, he sat himself down again, and said, "Now, madam, that I am sure nobody but the company present can hear us, I will answer, without fear, to all you ask of me. The first thing I tell you is that I take my master, Don Quixote, for a downright madman; and though sometimes he will talk in a way which, to my thinking, and in the opinion of all who hear him, is so much to the purpose that Satan himself could not speak better, yet, for all that, I believe him to be really and truly mad. Now, this being so, as in my mind it is, nothing is more easy than to make him believe anything, though it has neither head nor tail; like that affair of the answer to the letter, and another matter of some six or eight days' standing, which is not yet in print—I mean the enchantment of my mistress, Donna Dulcinea, for you must know I made him believe she was enchanted, though it was no more true than that the moon is a horn lantern."

The duchess desired him to tell her the particulars of that enchantment or jest; and Sancho recounted the whole exactly as it had passed, very much to the entertainment of his hearers. "From what honest Sancho has told me," said the duchess, "a certain scruple troubles me, and something whispers in my ear, saying, 'Since Don Quixote de la Mancha is such a lunatic and simpleton, surely Sancho Panza, his squire, who knows it, and yet follows and serves him, relying on his vain promises, must be more mad than his master! Now, this being the case, it will surely turn to bad account, lady duchess, if to such a Sancho Panza thou givest an island to govern; for how should he who rules himself so ill be able to govern others?'"

"Faith, madam," quoth Sancho, "that same scruple is an honest scruple, and need not speak in a whisper, but plain out, or as it lists, for I know it says true, and had I been wise, I should long since have left my master; but such is my lot, or such my evil-errantry, I cannot help it—follow him I must: we are both of the same town, I have eaten his bread, I love him, and he returns my love; he gave me his ass-colts; above all, I am faithful, so that nothing in the world can part us but the sexton's spade and shovel; and if your highness does not choose to give me the government you promised, God made me without it, and perhaps it may be all the better for my conscience if I do not get it; for, fool as I am, I understand the proverb, 'The pismire had wings to her sorrow;' and perhaps it may be easier for Sancho the squire to get to heaven than for Sancho the governor. They make as good bread here as in France, and by night all cats are gray; unhappy he who has not breakfasted at three; and no stomach is a span bigger than another, and may be filled, as they say, with straw or with hay. Of the little birds in the air, God himself takes care; and four yards of coarse cloth of Cuenza are warmer than as many of fine Segovia serge; and in traveling from this world to the next the road is no wider for the prince than the peasant. The Pope's body takes up no more room than that of the sexton, though a loftier person; for in the grave we must pack close together, whether we like it or not; so good night to all. And let me tell you again that if your highness will not give me the island because I am a fool, I will be wise enough not to care a fig for it. I have heard say the devil lurks behind the cross: all is not gold that glitters. From the plough-tail Bamba was raised to the throne of Spain, and from his riches and revels was Roderigo cast down to be devoured by serpents, if ancient ballads tell the truth."

"And how should they lie?" said the duenna Rodriguez, who was among the attendants. "I remember one that relates to a king named Roderigo, who was shut up all alive in a tomb full of toads, snakes and lizards; and how, after two days' imprisonment his voice was heard from the tomb, crying in a dolorous tone, 'Now they gnaw me, now they gnaw me, in the part by which I sinned the most!' And, according to this, the gentleman has much reason to say he would rather be a poor laborer than a king, to be devoured by such vermin."

The duchess was highly amused with Sancho's proverbs and philosophy, as well as the simplicity of her duenna. "My good knight Sancho knows full well," said she, "that the promise of a knight is held so sacred by him that he will perform it even at the expense of life. The duke, my lord and husband, though he is not of the errant order, is nevertheless a knight, and therefore will infallibly keep his word as to the promised government. Let Sancho, then, be of good cheer; for in spite of the envy and malice of the world, before he is aware of it he may find himself seated in the state chair of his island and territory, in full possession of a government for which he would refuse one of brocade three stories high. What I charge him is to take heed how he govern his vassals, and forget not that they are well born and of approved loyalty." "As to the matter of governing," answered Sancho, "let me alone for that. I am naturally charitable and good to the poor, and 'None shall dare the loaf to steal from him that sifts and kneads the meal.' By my beads! they shall put no false dice upon me. An old dog is not to be coaxed with a crust, and I know how to snuff my eyes and keep the cobwebs from them; for I can tell where the shoe pinches. All this I say to assure your highness that the good shall have me hand and heart, while the bad shall find neither one nor t'other. And as to governing well, the main point, in my mind, is to make a good beginning; and that being done, who knows but that by the time I have been fifteen days a governor, my fingers may get so nimble in the office that they will manage it better than the drudgery I was bred to in the field?"

"You are in the right, Sancho," quoth the duchess, "for everything needs time; men are not scholars at their birth, and bishops are made of men, not of stones. But to return to the subject we were just now upon, concerning the transformation of the Lady Dulcinea. I have reason to think that Sancho's artifice to deceive his master, and make him believe the peasant girl to be Dulcinea enchanted, was, in fact, all a contrivance of some one of the magicians who persecute Don

Quixote; for, really and in truth, I know from very good authority that the country wench who so lightly sprung from her ass was verily Dulcinea del Toboso herself, and that my good Sancho, in thinking he had deceived his master, was himself much more deceived; and there is no more doubt of this than of any other things that we never saw. For Signor Sancho Panza must know that here also we have our enchanters, who favor us and tell us faithfully all that passes in the world: and believe me, Sancho, the jumping wench was really Dulcinea, and is as certainly enchanted as the mother that bore her; and when we least expect it, we shall see her again in her own true shape: then will Sancho discover that it was he who has been imposed upon, and not his master."

"Well," quoth Sancho Panza, "if my lady be enchanted, so much the worse for her. I do not think myself bound to quarrel with my master's enemies, for they must needs be many and very wicked ones, too. Still I must say, and it cannot be denied, that she I saw was a country wench; a country wench at least I took her to be, and such I thought her; and if that same lass really happened to be Dulcinea, I am not to be called to account for it, nor ought it to be laid at my door. Sancho, truly, would have enough to do if he must answer for all, and at every turn to be told that Sancho said it, Sancho did it, Sancho came back, Sancho returned; as if Sancho were any body they pleased, and not that very Sancho Panza handed about in print all the world over, as Sampson Carrasco told me, who, at least, has been bachelorized at Salamanca; and such persons cannot lie, unless they have a mind to do so, or when it may turn to good account; so that there is no reason to meddle or make with me, since I have a good name, and, as I have heard my master say, a good name is better than bags of gold. Case me but in that same government, and you shall see wonders, for a good squire will make a good governor."

"Sancho speaks like an oracle," quoth the duchess; "but, as it grows late, go, Sancho, and repose yourself, and we will talk of these matters again hereafter, and orders shall speedily be given about casing you, as you call it, in the government."

SONG FROM DON QUIXOTE.

If woman's glass, why should we try
  Whether she can be broke, or no?
Great hazards in the trial lie,
  Because perchance she may be so.

Who that is wise such brittle ware
  Would careless dash upon the floor,
Which broken nothing can repair,
  Nor solder to its form restore?

In this opinion all are found,
  And reason vouches what I say,—
Wherever Danaës abound,
  There golden showers will make their way.

LOVE, FRIENDSHIP AND WAR.

This scene from the tragedy of "Numancia" exhibits Cervantes' skill in the classic drama. It relates to the siege of Numantia by the Romans under Scipio.

Morandro. Why so swiftly art thou flying?
    Go not, Lira,—let me still
    Taste what may my spirit fill
  With glad life, even while I'm dying.
  Lira, let mine eyes awhile
    Gaze upon thy loveliness;
    Since so deep is my distress,
  Thus it would its pangs beguile.
O sweetest Lyre, that soundest so,
  Forever in my phantasy,
  With such delicious harmony,
It turns to glory all my woe!
What now? What stand'st thou mutely thinking?
  Thou of my thought the only treasure!
Lira. I'm thinking how thy dream of pleasure,
And mine, so fast away is sinking:
It will not fall beneath the hand
Of him who wastes our native land;
For long or e'er the war be o'er,
My hapless life will be no more.
Mor. Joy of my soul, what hast thou said?

Lira. That I am worn with hunger so,
That quickly will the o'erpowering woe
For ever break my vital thread.
What bridal rapture dost thou dream
From one at such a sad extreme?
For, trust me, ere an hour be past,
I fear I shall have breathed my last.
My brother fainted yesterday,
By wasting hunger overborne;
And then my mother, all outworn
By hunger, slowly sunk away.
And if my health can struggle yet
With hunger's cruel power, in truth
It is because my stronger youth
Its wasting force hath better met.
But now so many a day hath passed,
Since aught I've had its powers to strengthen,
It can no more the conflict lengthen,
But it must faint and fail at last.
Mor. Lira, dry thy weeping eyes;
But, ah! let mine, my love, the more
Their overflowing rivers pour,
Wailing thy wretched agonies.
But though thou still art held in strife
With hunger thus incessantly,
Of hunger still thou shalt not die,
So long as I retain my life.
I offer here, from yon high wall,
To leap o'er ditch and battlement:
Thy death one instant to prevent,
I fear not on mine own to fall:
The bread the Roman eateth now
I'll snatch away, and bear to thee;
For, Oh, 'tis worse than death to see,
Lady, thy dreadful state of woe!
Lira. Thou speakest like a lover:—still,
Morandro, surely, 'twere not good
That I should find a joy in food
For which thy life-blood thou may'st spill.
But little will that succor be,
Whate'er of booty thou canst make;
While thou a surer way dost take

To lose thyself, than win for me.
Enjoy thou still thy youthful prime,
  In fresh and blooming years elate:
  My life is nothing to the state,—
Thine, everything at such a time.
Its noblest bulwark thou canst be
  Against the fierce and crafty foe:
  What can the feeble prowess do
Of such a wretched maid as me?

Mor. Vainly thou laborest for my stay!
  Lira, in vain thou hold'st me still!
  Thither, like some glad sign, my will
Invites and hurries me away.
But thou the while with earnest prayer
  Beseech the gods to send me home
  With spoil, that may delay thy doom
Of misery, and my despair.

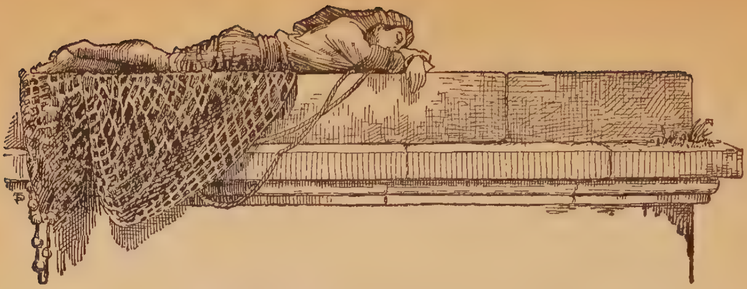
Lira. My dearest friend, thou shalt not go!
  Morandro,—lo! even now before
  Mine eyes, ensanguined with thy gore,
I see the falchion of the foe.
Seek not this desperate deed of war!
  Joy of my life, Morandro, stay!
  If peril waits thy onward way,
Return will be more perilous far.
Thy rashness could I but repress,
  I call the Heavens to witness here
  That for the loss of thee I fear,—
I reck not of mine own distress.
But if, dear friend, it still must be,
  Thou still wilt run thy fatal race,
  Take as a pledge this fond embrace,
And feel that I am still with thee.

Mor. Be Heaven thy close companion still,
  Lira!—Behold Leoncio near!

Lira. Without the dreadful loss I fear,
May'st thou thy frantic wish fulfil! [*Exit Lira.*

Leoncio. A fearful offer hast thou made, Morandro,—
And clearly hast thou shown, the enamored heart
Knows not of cowardice. Though of thy virtue
And most rare valor there might well be hope,
I fear the unhappy Fates will still be jealous.

Attentively I heard the sad extremity
To which thy Lira said she was reduced,—
Unworthy, truly, of her lofty worth!—
And heard thy noble promise to deliver her
From her o'erpowering grief, and cast thyself
With bold assault upon the Roman army;
And I, good friend, would bear thee company,
In thy so noble and perilous exploit,
With all my feeble powers to succor thee.
Mor. O my soul's half! O most adventurous friendship,
Still undivided even in toil and danger,
As in most glad prosperity!—Leoncio,
Do thou enjoy thy precious life,—remain
Within the city,—for I will not be
The murderer of thy green and tender years.
Alone I'm fixed to go,—alone I hope
Here to return, with spoil well merited
By my inviolate faith and love sincere.
Leon. Since thou hast known, Morandro, all my wishes
Blended with thine in good or evil fortune,
Thou know'st that fear of death will ne'er divide us,—
Nor aught, if aught there be, more terrible.
With thee I'm fixed to go,—and home with thee
Shall I return, if Heaven hath not ordained
That I remain and perish, rescuing thee.
Mor. O stay, my friend, and I will bless the hour!
For should I lose my life in this adventure
Of darkest peril, then wilt thou be able
To be a comfort to my woful mother,
And to my spouse, so fervently beloved.
Leon. In truth, my friend, thou art most bountiful,
To think, when thou art dead, of my remaining
In such calm quiet and tranquillity,
That I should fill the place of comforter
To thy sad mother and most wretched wife!
Since that thy death most surely will be mine,
I'm fixed to follow thee at this dark time
Of doubt and peril,—thus it must be, friend!
Morandro, speak no word of my remaining.
Mor. Then, since I cannot shake thy steadfast purpose
Of sallying with me,—at the dead dark night
We'll issue.



PORTUGUESE LITERATURE.

PERIOD I. 1200–1600 A.D.

ALTHOUGH for nearly seven and a half centuries Portugal has boasted a national existence independent of its neighbor, it has been overshadowed by the grander achievements of the Spanish sword and pen. Its language was slowly evolved from the Galician branch of the mother tongue which, in Spain, gave way to the Castilian ; in the provinces which became Portugal, by shedding much of the Moorish element and taking on features from the French, it acquired its present structure and mellifluous characteristics. The people were, in its earliest period, devoted to pastoral life in the interior, while the coast-dwellers pursued seamanship and commerce. They saw more of strange peoples than did the Castilians, and this intercourse broadened their sympathies and softened prejudices which still mark the character of the typical Spaniard. To Alfonso the Wise, of Spain, 1221–1284, belongs the credit of promoting, if not of establishing the dialect, improved by Provençal and Italian accretions, which gradually crystallized into Portuguese.

Portuguese literature begins with the close of the twelfth century, when the deeds and the amours of the knightly founders of the nation's independence were sung by the wandering minstrels. King Dionysius, Dom Diniz, whose period was from 1279 to 1325, caused the collection of the songs, Cancioneros, which bear his name, many of which he is believed to have written. That he took a real interest in letters is evidenced by his removal of the university from Lisbon to Coimbra, for its good, in 1308. His collection is the earliest literary product extant. The ballads and poems bear the Provençal mint-mark which influenced Galician poetry so strongly. The fourteenth century saw the unimpeded development of this school of poetry by the troubadours who flocked to the courts of Portugal and Spain.

Not until the fifteenth century was wearing to its close did there arise a literature worthy to be claimed as national. Great enterprises were being carried to success by native captains, conquests of towns were effected in Africa, the Cape of Good Hope was doubled by Bartolomeo Diaz, Vasco da Gama made the course to India, soon to be the seat of a Portuguese colony, and the source of the vast enrichment of the mother country. These were deeds for genius to chronicle, and in due time Camoëns came to match his country's material conquests with a triumph of intellectual might. But the poetry of sentiment again preceded that of the epic chronicle. The best-known poet of this time was Macias, fondly spoken of as the Enamored, *el Enamorado.* The Spanish scholar-knight, Enrique de Aragon, Marqués de Villena, had in his train this Galician Macias, a poet inferior to himself, but an equally valiant bearer of arms against the Moors. The fame of Macias pertains to his personal history rather than to his verse, but is worth recording here, as his name will frequently be met with in the writings of Spanish poets and dramatists, even of our own day. He became enamored, about 1420, of a lady in the household of the Marquis, who, sad to say, was compelled to marry another, whether against her will does not appear, but it is fitting to suppose so. Macias could not accept this rebuff, so he continued to protest his undiminished affection as before, for which he was clapped into prison. But "stone walls do not a prison make" for love-lorn poets of the true type, and he persevered in sending her more ardent Galician love-songs, in which he avowed that the pains of durance were trivial compared with the agonies of separation from her. At last the enraged husband flung his battle-axe through the window of the cell, putting an end at one stroke to the songs and the singer. What of his verses remain indicate that he was a better lover than poet, but his luckless story grew to be a favorite romance, and his name became a proverb, symbolizing love at its divinest pitch. Over his tomb in St. Catherine's Church, Lisbon, hangs that ancient axe with these words on it, "Here lies Macias the Enamored."

Another eminent name is that of Bernardim Ribeyro, whose muse took the pastoral form, and his lyrical portrayals of his lady-love, believed to have been a daughter of his patron, King Emanuel, in the guise of a shepherdess, are still prized. The blending of the distinctive Italian manner into the native poetry is held to have been the work of Saa de Miranda, a romantic and scholarly poet and dramatist, whose date is 1495–1558. A number of minor writers enrich this period with verse of a quality more graceful than strong or original. Jorge de Montemayor chose to employ Castilian rather than his native language, when he composed his famous pastoral novel, "Diana Enamorada," which he published in Madrid in 1545. This, like the "Amadis di Gaula," is a Portuguese production, credited to Spain.

For its drama Portugal depended on Italian and Spanish writers. The earliest dramatist of note is Gil Vicente (1490–1556), who wrote some of his works in his own tongue, and some in part Portuguese, part Castilian. He produced religious plays, comedies, tragi-comedies, and farces, none of them evincing genius, and but few true art. The name of Ferreira is associated chiefly with his tragedy of "Ignez de Castro," which won universal praise before the author's death in 1569. Another writer, both of verse and prose, in the latter half of the sixteenth century, was Rodriguez Lobo, who successfully ridiculed the prevalent tendency to exaggerated mannerisms. Among the remaining prose writers of the century the more notable are the historian Barros, who died in 1571, whose account of the settlement in India is the best of the time; Bernardo de Brito, historian of Portugal; the missionary Vieira penned bold defences of the rights of the conquered natives of India, and of the persecuted Jews in Portugal, so bold that the author was twice haled before the Inquisition. His vigorous style, and that of Jacinto de Andrade, in his "Life of Juan de Castro," are held to be models of early Portuguese prose.

BERNARDIM RIBEYRO.

RIBEYRO was the first Portuguese writer to gain reputation as a pastoral poet. He flourished between 1495 and 1520. He studied law and entered the service of the king. In his five eclogues he gave expression to his hopeless love for a lady of the court, conjectured to have been a daughter of the king. Yet he was afterwards happily married to another lady. He is credited also with the production of an unfinished pastoral romance, "Menina e Moca," "The Innocent Maiden." The elevation of its style and its impassioned sentiment made it a model for future works in Spanish as well as Portuguese.

THE WOES OF A LOVER.

O WRETCHED lover! whither flee?
What refuge from the ills I bear?
None to console me, or to free,
And none with whom my griefs to share!
Sad, to the wild waves of the sea
I tell the tale of my despair,
In broken accents, passion-fraught,
As wandering by some rocky steep,
I teach the echoes how to weep
In dying strains, strains dying Love hath taught.

There is not one of all I loved
But failed me in my suffering hour,
And saw my silent tears unmoved.
Soon may these throbbing griefs o'erpower
Both life and love, so Heaven approved!
For she hath bade me hope no more.
I would not wish her such a doom:
No! though she break this bruised heart,
I could not wish her so to part
From all she loved, to seek, like me, the tomb.

How long these wretched days appear,
Consumed in vain and weak desires,
Imagined joys that end in fear,
And baffled hopes and wild Love's fires!
At last, then, let me cease to bear
The lot my sorrowing spirit tires!

For length of days fresh sorrow brings:
  I meet the coming hours with grief,—
  Hours that can bring me no relief,
But deeper anguish on their silent wings.

FRANCISCO DE SAA DE MIRANDA.

MANY poets of Portugal wrote in Castilian as well as in their native dialect. Among these was Saa de Miranda, whose best eclogues are in Spanish. He was born at Coimbra in 1495, studied law at its University, and traveled in Spain and Italy. On his return he was attached to the court, but having given offence to a powerful lady, retired to his estate. Though his wife had no beauty, he was so devoted to her that when she died he was plunged in the deepest melancholy. He neglected his person, and never left his house except to go to church. He died in 1558. An able Portuguese critic compares him to Boileau, and pronounces him to have been "the true father of his country's poetry, and one of the greatest men of his age."

THE NAMELESS CHARM.

I KNOW not, lady, by what nameless charm
  Those looks, that voice, that smile, have each the power
  Of kindling loftier thoughts, and feelings more
Resolved and high. Even in your silence, warm,
Soft accents seem my sorrows to disarm;
  And when with tears your absence I deplore,
  Where'er I turn, your influence, as before,
Pursues me, in your voice, your eye, your form.
Whence are those mild and mournful sounds I hear,
  Through every land, and on the pathless sea?
  Is it some spirit of air or fire, from thee,
Subject to laws I move by and revere,
  Which, lighted by thy glance, can ne'er decay?—
  But what I know not, why attempt to say?

SUNSET.

As now the sun glows broader in the west,
  Birds cease to sing, and cooler breezes blow,
  And from yon rocky heights hoarse waters flow,
Whose music wild chases the thoughts of rest;
With mournful fancies and deep cares oppressed,
  I gaze upon this fleeting worldly show,
  Whose vain and empty pomps like shadows go,

Or swift as light sails o'er the ocean's breast.
Day after day, hope after hope, expires!
  Here once I wandered, 'mid these shades and flowers,
  Along these winding banks and greenwood bowers,
Filled with the wild-bird's song, that never tires:
  Now all seems mute,—all fled! But these shall live,
  And bloom again: alone unchanged, I grieve.

EPISTLE TO KING JOHN.

GREAT king of kings, one single day,
  One hour of yours, in idle mood
Should I consume, it would betray,
That, guiltily, I did not pay
  Due reverence to the general good.

For in a distant hemisphere,
  Where other stars gem other skies,
Nations of various form and cheer,—
  By God till now hid from our eyes,—
Submiss, your mandates wait to hear.

You in all subject hearts abide,
  O monarch powerful as just,—
You who will knots the hardest tied
Untangle, or with sword divide,—
  Great living law in whom we trust!

Where men are, Covetise is ever;
  All she bewilders, all deceives;
Less foiled by Justice's firm endeavor,
  The web that fraudful Malice weaves,
Or to unravel or dissever.

. . . .

Your ships that boldly navigate,
  Sailing this solid globe around,
'Midst their discoveries, no state
  Ungoverned by some king have found.
What were a headless body's fate?

Kingdoms confessing two kings' right
  Inevitable ills o'erwhelm.
Earth from one sun receives her light,

One God upholds her by his might:
One monarch only suits one realm.

. . . .

With privileges high as these,
Conscientiously should kings beware
Of looks deceptive, arts to please,
Practiced their justice to ensnare,
And cobweb laws to break with ease.

Who cannot 'gainst the law prevail
By force, or art, or favor, Sire,
Is deemed in interest to fail:
If valueless at public sale,
None will to favoritism aspire.

. . . .

The man who bears a single mind,
A single face, a single truth,
Uptorn, not bent, by stormiest wind,
For all besides on earth's designed;
But for a courtier,—no, in sooth!

LUIS DE CAMOËNS.

THE one great poet of Portugal was Luis de Camoëns, who ranks by common consent among the illustrious poets of Europe. He was born in 1524, son of a gentleman of high culture and descent. His uncle was Chancellor of the University of Coimbra, through which he passed with honors. He fell in love with Catarina de Attayda, one of the ladies of honor to the Queen, but his suit was refused by her friends on the ground of disparity in rank. After a period of wild regret Camoëns joined the army and lost an eye at the siege of Ceuta. For three or four years he lived a gay life, which was interrupted by his imprisonment for his share in a fracas. On his pledge to sail for India on board the "San Benito" he was liberated, apostrophizing his native land for its inhospitality in the words of Scipio Africanus: "Ungrateful country, thou shalt not possess my bones!"

Various versions exist of the doings of Camoëns while in India. On his arrival at Goa he was despatched on more than one expedition, the last being virtual banishment to China. For having written a satire against the government he was deported to the island of Macao, near Canton, where he stayed five years. A natural cave is shown in the highest part of the rocks, called the "Grotto of Camoëns." Here he is said to have composed the first six cantos of his great poem. New troubles led to the poet's expulsion from Macao, and he lost all his possessions, excepting the manuscript of the Lusiad, by shipwreck on his way back to Goa. Here misfortune still pursued, as Camoëns was once more cast into jail for debt. On his release he sailed for Portugal, from which he had been absent sixteen years. A friend wrote thus of him: "Here we encountered that prince of poets, my fellow-sailor and friend, Luis de Camoëns, so poor that he lived upon his acquaintance, who found him necessary clothing and gladly gave him to eat." The plague was raging and people were in no mood to do homage to genius in rags. The king was prevailed on to accept the dedication of the Lusiad in 1570, and gave the poet the munificent reward of a small pension. A native Indian had attached himself as servant-comrade to the poet, and the pair were reduced to live upon what this attendant could beg at night. In 1578 the king fell in his expedition against Morocco, and his death ended the royal house of Portugal. The nation suffered humiliation and disaster, and, all unhonored and unsung, its prince of poets went down to as bitter a doom, dying in a Lisbon hospital in 1579, of a raging fever, without a sheet to cover his corpse.

His masterpiece, which he called *Os Lusiadas*, the Lusitanians or Portuguese, is known in English as the Lusiad, a title which places it alongside the Iliad as a national epic. He sings his country, her women and men, her exploits, her triumphs and greatness. The passage to India, the discovery of the Cape, and all the noble achievements of his countrymen are woven into this massive epic, which is occasionally grotesque, because of the poet's fondness for introducing deities from the Greek mythology to co-operate with the warriors and sea-dogs of Portugal. A noble poem, truly, with all its faults, fully warranting the national pride in it, though it was conceived and completed in exile, before its creator realized how chilling a reception awaited his country's Homer, whom posterity was to crown with all fruitless fame. Little wonder that his minor poems, rich in thought and workmanship, sing themselves into the heart in a monotoned minor key.

IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

DOM PEDRO, the wayward son of Alfonso the Proud, King of Portugal, became infatuated with the beautiful Ignez (or Inez) de Castro, called "Heron's Neck," who was said to be illegitimate. She had been his mistress for several years before they were publicly married in 1354. The enemies of the Castro family persuaded the aged king to consent to the death of Ignez, who was murdered by three nobles. Dom Pedro rebelled against his father, but was conciliated by a share in the government. When he became king in 1357, he exacted vengeance on the murderers, who were given up by his nephew, the King of Castile. To testify his undying affection he caused the corpse of his beloved to be solemnly crowned and enthroned, while the assembled nobility paid homage.

BEAUTIFUL Ignez, from the world apart,
  In sweet fruition of thy youthful years,
While soft Mondego, as he stole athwart
  Thy path, was brighten'd with thy happy tears,
Trusting that dear illusion of the heart
  Which soon by Fortune's malice disappears,
Thou wert in whispers teaching hill and grove
The name engraven in thy breast by Love.

And faithfully thy prince's heart replied;
  Deep in his soul was tenderness as true;
And e'en when absence to his sight denied
  Thy lovely eyes, he held thee still in view;
By night in vivid dreams that sweetly lied,
  By day in thoughts that ever round thee flew:

And all his thoughts and visions fancy-free
Were one delightful memory of thee.

Illustrious beauties, dames of princely race,
  In vain aspired to wed the royal heir;
True love, the slave of one bewitching face,
  Can see no other that is half so fair.
The wary king, embarrass'd with the case,
  And of his people's discontent aware,
Look'd on this passion with an old man's eye,
And doomed the enchantress of his son to die.

The light extinguish'd of those eyes adored,
  So might the prince's fantasy expire:
As if the blood of innocence out-pour'd
  Could slake an inextinguishable fire!
What fury could consent that the keen sword
  Which all the weight could bear of Moslem ire,
Should serve so savage and so mean a part
Against a weak, defenceless woman's heart?

Grim emissaries dragg'd her to the king,
  Who seeing, pitied: but around him stood
His demons, an inexorable ring
  Of false accusers, clamorous for blood.
She, while her lips in prayer were quivering,
  Prayer wrung from yearning love's solicitude
For those whom she must leave, her sons, her lord,
Whose grief cut deeper than the dreaded sword;

With piteous, tearful eyes, beseeching gazed
  Upon the crystal firmament awhile;
Her eyes alone, not hands, to heaven were raised,
  Restrain'd by one of the tormentors vile—
Then cast upon her infant sons amazed,
  Orphans so soon to be, a fearful smile,
And, all the mother in her heart on fire,
She thus addressed the father of their sire:

"If savage brutes by instinct taught to slay,
  By Nature's self instructed not to spare;
If vagrant birds that hovering watch for prey,
  Or chase their quarry through the yielding air;

Touch'd with compassion, have been known to pay
  To babes forsaken all a nurse's care
(Witness Semiramis, a desert-child,
And Rome's twin-founders suckled in the wild):

"O thou, whose looks are human, if indeed
  Out of a human breast the thought could start,
That dooms a woman, young and weak, to bleed,
  Only for having won her conqueror's heart,
Look on his babes! their innocence may plead,
  Blind to the hapless mother's as thou art;
Though, pitiless, her death thou would'st decrée,
Behold these infants and commiserate me.

"And if thou knowest on thy foe the Moor
  To deal avenging death by glaive and fire.
Know too the strength of mercy, and restore
  Life unto one who merits not thine ire.
Or cast me forth on some terrific shore,
  If innocence deserve a fate so dire,
To freeze in Scythia or in Libya burn,
A weeping exile never to return.

"Place me where cruelty is nature's law,
  With lions and with tigers: I may then
Learn whether woman's misery can awe
  Wild beasts to mercy sought in vain of men.

There, with the will that love alone can draw
  I'll rear my young, their nursery a den:
True to the last to him for whom I die,
Sad solace of a mother's agony."

The king was moved; those touching words inclined
  His heart the cruel sentence to repeal;
But fierce accusers turn'd his wavering mind,
  And her own destiny inflamed their zeal.
Forth leap the glittering swords of men who find
  Pretext for murder in the public weal.
Out on ye, ruffians; swords against a dame!
Oh, unexampled butchers, knighthood's shame!

On mild Polyxena, the young and fair,
  And last fond comfort of a mother old,
As ruthless Pyrrhus rush'd with weapon bare,
  That so Achilles' shade might be consoled:
While she, with eyes whose beauty charm'd the air,
  Meek as a lamb devoted from the fold,
Gazed on her parent frantic with the woe,
And unresisting took the fatal blow:

On Ignez thus the brute assassins fall;
  The distant vengeance startles not their fears;
They dye their swords—and the white flowers that all
  Beneath her yet were trembling from her tears—
With blood of her white neck; the column tall
  Of that fair head whose charms in after years
Pursued her lover still, a haunting fate,
Until he crown'd her corpse his queenly mate.

Well mightest thou, O Sun! at such a sight
  Thy course that day indignant have reversed;
As once recoil'd thy horror-stricken light
  From vengeful Atreus and the feast accursed.
Ye hollow vales, that shudder'd with affright,
  The last shrill cry that from her anguish burst,
Her Pedro's name, invoked in death, ye heard,
And all your echoes trembled with the word.

As when a girl to prank her glossy hair,
  Caught with the morning lustre of a flower,

Some tender bud surpassing rich and rare,
Plucks in her haste, it withers in an hour,—
So perished Ignez for a face too fair,
Bending beneath of death the ruthless power;
Gone from her cheek the hues that played at strife,
The white, the red, gone, gone with her sweet life.

Mondego's Naiads, long disconsolate,
Wept in remembrance of their Ignez dead,
And, for eternal memory of her fate,
Changed to a crystal spring the tears they shed.
That spring, from Ignez' loves and hapless state,
"The Fount of Love" they named by pity led.
Think how the flowers around that fountain gleam,
Where tears the waters are and Love the name.

THE CHANGE OF SEASONS.

FLOWERS are fresh, and bushes green;
Cheerily the linnets sing;
Winds are soft, and skies serene:
Time, however, soon shall throw
Winter's snow
O'er the buxom breast of Spring.

Hope that buds in lover's heart
Lives not through the scorn of years;
Time makes Love itself depart;
Time and scorn congeal the mind;
Looks unkind
Freeze Affection's warmest tears.

Time shall make the bushes green,
Time dissolve the winter snow,
Winds be soft, and skies serene,
Linnets sing their wonted strain:
But again
Blighted Love shall never blow!

LIFE'S ENIGMA.

I SAW the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumbered woes;
And he was poor,—without a friend,—
Pressed by a thousand foes.

I saw the Passions' pliant slave
In gallant trim, and gay;
His course was Pleasure's placid wave,—
His life, a summer's day.

And I was caught in Folly's snare,
And joined her giddy train,—
But found her soon the nurse of Care,
And Punishment, and Pain.

There surely is some guiding power
Which rightly suffers wrong,—
Gives Vice to bloom its little hour,—
But Virtue, late and long.

The Joy of Night.

When day has smiled a soft farewell,
And night-drops bathe each shutting bell,
And shadows sail along the green,
And birds are still and winds serene,
I wander silently.

And while my lone step prints the dew,
Dear are the dreams that bless my view:
To Memory's eye the maid appears,
For whom have sprung my sweetest tears,
So oft, so tenderly!

I see her, as with graceful care
She binds her braids of sunny hair;
I feel her harp's melodious thrill
Strike to my heart, and thence be still
Re-echoed faithfully.

I meet her mild and quiet eye,
Drink the warm spirit of her sigh,
See young Love beating in her breast,
And wish to mine its pulses pressed,—
God knows how fervently!

Such are my hours of dear delight;
And morn but makes me long for night,
And think how swift the minutes flew,
When last amongst the dropping dew
I wandered silently.

THE POET'S RETROSPECT.

'TIS done! by human hopes and human aid
Abandoned, and unpitied left to mourn,
I weep o'er all my wrongs; o'er friends fast sworn,
Whose friendship but betrayed,
But whose firm hatred not so soon decayed.
The land that witnessed my return,
The land I loved above all lands on earth,
Twice cast me like a weed away;
And the world left me to the storm a prey:
While the sweet airs I first drank at my birth,
My native airs, once round me wont to blow,
No more were doomed to fan the exile's feverish brow.

O strange, unhappy sport of mortal things!
To live, yet live in vain;
Bereft of all that Nature's bounty brings,
That life to sweeten or sustain;
Doomed still to draw my painful breath,
Though borne so often to the gates of death.
For, ah, not mine—like the glad mariner
To his long-wished-for home restored at last,
Telling his chances to his babes, and her
Whose hope had ceased—to paint misfortunes past:
Through the dread deep my bark, still onward borne,
As the fierce waves drive o'er it tempest-torn,
Speeds 'midst strange horrors to its fatal bourn.

Yet shall not storms or flattering calms delude
My voyage more; no mortal port is mine:
So may the Sovereign Ruler of the flood
Quell the loud surge, and with a voice divine
Hush the fierce tempest of my soul to rest,—
The last dear hope of the distressed,
And the lost voyager's last unerring sign.
But man—weak man!—will ever fondly cast
A forward glance on beckoning forms of bliss;
And when he deems the beauteous vision his,
Grasps but the painful memory of the past.

In tears my bread is steeped; the cup I drain
  Is filled with tears, that never cease to flow,
Save when with dreams of pleasure short and vain
  I chase the conscious pangs of present woe.

A Stormy Life.

Few years I number,—years of anxious care,
  Sad hours and seasons of unceasing woe;
  My fifth short lustre saw my youth laid low:
So soon was overcast life's morning fair!
Far lands and seas I roamed, some hope to share
  Of solace for the cares that stamped my brow:
  But they, whom fortune fails, in vain bestow
Stern toils, and imminent hazards vainly dare.
Beside Alanquer first my painful breath
  I drew, 'midst pleasant fields of fruits and flowers;
    But fate hath driven me on, and dooms that here
These wretched limbs be rendered up to death,
  A prey to monsters of the sea, where lowers
    The Abyssinian steep, far from my country dear.

Life's Woes.

What is there left in this vain world to crave,
  To love, to see, more than I yet have seen?
  Still wearying cares, disgusts and coldness, spleen,
Hate, and despair, and death, whose banners wave
Alike o'er all! Yet, ere I reach the grave,
  'Tis mine to learn, no woes nor anguish keen
  Hasten the hour of rest; woes that have been,
And worse to come, if worse, 'tis mine to brave.
I hold the future frowns of fate in scorn;
  Against them all hath death a stern relief
Afforded, since my best-loved friend was torn
  From this sad breast. In life I find but grief;
By death with deepest woe my heart was riven:
For this alone I drew the breath of heaven!

Love at Church.

Sweetly was heard the anthem's choral strain,
  And myriads bowed before the sainted shrine,
  In solemn reverence to their Sire Divine,

Who gave the Lamb, for guilty mortals slain:
When, in the midst of God's eternal fane,—
Ah, little weening of his fell design!—
Love bore the heart, which since hath ne'er been mine,
To one who seemed of Heaven's elected train!
For sanctity of place or time were vain
'Gainst that blind archer's soul-consuming power,
Which scorns, and soars all circumstance above.
O lady! since I 've worn thy gentle chain,
How oft have I deplored each wasted hour,
When I was free, and had not learned to love!

Death of Catarina de Attayda.

Those charming eyes, within whose starry sphere
Love whilom sat, and smiled the hours away,—
Those braids of light, that shamed the beams of day,—
That hand benignant, and that heart sincere,—
Those virgin cheeks, which did so late appear
Like snow-banks scattered with the blooms of May,
Turned to a little cold and worthless clay,
Are gone, for ever gone, and perished here,—
But not unbathed by Memory's warmest tear!
Death! thou hast torn, in one unpitying hour,
That fragrant plant, to which, while scarce a flower,
The mellower fruitage of its prime was given:
Love saw the deed,—and, as he lingered near,
Sighed o'er the ruin, and returned to heaven!

GERMAN LITERATURE.

PERIOD II. 1300–1500 A.D.

MENTION has already been made of the Minnesingers (Love-singers) who arose in the twelfth century and flourished for about two hundred years, and some specimens of their work have been given.* Among the chief representatives of this class were Walther von der Vogelweide, Wolfram von Eschenbach, Gottfried von Neifen and Tannhäuser. As the Minnesong rose with the accession of the House of Hohenstaufen to the imperial throne, so did its decline come with the fall of that dynasty and the accession of the House of Hapsburg. In its palmy days kings and nobles made it their pastime. But now the nobles were too much occupied with petty strifes and jealousies, and struggles to free themselves from the power of the crown. Chivalry declined, and the national literature fell into the hands of the common people. Instead of being kings and noble knights, the poets were now clerks, schoolmasters and mechanics. One of them called "The Chancellor," was a fisherman of Steiermark; Regenbog, one of the "twelve old masters," was a smith at Mentz, and in his stanzas often laments having left a good trade by which he could earn an honest livelihood, for what the spirit of the age had made an unprofitable calling.

The cities had become a powerful element in the state, and poetry, such as it was, driven from the mansions of the great, sought those busy centres of life, and took up its abode in the homes and workshops of citizens and mechanics.

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* See Vol. I., pp. 294–309.

In fact it became one of the incorporated trades, and burghers obtained the freedom of it as of any other corporation. The humble bards of this transition period are little known to us except by their names, which are more suggestive than prepossessing: Amker and Hell Fire, Old Stoll and Young Stoll, Strong Bopp, Dang Brotscheim and Peter Pfort. These honest men had no literary training, the exigencies of their daily employment left them but little leisure to cultivate a literary style, and but few of them were acquainted with any great model. They formed themselves into guilds of poetry, and made their verses as they made their clothes and their carts, by a set of guild rules. The prefix "master" does not denote excellence in music and metre, but has reference to the trade guilds, whose members were classified as masters, journeymen and apprentices. In order to become a master, the applicant had to submit himself for examination by the judges under the code of rules. The examination was conducted with great solemnity. When the candidate had complied with the prescribed rules and regulations, he received a silver chain and a badge bearing a representation of David playing on the harp. He then had the privilege of employing and teaching an apprentice.

One of the oldest seats of the Mastersong was at Mentz. Frauenlob (Praise-the-Ladies) wrote here in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and had a number of apprentices. Other schools of the same kind were established in the cities along the Rhine after the Reformation. Nestler von Speier caused a break in the old school at Mentz and succeeded in establishing others in the interior of the country. Folz, the barber, sided with Speier in the conflict with Mentz and founded a new school at Nuremberg, which henceforth became the Athens of the incorporated poets. The most noted master of this school was Hans Sachs, the "Nuremberg Shoemaker." With the rise of classical culture and the development of new poetic ideas, the Mastersingers gradually disappeared from view. But in secluded towns they still existed during the eighteenth century. The last was the versifying school at Ulm, which was formally dissolved by the twelve masters in 1839.

When the knightly Minnesingers gave place to the mechanical Mastersingers, lyric and epic poetry yielded to metrical tales whose object was merely to entertain or to satirize. There sprang up also what are called the Beast-Epics. These are partly due to the Bestiaries, which monks had diligently compiled from Pliny and other sources. In these were described in quaint style the strange animals of the East, especially those mentioned in the Bible, but partly some purely fabulous creatures, as the phœnix and the griffin. The allegorizing spirit of the times led to the appending of suitable "morals" to the several descriptions. But these improvements soon passed into satire. The Æsopic fables, which had migrated from India to Greece, thence to Italy, thence to Northern France, gave the hint for a series of connected stories. The fable of the sick Lion and the Fox physician was probably the germ of Reineke Fuchs (Reynard the Fox), which has passed through several forms since it was first dignified as a Latin epic, "Isengrimus," by Nivardus of Ghent, in the twelfth century. In Goethe's half-epic, half-satirical hexameters the mediæval spirit has been in some measure restored.

TANNHÄUSER.

One of the most prominent Middle High German lyric poets of the thirteenth century has become the subject of a myth. He belonged, it is said, to the Salzburg family of Tanhusen. From about 1240 to 1270 this Tannhäuser led a wandering life as a minstrel at the Bavarian, Austrian and other courts, and even visited the far East. His poems were chiefly dance songs. It was probably on this account that the legend should attach itself to this romantic Minnesinger. A German ballad of the sixteenth century, which is still preserved, shows the blending of this historical with the mythical Tannhäuser. This ballad describes his parting with Lady Venus, with whom he has been for a year at Venusberg. He makes a visit of penance to Rome and asks for absolution, but Pope Urban, who holds a dry staff in his hand, declares that not till that staff shall grow green, can Tannhäuser have God's mercy. In despair the pilgrim departs.

But on the third day thereafter the staff begins miraculously to bud, and the Pope sends messengers in hot chase of Tannhäuser in all directions, but the Minnesinger cannot be found.

Mediæval tradition declared that Frau Holda (the Teutonic Venus) dwelt in a cave in the Hörselberg, in Thuringia, where she was known as Frau Venus, and was considered as an enchantress who lured mortals into her realm and detained them there forever, steeping their senses in all manner of sensual pleasures. Tannhäuser proved her most famous victim, since he escaped. After the Pope's sentence, however, Tannhäuser was crushed with grief. Finding no rest, he returned to the Hörselberg, where he re-entered the cave in spite of the entreaties of his German Mentor, the faithful Eckhardt. Episodes of Tannhäuser's legend, as they agree with this old version, have been poetized by Owen Meredith (Lord Lytton), from whom we quote.

Wagner has exalted this old legend into a sublime moral drama in his opera of "Tannhäuser." It was in 1829, when Wagner was only sixteen years old, that he first became acquainted, through Hoffmann's novels, with the story of the song of the Master singers of Nuremberg and with the mediæval legend of Tannhäuser, as versified by Ludwig Tieck. A chance mention of the Sängerkrieg of the Wartburg (Battle of the Bards of Wartburg) made him trace the legend as far back as possible, and in doing so he came across an old poem of Lohengrin and read Eschenbach's "Titurel" and "Parzival." which were to serve as the basis for two other great music dramas. Wagner's sketch of "Tannhäuser" was completed at Teplitz, in 1841. Wagner's opera opens by revealing the erring Tannhäuser in the charmed grotto of Venus, who gently seeks to beguile the discontented knight, while nymphs, loves, bacchantes, and lovers whirl about in voluptuous mazes or pose in ravishing attitudes. Tannhäuser is, however, wrapped in sadness. He has an intense longing to revisit the earth. In vain Venus seeks to dazzle him by casting a glamour over his senses. Intoxicated by her charms Tannhäuser tunes his lyre and bursts forth into a song extolling her beauty and fascination, but ends by entreating her to release him from his thraldom. Venus haughtily dismisses her slave, warning him that he returns to earth in vain, as he has forfeited all chance of salvation by lingering with her throughout the year.

Suddenly the grotto fades, and Tannhäuser finds himself standing in stunned meditation upon the hillside, near the highroad and the shrine of the Virgin, within sight of Wartburg castle, where he had formerly won many a prize. A band of pilgrims come slowly into view, clad in penitential robes and chanting a solemn psalm for forgiveness as they wend on their way to Rome. Tannhäuser sinks before the Virgin's shrine in prayer, and is thus discovered by the Landgrave and his minstrel knights. Wolfram von Eschenbach (thus introduced by the admiring Wagner) steps forth and welcomes him kindly. He is invited to participate in the coming Sängerkrieg. Tannhäuser and Wolfram both love the fair Elizabeth, the Landgrave's daughter, but the noble Wolfram resigns her to Tannhäuser. Love is chosen as the theme of the rival minstrelsy. Wolfram sings of sacrifice for love, but Tannhäuser retorts with a voluptuous song. At this another minstrel challenges him to mortal combat, whereupon Tannhäuser boldly exalts Venus and reveals his sinful dalliance in her subterranean grove. This confession fills all present with a nameless dread, and Elizabeth alone saves Tannhäuser's life. She urges him to seek forgiveness at Rome and he joins the pilgrims without.

A year passes and Elizabeth pines when the knightly poet does not return. Tannhäuser at last returns unforgiven to find the saintly girl dead of a broken heart. Now desperate, he determines to return to Hörselberg, and Venus beckons. But the funeral chant of Elizabeth's death march suddenly falls on the sinful wanderer's ear. Tannhäuser repents his purpose, and as he kneels at the bier, heralds arrive from the Pope bearing the once withered staff now rich in blossoms and leaves. The whole moral significance of the opera is contained in the magnificent overture in which the steady pilgrims' chant, drowned at times by the voluptuous strains of Venusberg, perseveres throughout in a deep solemn undertone and bursts forth triumphant in splendor at the close.

TANNHÄUSER'S EVIL CHOICE.

(From Owen Meredith's "Tannhäuser; or The Battle of the Bards.")

TIME put his sickle in among the days.
Outcropped the coming harvest; and there came
An evening with the Princess, when they twain
Together ranged the terrace that o'erlaps
The great south garden. All her simple hair
A single sunbeam from the sleepy west
O'erfloated; swam her soft blue eyes, suffused
With tender ruth, and her meek face was moved
To one slow, serious smile, that stole to find
Its resting-place on his. Then, while he looked
On that pure loveliness, within himself
He faintly felt a mystery like pure love:
For through the arid hollows of a heart
Seared by delirious dreams, the dewy sense
Of innocent worship stole. The one great word
That long had hovered in the silent mind
Now on the lip half settled; for not yet
Had love between them been a spoken sound
For after speech to lean on; only here
And there, where scattered pauses strewed their talk,
Love seemed to o'erpoise the silence, like a star
Seen through a tender trouble of light clouds.
But, in that moment, some mysterious touch,
A thought—who knows?—a memory—something caught
Perchance from flying fancies, taking form
Among the sunset clouds, or scented gusts
Of evening through the gorgeous glooms, shrunk up
His better angel, and at once awaked
The carnal creature sleeping in the flesh.
Then died within his heart that word of life
Unspoken, which, if spoken, might have saved
The dreadful doom impending. So they twain
Parted, and nothing said: she to her tower,
There with meek wonder to renew the calm
And customary labor of the loom;
And he into the gradual-creeping dark
Which now began to draw the rooks to roost

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G. MAX, PINX

TANNHAUSER AND THE LADY VENUS

Along the windless woods. His soul that eve
Shook strangely if some flickering shadow stole
Across the slopes where sunset, sleeping out
The day's last dream, yet lingered low. Old songs
Were sweet about his brain, old fancies fair
O'erflowed with lurid life the lonely land:
The twilight trooped with antic shapes, and swarmed
Above him, and the deep mysterious woods
With mystic music drew him to his doom.
So rapt, with idle and with errant foot
He wandered on to Hörsel, and those glades
Of melancholy fame, whose poisonous glooms,
Decked with the gleaming hemlock, darkly fringe
The Mount of Venus. There, a drowsy sense
Of languor seized him; and he sat him down
Among a litter of loose stones and blocks
Of broken columns, overrun with weed,
Remnants of heathen work that sometime propped
A pagan temple. Suddenly, the moon,
Slant from the shoulder of the monstrous hill,
Swung o'er a sullen lake, and softly touched
With light a shattered statue in the weed.
He lifted up his eyes, and all at once,
Bright in her baleful beauty, he beheld
The goddess of his dreams. Beholding whom,
Lost to his love, forgetful of his faith,
And fevered by the stimulated sense
Of reprobate desire, the madman cried:
"Descend, Dame Venus, on my soul descend!
Break up the marble sleep of those still brows
Where beauty broods! Down all my senses swim,
As yonder moon to yonder love-lit lake
Swims down in glory!"
Hell the horrid prayer
Accorded with a curse. Scarce those wild words
Were uttered, when like mist the marble moved,
Flushed with false life. Deep in a sleepy cloud
He seemed to sink beneath the sumptuous face
Leaned o'er him,—all the whiteness, all the warmth,
And all the luxury of languid limbs,
Where violet vein-streaks, lost in limpid lengths
Of snowy surface, wander faint and fine;

Whilst cymballed music, stolen from underneath,
Creeps through a throbbing light that grows and glows
From glare to greater glare, until it gluts
And gulfs him in. And from that hour, in court,
And chase, and tilted tourney, many a month,
From mass in holy church, and mirth in hall,
From all the fair assemblage of his peers,
And all the feudatory festivals,
Men missed Tannhäuser.
  At the first, as when
From some great oak his goodliest branch is lopped,
The little noisy birds, that built about
The foliage, gather in the gap with shrill
And querulous curiosity; even so,
From all the twittering tongues that thronged the court
Rose general hubbub of astonishment,
And vexed surmise about the absent man:
Why absent? whither wandered? on what quest
Of errant prowess?—for, as yet, none knew
His miserable fall. But time wore on,
The wonder wore away; round absence crept
The weed of custom, and the absent one
Became at last a memory, and no more.

The Dry Bough Blooms.

  Far in the Aurorean East
The ruddy sun, uprising, sharply smote
A golden finger on the airy harps
By morning hung within her leafy bowers;
And all about the budded dells, and woods
With sparkling tasselled tops, from birds and brooks
A hundred hallelujahs hailed the light.
The whitehorn glistened from the wakening glen:
O'er golden gravel danced the dawning rills:
All the delighted leaves by copse and glade
Gambolled; and breezy bleatings came from flocks
Far off in pleasant pastures fed with dew.
  But whilst, unconscious of the silent change
Thus stolen around him, o'er the dying bard
Hung Wolfram, on the breeze there came a sound
Of mourning moving down the narrow glen;

And, looking up, he suddenly was 'ware
Of four white maidens, moving in the van
Of four black monks who bore upon her bier
The flower-strewn corpse of young Elizabeth.
And after these, from all the castled hills,
A multitude of lieges and of lords;
A multitude of men-at-arms, with all
Their morions hung with mourning; and in midst
His worn cheek channelled with unwonted tears,
The Landgrave, weeping for Elizabeth.
These, as the sad procession nearer wound,
And nearer, trampling bare the feathery weed
To where Sir Wolfram rested o'er his friend,
Tannhäuser caught upon his dying gaze;
And caught, perchance, upon the inward eye,
Far, far beyond the corpse, the bier, and far
Beyond the widening circle of the sun,
Some sequel of that vision Wolfram saw:
The crowned Spirit by the Jasper Gates;
The four white Angels o'er the walls of Heaven,
The shores where, tideless, sleep the seas of Time
Soft by the City of the Saints of God.
  Forth, with the strength that lastly comes to break
All bonds, from Wolfram's folding arm he leaped,
Clambered the peebly path, and, groaning, fell
Flat on the bier of love—his bourn at last!
Then—even then—while question question chased
About the ruffled circle of that grief,
And all was hubbub by the bier, a noise
Of shouts and hymns brake in across the hills,
That now o'erflowed with hurrying feet; and came,
Dashed to the hip with travel, and dewed with haste,
A flying post, and in his hand he bore
A withered staff o'erflourished with green leaves;
Who,—followed by a crowd of youth and eld,
That sang to stun with sound the lark in heaven,
"A miracle! a miracle from Rome!
Glory to God that makes the bare bough green!"—
Sprang in the midst, and, hot for answer, asked
News of the Knight Tannhäuser. Then a monk
Of those that, stoled in sable, bore the bier,
Pointing, with sorrowful hand, "Behold the man!"

But straight the other, "Glory be to God!
This from the Vicar of the Fold of Christ:
The withered staff hath flourished into leaves:
The brand shall bloom, though burned with fire, and thou
—Thy soul from sin be saved!" To whom with tears
That flashed from lowering lids, Wolfram replied:
"To him a swifter message, from a source
Mightier than whence thou comest, hath been vouchsafed.
See these dark hands, blind eyes, and bloodless lips,
This shattered remnant of a once fair form,
Late home of desolation, now the husk
And ruined chrysalis of a regal spirit
That up to heaven hath parted on the wing!
But thou, to Rome returning with hot speed,
Tell the high Vicar of the Fold of Christ
How that lost sheep his rescuing hand would reach,
Although by thee unfound, is found indeed,
And in the Shepherd's bosom lies at peace."

And they that heard him lifted up the voice
And wept. But they that stood about the hills
Far off, not knowing, ceased not to cry out,
"Glory to God that makes the bare bough green!"
Till Echo, from the inmost heart of all
That mellowing morn blown open like a rose
To round and ripen to the perfect noon,
Resounded, "Glory! glory!" and the rocks
From glen to glen rang, "Glory unto God!"

HUGO OF TRIMBERG.

The fables and beast-stories which began to circulate in the twelfth century soon took a satirical turn. Hugo of Trimberg, who is said to have been a schoolmaster, composed about 1290 a long didactic poem, called "Der Renner." In the course of his teaching he gave many striking sketches of actual life. At times he uses fables to enforce his moral doctrine or to satirize evil-doers.

Confession.

Sly Reynard, with the Wolf, one day,
Travelled to Rome, and on their way
They overtook the Ass, and so
All three to Rome together go.

And when they saw the city near,
The Wolf said to his cousin dear:—
"Reynard, my plan I'll name to you:—
The Pope, we know, has much to do:
I doubt if he can spend his time
To hear our catalogues of crime.
'Twill spare some trouble for the Pope
(And also for ourselves, I hope,
As we may 'scape with penance less),
If to each other we confess:
Let each describe his greatest sin.—
So, without preface, I'll begin.
To notice trifles I disdain;
But one fact gives my conscience pain.
'Tis this:—There dwelt beside the Rhine
A man who lived by feeding swine.
He had a sow who rambled wide,
While all her pigs with hunger cried.
At last I longed on pork to dine—
I killed and ate that cruel swine.
Her little ones, deserted now,
Oft moved my pity, I'll avow;
I ended all their woes one night.—
Now let my punishment be light!"
"Well," said the Fox, "your sin was small,
And hardly can for penance call;
For such a venial transgression
You've made amends by this confession.
And now I'll do as you have done;
Of all my sins I'll name but one:
A man such noisy fowls would keep,
That no one near his house could sleep;
The crowings of his chanticleer
Disturbed the country far and near.
Distracted by the noise, one night
I went and stopped his crowing quite;
But this feat ended not the matter;
The hens began to crow and chatter;
And so (the deed I slightly rue)
I killed them and their chickens too."
"Well," said the Wolf, "to hush that din
Was surely no alarming sin.

Abstain from poultry for three days,
And, if you like, amend your ways.
But now the Ass must be confessed—
Donkey, how far have you transgressed?"
"Ah!" said the Ass with dismal bray,
"You know I have not much to say;
For I have toiled from day to day,
And done for master service good,
In carrying water, corn and wood;
But once, in winter-time, 'tis true,
I did what I perhaps must rue:—
A countryman, to keep him warm
(We had, just then, a snowy storm),
Had put some straw into his shoes—
To bite it I could not refuse;
And so (for hunger was my law)
I took, or stole, a single straw."

"There! say no more!" the Fox exclaimed,
"For want of straw that man was lamed;
His feet were bitten by the frost;
'Tis probable his life was lost.
What shall be done to such a sinner?
The Wolf must have you for his dinner."

REYNARD THE FOX.

THAT the famous mediæval story of Reynard the Fox originated in France is proved by the fact that in all the versions the names of the important beasts are French. Yet the oldest version extant is in Latin and belongs to the latter part of the twelfth century. The old German version comes a little later, then the French and Flemish. The story was probably begun in northeastern France, on the borders of Flanders, and thence spread widely and rapidly in various forms. The French version is a long series of poetical fables by various authors between the beginning of the thirteenth and the middle of the fourteenth century.

In the earliest form of the story the Fox triumphed. The Flemish "Reinaert," written by Willem about the beginning of the thirteenth century, ended with the exile of the Fox from court. But the continuator of this version in 1380 brought the Fox back and told of his judicial combat with Isegrim the Wolf. The Low German prose version was printed in Holland in 1479. From this William Caxton translated the story into what he called "rude and symple englyssh," and printed it in 1481.

According to the German version the story runs thus: Once on a time King Noble, the Lion, held a levee. All the animals came to pay him court except Reynard (or Renart) the Fox, against whom serious accusations were made. His chief accuser was Isegrim, the Wolf, his old comrade, supported by Tibert, the Cat; Prancer, the Horse; and Chanticleer, the Cock. For slaying Chanticleer's daughter Reynard must be summoned before the Lion. Bruin, the Bear, is charged with the summons. Reynard receives him civilly, but tells him of some honey, in quest of which Bruin gets caught in the cleft of a tree and is nearly beaten to death by woodmen. Tibert, the Cat, is next sent to serve the summons. Him also Reynard receives graciously, and sends him mice-catching in a place where a trap is set. He, too, barely escapes with his life. Grimbard, the Badger, Reynard's nephew, next becomes messenger. Reynard accompanies his relative to court, is accused, shrewdly defends himself, but is condemned to the gallows. Before being hanged he begs leave to make a confession. This being granted, in the course of his remarks he drops a hint about a hidden treasure. The Lion wishes to know all about it, and the Fox obtains a respite. He now makes out that his father, old Reynard, Bruin, the Bear, and Isegrim, the Wolf, had formed a conspiracy to kill the Lion and make Bruin king, but that he had stolen their treasure, and they were unable to hire mercenaries for their purpose. Upon this, Reynard is pardoned, and Bruin and Isegrim are thrown into prison. The Lion now wishes to be conducted to the place where the treasure is; but Reynard declares that he is under oath to set out immediately on a pilgrimage to Rome. He is allowed to go, escorted by Cuwært (or Kayward), the Hare, and Belin, the Ram. In passing his home Reynard entices Cuwært into the house and there kills him. He then puts the Hare's head into a bag and charges Belin, the Ram, to deliver it to king Lion, who is much enraged at seeing Cuwært's head. Isegrim and Bruin are released from prison, and Reynard is declared an outlaw.

In this popular story Reynard is easily seen to signify cunning and discretion; Isegrim, the Wolf, represents stupid courage; Bruin, the Bear, brute force; Firapel, the Leopard, swiftness in action; Kayward or Cuwært, the Hare, timidity. The whole story was a simple expression of the popular mind, delighting to discover in traits and actions of the various animals some semblance of human character. The animals are shown acting after their kind, though expressing their thoughts in human speech. The comical and cynical tendency grew in the later versions; some showed how Reynard stole sausages or set Isegrim fishing with his tail; others displayed the guile of Reynard triumphing over nobler qualities. The fox and wolf and other animals become merely men in disguise, and the moral is pointed. Next came the satirical application to the controversies of the time. In this way "The Crowning of Reynard" shows the fox as reconciling the Franciscan and Dominican friars, then becoming a monk and teaching them *Renardie* or cunning, then acting as confessor to King Noble, who appoints the fox his successor, finally as being crowned king and holding tournaments.

Later French versions of the poem, "Renart le Nouvel" and "Renart le Contrefait," make little effort to keep up the character of beasts, but exhibit men of the period and allegorical personages curiously jumbled. The fox is besieged in a feudal castle, and the animals which attack it are armed in panoply, and ride horses and fight like knights. Tales, legends and illustrations of all sorts were freely introduced. Songs, especially love-songs, with music are inserted. Even the history of Alexander the Great and other heroes is related at great length.

Some of the versions remain in manuscript, having never been printed, partly on account of their excessive length. In one of these the author entirely disclaims writing about an ordinary fox, but says he means the fox that has two hands, and two faces under one hood.

BRUIN THE BEAR SUMMONS REYNARD.

LION the monarch sent for his lords and wisest counsellors, to consult how best this foul murder committed by Reynard on Coppel, the daughter of Chanticleer, might be punished. In the end it was concluded that he should be sent for, and without any excuse be made to appear before the king, to answer these charges, and the message be delivered by Bruin the bear.. The king gave consent and calling him before him, said, "Sir Bruin, it is our pleasure that you deliver this message; yet in so doing, have a good eye to yourself; for Reynard is full of policy, and knows well how to dissemble, flatter, and betray. He has a world of snares to entangle you withal, and, without great exercise of judgment, will make a mock and scorn of the most consummate wisdom."

"My lord," answered Sir Bruin, "let me alone with Reynard; I am not such a truant to discretion as to become a mock for his knavery." And thus, full of jollity, the bear took his departure to fetch Reynard: if his return be as jovial, there is no fear of his well speeding.

The next morning away went Sir Bruin the bear in quest of the fox, armed against all kinds of plots and deceit whatsoever; and as he went along through a dark forest in which Reynard had a by-path which he used when he was out hunting or being hunted, he saw a high mountain, over which he must pass to reach Malepardus. For though Reynard had many houses, Malepardus was his chief and most ancient castle, and there he resorted both for defence and pleasure. When Bruin at length came to the place, he found the gates close shut; at which, after he had knocked, sitting upon his tail, he called aloud, "Sir Reynard, are you at home? I am Bruin, your kinsman, sent by the king to summon you to court, to answer the many foul accusations laid at your door. His majesty hath taken a great vow that if you fail to appear to the summons, your life shall answer for your contempt, and all your goods and honors become confiscated to the crown. Therefore, fair kinsman, be advised by your friend, and come with me to court, in order to shun the fate that will otherwise overtake you."

Reynard, who was lying near the gate, as was his custom, basking in the sun, hearing these words, departed into one of his holes, Malepardus being full of many intricate and curious apartments, through which he could pass in case of danger or for objects of prey. There he determined to commune with himself how best he might counterplot, and bring the bear into disgrace, while he added to his own credit, for he detested the bear. At last coming forth, he said, "Is it you, dear uncle Bruin? You are exceeding welcome, and excuse my delay in saying so; but the truth is, that when you began to speak I was saying my vespers, and devotion must not be neglected for any worldly concerns. Yet I believe he hath done you no good service, nor do I thank him who hath sent you hither, a long and weary journey, in which your sweat and toil far exceed the worth of the labor performed. It is certain, that had you not come, I had tomorrow attended the court of mine own accord. As it is, however, my regret is much diminished, because your counsel just at this time may turn to my double benefit. Alas! uncle, could his majesty find no meaner a messenger than your noble self to employ in these trivial affairs? Truly it appears strange to me, especially since, next his royal self, you are of greatest renown, both in point of blood and riches. For my part, I would that we were both at court, as I fear our journey will be exceedingly troublesome. To say truth, since my entire abstinence from flesh, I have lived upon strange new meats, which have very much disagreed with me, and swelled my body as if it was about to burst."

"Alas! dear cousin," said the bear, "what kind of meat can it be that makes you so ill?" "Uncle," he replied, "what will it avail you to know? The food was simple and mean: we poor gentry are no lords, you know, but are glad to eat from necessity what others taste for mere wantonness. Yet not to delay you, that which I eat was honeycombs, large, full, and very pleasant. But, impelled by hunger, I ate so very immoderately that I was afterwards infinitely distempered." "Ah!" quoth Bruin; "honeycombs, do you say? Hold you them in such slight respect, nephew? Why, sir, it is food for the greatest emperors in the world. Help me, fair nephew, to some of these honeycombs, and command me while I live; for only a small share I will be your servant everlastingly." "You are jesting with me surely, uncle;" replied the fox. "Jest with you!" cried Bruin; "beshrew my heart, then; for I am in such serious good earnest, that for a single lick of the same you shall count me among the most faithful of your kindred." "Nay, if you be," returned Reynard, "I will bring you where ten of you would not be able to eat the whole at a meal. This I do out of friendship, for I wish to have yours in return, which above all things I desire." "Not ten of us!" cried the bear, "not ten of us! it is impossible; for had I all the honey between Hybla and Portugal, I could eat the whole of it very shortly myself." "Then know, uncle, that near at hand there dwells a husbandman named Lanfert, who is master of so much that you could not consume it in seven years, and this, for your love and friendship's sake, I will put into your possession."

Bruin, now mad for the honey, swore that for one good meal he would stop the mouths of all Reynard's enemies. Smiling at his easy credulity, the latter said, "If you would wish for seven tons, uncle, you shall have it;" and these words pleased the bear so much, and made it so pleasant, that actually he could not stand for laughing. "Well," thought the fox, "this is good fortune; though I will assuredly lead him where he shall laugh more in reason." He then said, "Uncle, we must lose no time, and I will spare no pains, such as I would not undertake for any of my kin." The bear gave him thanks, and away they went together, the fox promising as much honey as he could carry, but meaning as many stripes as he could undergo. At length they came to Lanfert's house, the sight of which made the bear caper for joy.

This Lanfert was a stout brawny carpenter, who the other day had brought into his yard a large oak, which he had begun to cleave, and struck into it two wedges, so that the cleft lay a great way open, at which the fox rejoiced, as it was just what he wished. Then, with a smiling countenance, turning to the bear, "Behold now," he said, "dear uncle, and be careful of yourself; for within this tree is contained so much honey, that if you can get to it you will find it immeasurable; yet be cautious, good uncle, and eat moderately. The combs are sweet and good, but a surfeit is always dangerous, and may prove troublesome on your journey, which I would not for the world, as no harm can happen to you but must redound to my dishonor." "Concern not yourself for me, faith! nephew Reynard; I am not such a fool but I can temper my appetite if I can only get at the honey." "True, I was perhaps too bold to say what I did, my best uncle; so I pray you enter in at the end, and you shall there find what you want."

With all haste the bear entered the tree with his fore feet forward, and thrust his head into the hole quite over the ears. When the fox saw this, he instantly ran and pulled the wedges out of the tree, so that the bear remained locked fast. Neither flattery nor anger now availed the bear, for his nephew had got him in so fast a prison, that it was impossible to free himself by any manœuvre. What profited him his great strength and valor now? They only served to irritate and annoy him; and deprived of all relief, he began to howl and bray, to scratch and tumble, and make such a noise, that Lanfert came running hastily out of the house to see what was the matter. He held a sharp hook in his hand, and while the bear lay tearing and roaring in the tree, the fox cried out in scorn, "He is coming, uncle! I fear you will not like the honey; is it good? Do not eat too much; pleasant things are apt to surfeit, and you will delay your journey back to court. If your belly be too full, Lanfert will give you drink to digest it." Having said this, he set off towards the castle again.

Lanfert, finding that the bear was taken fast, ran to his neighbors and desired them to come. The tidings spreading through the town, there was neither man, woman, nor child but ran to see; some with one weapon and some with another, goads, rakes, and broom-sticks, and whatever they could lay hands on. The priest bore the handle of a large cross, the clerk had holy water, and the priest's wife, Dame Jullock, brought her distaff, as she happened to be spinning: nay, the old beldames came that had never a tooth in their heads. Hearing the approach of this army, Bruin fell into great fear, there being none but himself to withstand them; and as they came thundering down upon him, he struggled so fiercely that he contrived to get his head out of jeopardy by leaving behind the best part of the skin, along with his ears, insomuch that one never beheld a more foul ugly beast. Blood covered his face and hands, for he left his claws and skin behind him, so that he could hardly move or see. It was an ill market he came to, for in spite of this torment Lanfert and his crew came upon him, and so belabored him with staves, and hooks, and rakes, that it might well be a warning to every one taken in misery, showing how the weakest must evermore go to the wall. This Bruin cruelly experienced, every one venting their fury upon his hide, even Houghlin with his crooked leg, and Ludolf with his long broad nose; the one armed with a leaden mall, and the other with an iron scourge. None lashed so hard as Sir Bertolf with the long fingers, and none annoyed him more than Lanfert and Ortam, one being armed with a sharp Welsh hook, and the other with a crooked staff heavily leaded at the end, with which he used to play at ball. There was Burkin and Armes Ablequack, Bane, the priest, with his cross-handle, and Jullock, his wife.

All these so belabored the poor bear that his life was in extreme jeopardy; he sat and sighed sadly during the massacre, but the thundering weight of Lanfert's fierce blows was the most cruel to bear; for Dame Podge, at Casport, was his mother, and his father was Marob, the staple-maker, a passing stout man when he was alone. From him Bruin received such a shower of stones, at the same time that Lanfert's brother wielded him a savage blow upon the pate, that he could no longer see nor hear, but made a desperate plunge into the adjoining river, through a cluster of old wives standing by, many of whom he threw into the water, which was broad and deep, among whom was the parson's wife. Seeing her floating there like a sea-mew, the holy man left off striking the bear, crying out, "Help, oh, help! Dame Jullock is in the water! I absolve the man, woman, or child that saves her, from all their sins and transgressions, past and to come, and I remit all penance." Hearing this, all left the pursuit of the bear to succor Dame Jullock, upon which Bruin cut the stream with fresh strength, and swam away. The priest alone pursued him, crying in great rage, "Turn, villain, turn, that I may be revenged upon thee!" But the bear, having the advantage of the stream, heeded not his calling, for he was joyed at having escaped from them. He bitterly cursed the honey tree, and more bitterly the fox, who had not only betrayed him, but made him lose his hood from his face and his leather gloves from his fingers. In this condition he swam about three miles down the stream, when he grew so very weary that he was obliged to seek a landing. The blood trickled down his face; he sighed, and drew his breath so short that it seemed as if his last hour was come.

Meanwhile the fox, on his way home, had stolen a fat pullet, and running through a by-path to elude pursuit, he now came towards the river with infinite joy. For he never doubted but the bear was slain, and he therefore said, "My fortune is made, for my greatest enemy at the court is dead, and no one can suspect me." But as he spoke, looking towards the river-side, he espied the bear lying down to ease his grievous wounds. At this sight Reynard's heart misgave him, and he railed bitterly against Lanfert, the carpenter, cursing him for a silly fool, that did not know how to kill a bear in a trap. "What madman," he cried, "would have lost such good venison? so fat and wholesome, and which lay taken to his hand. A wise man would have been proud of the fortune which thou, like a fool, hast neglected."

Thus fretting and chiding, Reynard came to the river, where he found the bear covered with wounds. Though he alone had caused them, yet he said in scorn as he passed, "Monsieur, Dieu vous garde!" "O thou foul red villain!" said the bear to himself, "what impudence can equal thine?" But the fox continued his speech. "What, uncle, have you forgotten every thing at Lanfert, or have you paid for the honeycombs you stole? I would rather pay for them myself than that you should incur any disgrace. If the honey was good, you may have plenty more at the same price. Good uncle, tell me before I go, into what order you mean to enter, that you wear this new-fashioned hood? Will you be a monk, an abbot, or a friar? He that shaved your crown, seems also to have cropped your ears; your forelock is lost, and your leather gloves are gone. Fie, sloven! go not bareheaded! They say you can sing *peccavi* rarely." These taunts made Bruin mad with rage; but because he could not take revenge, he was obliged to let him talk on. At last, to avoid him, he plunged again into the river and landed on the other side, where he began to meditate how best he might reach the court; for he had lost both his ears and his talons, and could scarcely walk. Yet of necessity he must move forward, which he could only do by sitting down upon the ground, and then tumbling his body over and over. In this manner he first rolled about half a mile, then rested, and rolled another half mile, until by dint of perseverance he tumbled his way to court. Witnessing his strange method of approach, a number of courtiers gazed upon him as a sort of prodigy, little deeming that it was the famous Sir Bruin the bear.

The king himself was the first who recognized him, and he said, "It is Sir Bruin, my servant: what villains have wounded him thus? Where can he have been, that he could contrive it—to bring his death, as it were, back with him? Let us hear what tidings he has got." "O my dread sovereign lord the king," cried out the bear, "I have to complain grievously. Behold how I am massacred; a massacre I humbly beseech you to revenge on that false, malignant Reynard, who hath wrought me this foul disgrace and slaughter merely because I have done your royal pleasure in conveying him a summons to court." His majesty then said, "How durst he do this thing? Now, by my crown, I swear I will take such revenge as shall make the traitor tremble, and remember the foul deed." So forthwith the king summoned his whole council, and consulted how and in what way to proceed most efficaciously against the wily fox. At length, after much discussion, it was unanimously concluded that he should be again summoned to appear, and answer his transgressions in person. The party now appointed to execute the summons was Tibert, the cat, being equally recommended for his gravity and his wisdom; an appointment likewise well pleasing to the king.

REYNARD CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

UPON Reynard's arrest a cabinet council was summoned, and every voice was in favor of his execution; though he answered every accusation *seriatim*, with a wonderful degree of art, to the admiration of all the court. Witnesses, however, were examined, the proofs established; the fox was condemned and judgment recorded. He was to be hanged up by the neck till he was dead; at which sentence the fox cast down his head, all his jollity was fled, and no flattery or smooth words any longer availed.

This being resolved, Grimbard his nephew, and several others nearest him in blood, unable to endure the sight of his death, took leave of the king and left the court. When the monarch saw so many gallant gentlemen depart, all sad and weeping, being near in blood and alliance to the prisoner, he said to himself, "It behoves me to take good counsel what I am about, for though Reynard has faults, he has many friends and more virtues." As the king was thus pondering, Tibert said to Sir Bruin, "Why are you so slow in the execution of your sentence, and you, Sir Isegrim? See you not there are many bushes and hedges? It is near evening, and if the prisoner escape, his subtlety is so great, that all the art in the world will never again entangle him. If you mean to execute him, proceed quickly. It will be night before the gallows can be made." At these words Isegrim, suddenly recollecting himself, exclaimed, "There is a pair of gallows hard by;" at the same time he fetched a deep sigh. "What, are you afraid, Sir Isegrim? or is this execution against your mind?" said Tibert: "remember, the hanging of both your kinsmen was his work. Had you now a proper sense of justice, you would hang him for the same, and not stand trifling thus." Isegrim, half angry, answered, "Your anger puts out the eye of your better reason; though if we had a halter that would fit his neck, we would soon dispatch him." Reynard, who had long remained silent, said, "Yes, I beseech you to shorten my pain. Sir Tibert has a cord strong enough, in which he himself was hanged at the priest's house, when he got between the holy man's legs and bit him so dreadfully. Besides, he can climb well: let him mount and be my executioner; for it would be a discredit both to Sir Bruin and Sir Isegrim thus to treat their own nephew. I am sorry I live to see it; but since you are resolved to be my hangmen, play your parts and delay not. Go before, uncle Bruin, and lead the way: follow me, Isegrim my cousin, and beware I escape not." "You say well," said Bruin, "it is the best counsel I ever heard you give."

So forth they went, and Isegrim and all his friends guarded Reynard, leading him by the neck and other parts of his body, at which usage the fox felt quite dismayed. Yet he said, meekly, "Why put yourself to all this trouble, my best kinsman? Believe me, I could well entreat your forgiveness, though you rejoice in my sufferings. Still I know, that did my aunt, your wife, see what was passing, she would not see me thus cruelly tormented, were it only for old affection's sake. But do with me as you will; I must endure the worst; as for Bruin and Tibert, I leave my revenge to justice, and to you the reward of traitors. I know my worst fortune, and death can come but once. I wish it were already past, for to me it is no terror. I saw my brave father die, and how quickly he vanished! The worst of death is therefore familiar to me." "Then," said Sir Isegrim, "let us make haste, for his curse shall not light upon me by delaying." So he on one side, and Sir Bruin on the other, they led the fox to the gallows; Tibert skipping before them with the halter.

On reaching the place of execution, the king, the queen, and all the nobility took their place, to behold the fox die. Reynard, though full of sorrow and dismay, was still busy thinking how he might escape, and again triumph over his proud enemies, by drawing the king over to his side. "Though the king," he said to himself, "be offended with me, as he has reason enough, Heaven knows, yet I may perhaps live to become his bosom-friend." While thus cogitating, the wolf said, "Now, Sir Bruin, remember your injuries;

revenge yourself well, for the day is come we have so long looked for. Go, Tibert, and mount the gallows-tree with the rope, and make a running noose, for you shall have your will of your enemy. Take heed, good Sir Bruin, that he eludes us not, and I will now place the ladder, when everything will be complete.'' This being done, the fox spoke : "Now well may my heart be heavy, for death stands in all its naked horrors before my eyes, and I cannot escape. O my dread lord the king, and you my sovereign lady the queen, and all you, my lords and gentlemen, here assembled to see me die, I beseech you grant me this one charitable boon. Let me unburden my heart before you, and cleanse my soul of its manifold sins, so that hereafter no man may be unjustly accused or executed for my secret misdeeds. This done, death will come more easy to me, and the assistance of your prayers will lift my soul, I doubt not, to the skies.''

All now took compassion on the fox, and besought the king to grant his request; which was done. And then the fox spake: "Help me, Heaven! for I see no one here whom I have not offended. Yet this was not from evil inclination; for in my youth I was accounted as virtuous as any breathing. I played with the lambs all day long, and took delight in their pretty bleating. But once in my play I bit one, and the taste of its blood was so sweet that ever since I could not forbear. This evil humor drew me into the woods among the goats; where, hearing the bleating of the young kids, I slew one, and after two more, which made me so hardy, that I began to murder geese and pullets. Thus my crime growing by habit, the fancy so possessed me, that all was fish that was caught in my net. In the winter season I met with Isegrim, as he lay under a hollow tree, and he unfolded unto me how he was my uncle, and laid the pedigree down so plain that from that day forth we became companions. A friendship I have reason to curse; for then, indeed, began the history of our thefts and slaughters. He stole the great prizes and I the small; he murdered nobles and I the meanest subjects; and in all these actions his share was ever the greatest. When he caught a calf, a ram, or a wether, his voracity would hardly afford me the bones to pick. When he mastered an ox or a cow, he first served himself, his wife, and all his family, nothing remaining for me but the bare bones. I state not this as having been in want, it being well known that I have more plate, jewels and coin than twenty carts would carry, but only to show his vile ingratitude."

When the king heard him speak of this infinite wealth, his heart grew inflamed with avarice; and, interrupting the prisoner, he said, "Reynard, where is that treasure you speak of?" The fox answered, "My lord, I will gladly inform you; though it be true the wealth was stolen, and had it not been so stolen it would have cost your majesty his life, which Heaven long preserve." The queen here started, and said in great dismay, "What are these dangers you speak of, Reynard? I command you to explain these doubtful speeches, and to keep nothing concealed that affects the life of my dread lord. Go on."

The fox, with a sorrowful countenance replied, "O my dread sovereign lady, I would that I might now die, did not your commands and the health of my own soul so prevail with me, that I must discharge my conscience, and yet speak nothing but what I will make good at the hazard of damnation. True it is, that the king was to have been cruelly dispatched by his own people: yea, I must confess, by some of my nearest kindred, whom I would not accuse, did not the health of my soul and my fealty to the king command me to do so." The king, much perplexed at this discovery, said, "Can it be true, Reynard, what you say?" The fox answered, "Alas! my dread lord, you see the case in which I stand—how small a sand is left in my poor glass to run. I will not dissemble: what dissembling can avail me, if my soul perish?" and saying this he trembled and looked so pitifully, that the queen took pity upon him. She humbly besought the king for the safety of his royal person to take compassion on the fox, and to command all his subjects to hold their peace till he had revealed all he knew. This was done, and the fox proceeded as follows: "Since it is the pleasure of my dread lord the king, and since his royal life lies in the balance with my present breath, I will freely unfold this foul and capital treason, sparing no guilty person for any respect whatsoever, however high in greatness, blood, or authority. Know, then, my dread lord, that my father, by accident turning up the earth, found King Ermetick's treasure, an infinite and incalculable mass of riches, with which he became so vain and haughty, that he looked down upon all the beasts of the forest with contempt, even upon his kinsmen and companions. At length he caused Tibert the cat to go into the forest of Arden to Bruin the bear, and to render him his homage and fealty; saying, that if it would please him to be king, he must come into Flanders, where my father received him nobly. Next he sent for his wife, Grimbard my nephew, and for Isegrim the wolf, with Tibert the cat. These five coming between Gaunt and the village called Elfe, held solemn council for the space of one night, in which, instigated by the devil, and confident in my father's riches, it was concluded that your majesty should be murdered. They took a solemn oath to this effect in the following way: Sir Bruin, my father, Grimbard, and Tibert, laid their hands on Isegrim's crown, and swore to make Bruin their king; to place him on the throne of state at Acon (Aachen), and set the imperial diadem on his head. But should any oppose the scheme, my father was to hire assassins that should utterly chase and root them out of the forests. After this it happened that my nephew Grimbard, being one day heated with wine, made a discovery of this damnable plot to Dame Slopard his wife, commanding her also to keep it secret. But she too, as women will, only kept it until she met with me, charging me to reveal it to no one! She moreover gave me such proofs of its truth as caused the very hairs of my head to start upright, while my heart sank cold and heavy within me, like a piece of lead. Indeed, it led me to call to mind the story of the frogs, who complained to Jupiter that they had no king to govern them, and he presently sent them a stork, which ate and devoured them up, and by whose tyranny they became the most miserable of all creatures. Then they cried unto Jupiter for redress, but it was too late; for those that will not be content with their freedom, must consequently be subjected to thraldom. Even so I feared it might happen to us; and I grieved for the fate of your majesty, though you respect not my sorrows. The ambition of the bear is such that should the government come into his hands, the commonwealth would fall a sacrifice to his tyranny. Besides, I know your majesty is of that royal and lofty lineage, so mighty, gracious, and merciful withal, that it would have been a lamentable exchange, to have a ravenous bear sit on the throne of the royal lion; for in Sir Bruin and his whole generation there is more prodigal looseness and inconstancy than in any beast whatsoever. I therefore began to meditate how I might foil my father's false and treacherous designs, who sought to elevate a traitor and a slave to the height of your imperial throne. I was aware that as long as he held the treasure, your majesty was in danger, and I grew exceedingly troubled and perplexed. So I resolved, if possible, to find where the treasure was concealed; and I watched him night and day, in the woods, in the hedges, and in the open fields. To whatever spot my father turned his eyes, there was I, sure of detecting him one time or other in the fact.

"One day, as I was lying flat down upon the ground, I spied him coming out of a hole, with a very thievish look; he gazed round about him to see if he was observed, and thinking the coast clear, he stopped up the hole with sand so even and smoothly that the most curious eye could discern no difference between it and the other earth. Then, where the print of his foot remained, he stroked it over with his tail, and smoothed it with his mouth so that no person could perceive it. Indeed, that and many other subtleties I learned from him at that time. When he had thus finished, he went away towards the village about his private affairs, while I proceeded towards the hole, and in spite of all his cunning I quickly found the entrance. Then I entered the cavern, where I found an innumerable quantity of treasure; and taking Ermelin, my wife, along with me, we both labored day and night in conveying it to another place, where we deposited it safe from every human eye. During the time we were thus employed, my father was in deep consultation with the rest of the traitors to compass his majesty's death. It was concluded that Isegrim the wolf should traverse all the kingdom, and promise to all the beasts that would take wages, and acknowledge Bruin for their sovereign and defend his title, a full year's pay beforehand. In this journey my father accompanied him, bearing letters patent signed to that purport, little suspecting that he was deprived of all the wealth with which to promote his scheme. When this negotiation was concluded between Elfe and Soam, and a vast body of soldiers raised for action against the next spring, they returned to Bruin and his party, to whom they declared the many perils they had escaped in the dukedom of Saxony, where they were pursued by hounds and huntsmen. They next showed Bruin the muster-rolls, which pleased him exceedingly; for here he found about twelve hundred of Isegrim's lineage, all sworn for action, besides the bear's kindred, the cats and the conies, all which would be in readiness at an hour's notice. All this I discovered from good authority; and the plot becoming ripe for execution, my father went to the cave for his treasure. What was his infinite agony and trouble to find the place open and ransacked! He became desperate, and soon afterwards went to the next tree, and hanged himself.

"Thus, by my skill, Bruin's treason was defeated, and for this I now suffer, while those two false traitors, Bruin and Isegrim, sit in the king's privy council, with great authority, procure my disgrace, and trample me underfoot. I have lost my father in your majesty's cause, and what stronger proof can be tendered of my loyalty? I have lost my life in defending yours."

The king and queen, indulging a hope of possessing these inestimable treasures, ordered Reynard down from the gibbet, and entreated him further to unfold its place of concealment.

"What!" replied the fox, "shall I make my worst enemies my heirs? Shall these traitors, who take away my life and attempt your majesty's, become possessed of the fortune I enjoy?" "Then," said the queen, "fear not, Reynard, the king shall save your life, and you shall henceforth swear faith and true allegiance to his majesty." The fox answered, "Sovereign lady, if the king, out of his royal nature, will give credit to my truth, and forgive my offences, there was never king so rich as he will be." Then the king, interrupting the queen, said, "Fair consort, will you believe the fox? Know that it is his chief excellence to lie, to steal, and to impose upon others." But the queen said, "Yet now, my dear lord, you may freely believe him; for however full of deceit he may have been in his prosperity, you see he is now changed. Why, he accuses his own father, and Grimbard, his dearest nephew and kinsman! Were he dissembling, he might have laid his imputation upon other beasts, and not on those he loves best." "Well, madam," replied the king, "you shall, for this time, rule me. I will give free pardon to the fox, yet under this condition, that if he be ever found tripping again, though in the smallest offence, both he and his shall be utterly exterminated."

The fox looked sad when the king spake thus, yet he rejoiced within himself, and said, "Most dread lord, it were a huge shame in me, should I dare to speak any untruths in this august presence." Then the king, taking a straw from the ground, pardoned the fox for all the transgressions which either he or his father before him had committed. No wonder the fox now began to smile, for life was most sweet to him; and he fell down before the king and queen, humbly thanking them for all their mercies, and protesting that he would make them the richest princes in the world. At these words the fox took up a straw, and proffering it to the king, said to him, "My dread lord, I beseech your majesty to receive this pledge of entire surrender unto your majesty of the great King Ermetick's treasure, with which I freely present you out of my free will and pleasure." The king received the straw, and smiling, gave the fox great thanks, at which the latter chuckled heartily to think of the grossness of the imposture.

THE TRIAL OF PARSON AMIS.

One of the earliest satires was written about 1230 by an Austrian poet named Stricker. It was called "Der Pfaffe Amis" (Parson Amis), and described a rogue, who borrowed the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in. His evil ways were reported to the bishop, who summoned him to stand trial. The following dialogue, which shows the smartness of the parson in answering riddles, is from the later prose version.

Bishop. You profess to have great cunning; but for your roguery you deserve to lose your living. Now, I shall put two or three questions to you, and if you do not answer them correctly, you must lose your parish.

Amis. Very well, my lord; I hope I shall be able to reply so as to please you.

Bishop. How many days have passed away since the time of Adam?

Amis. Only seven, my lord, but repeated many times.

Bishop. Where is the middle of the world?

Amis. My parish church is situated exactly on the spot, my lord. If you do not believe me, you can send your servants to measure the world; but of course I shall keep my living until they have done it.

Bishop. You shall not escape in this way, sir. How far is it from earth to heaven?

Amis. It is exactly as far as my voice can be heard, my lord. If you will go up, I will stand here and shout; and if you do not hear me, of course I shall forfeit my church.

Bishop. I am determined to puzzle you, sir. You have boasted that you could teach an ass to read; now, if you do not prove that assertion true, you shall lose your place. Now, sir.

Amis. Very well, my lord. I will do what I have said; but even a clever man requires some twenty years to master any science; now, to teach an ass to read I must have thirty years allowed, and then I shall be ready to leave my parish, if the task is not done.

TYLL EULENSPIEGEL.

AMONG the folk-tales that began to circulate in the fifteenth century and have since maintained their place, none of purely German origin are more widely known than the stories of the peasant's son, Tyll Eulenspiegel, or in English form Tyll Owlglass (Howleglass). Eulenspiegel is merely a name used to give currency to mediæval pranks and practical jokes. Yet some hard-headed writers have insisted that there was such a person, born at Kneitlingen in Brunswick at the end of the thirteenth century, who wandered over Western Europe, leaving behind him a trail of roguish adventures, and died at Mölln, near Lubeck, in 1350. There may be seen under a lime-tree his tombstone carved with an owl and a looking-glass. But the allegorical character of the name, as well as the adventures recorded, sufficiently prove that the light-footed hero was merely an embodiment of popular satire. The story of his life was first written in Low German, but was soon translated into High German by the Franciscan monk Murner. In its original form and in translations it became popular in Holland, Germany, Denmark, France and England. The earliest copy extant was printed at Strasburg in 1543. The French edition is dated 1559. The story was also translated into Latin iambics. In France the name Eulenspiegel became so popular that it added to the French vocabulary the words *espiègle* (a mischievous child) and *espièglerie* (waggish tricks). The English translation was issued under the title, "The Merry Jeste of a Man that was called Howleglass." It was translated by William Copland, and a unique copy is found in the British Museum.

Eulenspiegel or Howleglass may be considered as the peasant's retort upon the other classes of mediæval society, lay and clerical, for their contemptuous treatment of himself. The hero exhibits deep duplicity under the appearance of rustic simplicity. His victims are of all classes from the prince to the priest, yet the strongest weapons with which he assails them are offensive words. The book thus expresses indirectly the rise of the laboring class to an independent outlook on the world, and perhaps to some consciousness of their own rights. The wit is rude, untutored, the outburst of animal spirits. The humor, however, is not always of a low kind; it rises often to genuine facetiousness. It never falls into scurrility or obscenity. The work is in fact a combination of tales showing the native spirit of the German people. With the rise of the Reformation it became a storehouse of satirical attacks on the Church and religious orders.

How Howleglass was Thrice Baptized.

In the land of Saxony, at a place called Cavelling, near the river of the same name, Howleglass (Eulenspiegel) was born. His father's name was Nicholas, and that of his mother Anne Ulbeke. They carried their son to Ampleuvent to receive baptism, and gave him the name of Thyl Howleglass. After being baptized, he was carried into a tavern, where the whole party, as in many places is the custom, were very merry over the said child's baptism, gossips, godfather and godmother, and all.

The good cheer ended, the nurse was carrying the young gentleman home again; but whether from a drop too much, or some other cause, it is certain that she tripped in crossing the bridge, and dropped with the infant into the water. Both would infallibly have been drowned had they not obtained speedy assistance. As it was, however, they reached the house in safety, prepared a cauldron of hot water in all haste, and by way of antidote, gave the child a warm bath, which he required no less for the very bespattered condition he was in (and indeed it was an awfully muddy place into which both had fallen).

By such means Howleglass was baptized three times upon the same day; once at church, once in the river, and once in a warm bath.

How Howleglass Cured the Sick in the Hospital.

It so happened that Howleglass paid a visit to the city of Nuremberg. On the day he entered the place, he caused placards to be posted on the church gates, and trumpeted through the town, informing the inhabitants of the arrival of a great doctor, mightily expert in his art, and who had an infallible recipe for all kinds of maladies. About this time there were lodged at the hospital, which contains the lance which pierced the side of our Saviour, and other holy relics, a number of patients, for whom his advice was required. The keeper of the said hospital, having many very obstinate patients upon his hands, told Howleglass, that being so learned a man, if he would contrive to cure them, he should be well paid. Howleglass then said, "Sir, if you will give me a hundred crowns from the sick fund, I will rid you of the patients; but mark me, I do not ask a shilling before I shall have cleansed the hospital of them all." This was a joyful hearing to the keeper and to the governor, as well as to the subscribers at large, and they insisted upon Howleglass receiving a sum of money to begin with. He then paid a visit to the place, with a stout carpenter at his back, and inquired of each patient apart what was his complaint, at the same time conjuring him to keep secret what he was about to state. "You know that I am come here to cure you all; but it is impossible for me to do that, without having the body of one of you to burn alive, in order to make a powder of it, which the rest are to take. The more sick and diseased the fellow is, the better he will suit my purpose, and I shall certainly choose one who cannot walk. Next Wednesday I am to come with the keeper and the governors, when I shall call over the names of all the patients, and when they must all make the best of their way out, as the last man is to be *powdered* for the rest."

On the appointed day the patients were all on the alert: they had girded up their loins, and not a single one sat unbreeched or unshod, for none wished to remain behind, either to make or to take powders. Then came Howleglass, with the governors and the committee, to call over their names; but the rogues would not stop to be called,—all proceeded rapidly towards the doors, even those who had been bedridden for the last ten years.

After the coast was quite cleared, Howleglass demanded his fee, which was handed him, and he departed thence. In the course of three days the whole of the patients returned, complaining of their infirmities as bitterly as ever. Then the keeper said, "What is the meaning of all this? I paid a handsome sum to the new doctor to have you all cured." "True," they replied with one voice, "but did you know that he threatened to have the last of us, who should remain in bed, burnt alive, to make powders for the rest?" Then

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HANS SACHS, THE COBBLER POET

the keeper began to see that he had been hoaxed; but he could obtain no redress, and the patients were obliged to be admitted as indoor patients as before, to the no small regret of the governor and contributors to the fund.

HANS SACHS.

Hans Sachs, the Nuremberg Shoemaker, is a notable figure in the history of German Literature. He has been recognized by Goethe as "our dear Master." He was born in 1494, and was early sent by his father to the free school of the town, where he was indifferently taught, yet succeeded in picking up a few scraps of Latin and even Greek. In his fifteenth year he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and in his leisure hours received instruction in the rudiments of Mastersong. At the close of his apprenticeship, he traveled through the country as a journeyman shoemaker, doing work wherever he found it. His conduct during his travels was not altogether exemplary; but he kept practicing his poetic art wherever he met with schools of Mastersong. He was about twenty years of age when he composed his first "bar," that is, his first entire poem or song, which was of a religious nature and was sung to the tune of "Long Marner." Having satisfied the examiners, he was admitted to the honors of a Mastersinger.

Hans Sachs became an ardent admirer of Luther, whom he greeted as "the Wittenberg nightingale." In his numerous farces, dramas, and poems, he gave cordial support to the movement of the Reformers. In taking an inventory of his stock-in-trade in his seventy-seventh year, he found himself the author of 6,048 pieces, great and small. They were a most heterogeneous mass of comedies, tragedies, comic stories, fables, allegories, histories, dreams, ditties, and controversial dialogues. Of these he selected as many as filled three large folios, which were published between 1558 and 1561. His subject-matter is drawn from German legends, from the Bible, Boccaccio, Herodotus and other ancient classical authors, whose works were translated into German by the Humanists. Few of his lyrics became popular, but his "Schwänke," or merry tales, told in rhyme, attained great popularity, on account of their simple humor and their shrewd observations on human life. While many of his contemporaries were engaged in bitter religious and social controversies and recriminations, Sachs avoided polemical subjects, and employed himself in writing tales and fables inculcating common morality for common people. He adhered to the mediæval style of treatment. His influence on the Nuremberg dramatic school was very considerable, and it extended to Strassburg, Breslau, and other great cities. His dramas or Shrove-tide plays are among those still acted by the peasants of Upper Bavaria, where they have lived on like popular songs.

ST. PETER AND THE GOAT.

ST. PETER complained to Christ about the evil condition of the world. Christ replied, "If you think you can do better than I, take my staff, with full power to rule the world for a day." Peter was full of joy in the morning. He first saw an old woman driving a goat and commending it to the care of God. Here was his chance to begin to mend the world.

The young goat had a playful mind,
And never liked to be confined;
The apostle, at a killing pace,
Followed the goat, in desperate chase;
Over the hills and among the briers
The goat runs on and never tires,
While Peter, behind, on the grassy plain,
Runs on, panting and sighing, in vain.
All day, beneath a scorching sun,
The good apostle had to run.
When evening came, the goat was caught,
And safely to the Master brought.
Then, with a smile, to Peter said
The Lord: "Well, friend, how have you sped?
If such a task your powers has tried,
How could you keep the world, so wide?"
Then Peter, with his toil distressed,
His folly, with a sigh, confessed.
"No, Master! 'tis for me no play
To rule one goat for one short day;
It must be infinitely worse
To regulate the universe."

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PERIOD II. 1200–1500.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR and his Norman barons banished the Old English or Anglo-Saxon from court and hall. All public documents, such as the Doomsday Book, were made in Latin, and the Anglo-Saxon laws thrust into obscurity. The Plantagenets, coming from Southern France, introduced the light lyrics of the Troubadours instead of the songs of the gleemen. Richard Cœur de Lion and knightly courtiers gave expression to their feelings in the Provençal language. The chronicles written by monks in various parts of England were usually in Latin. The Saxon Chronicle in the vernacular, commenced in the reign of Alfred, finally came to an end in 1155. Yet there is a remarkable proof of the continued vitality of the native English in Layamon's "Brut," or History of Britain, which was written not only in the speech of the common people, but in the old alliterative metre. This work serves as a landmark to show the close of Early English Literature.*

The long reign of Henry III. (1216–1272) gave England back to the English. By this time the Normans, who had seemed at first likely to crush out the English people, and to destroy their speech, had themselves become Englishmen. While they brought some French elements into the language, they had learned to write and speak English. They resented the intrusion of foreigners at court, and were disposed to make alliance with the common people. The Church, which proclaimed the brotherhood of all men, and whose ranks were recruited from the Saxons, assisted in raising the spirits of the natives. Several religious handbooks, of which the "Ormulum" is a type, were written in English. Another fact which was to have important consequences was the Coming of the Friars in 1220. The mission of these devoted followers of St. Francis of Assisi was the truly Christian one of seeking and saving the lost. They found in England a down-trodden class, perhaps remnants of the Britons, rejected by the feudal lord and by the sturdy burghers of the walled towns. By ministering to these outcasts, and especially by preaching in the vernacular, the Friars assisted in restoring the feeling of brotherhood between the highest and the lowest. After a century of excellent work they sadly degenerated, and became as noted for hypocrisy as they had been for purity. The new development of national sentiment found manifestation in a political way, when the first Edward sought to conquer Wales and Scotland. The still more warlike Edward III. not only prosecuted his claims to lordship over Scotland, but led his hosts to victory in France.

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* For Anglo-Saxon Literature, see Vol. I., pp. 236–275.

The literature of England in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries is chiefly represented by the Chroniclers, who wrote in Latin. From being mere annals their works gradually developed into true histories, showing somewhat of a philosophic spirit. They begin with William of Malmesbury, about 1140, and end with Matthew Paris, about 1275. The most remarkable of these was Geoffrey of Monmouth, who, about 1150, professed to incorporate in his work the translation of a Welsh history of Britain. The Arthurian Legend, thus started on its career, has had a powerful influence on literature in many lands. Walter Map, who belonged to the court of Henry II., enlarged the story and gave it a new impulse by adding the Quest of the Holy Graal. The other famous cycles of romance, relating to Charlemagne, to Alexander, and to the Siege of Troy, were all imported from France and made English in the time of the Edwards. These translations of French tales, and various imitations of them, filled the imagination of the people. They prepared the way for the masterpieces of the great London poet, Chaucer, justly honored as the Father of English Literature. Commencing as a translator and adapter of French poems, narrative and allegorical, he turned afterward to Italian sources, and finally wrought out a thoroughly native style of treatment which gave to his chief (though unfinished) work a distinctly national form. The details of his career are given in a separate sketch.

A noted contemporary of the genial and versatile Chaucer was the droning poet, whom he calls "the moral Gower." He was an earnest plodder, who, besides various short pieces, wrote three long poems, one in French, one in Latin, and one in English. They all have Latin titles, the last being "Confessio Amantis," "The Lover's Confession" (1393). A more striking delineator of the times was the gloomy William Langland, who wrote "The Vision of Piers Plowman," first published in 1362, and enlarged in two subsequent editions. Langland was a hanger-on of the church, somewhat soured by his lack of success in life, but able to present a vivid picture of the English world. He exposes the corruptions of the church, and calls for a return to the simple righteous life, exemplified by Jesus of Nazareth.

At the same time Wiclif, the first of the English Reformers, was diligently at work, issuing tracts and sermons, and translating the Bible from the Latin Vulgate into homely speech. To him, if not to King Alfred, belongs the credit of being "the father of English prose." This title has often been assigned to Sir John Mandeville. But the "Travels" issued under this worthy's name were written in French, about 1360, and though the author claimed to have been born in England, he did not translate them into English. This was done early in the fifteenth century, with some variations from the French. Even this work has been shown to be largely plagiarized from the Latin narrative of Friar Odoric, written in 1330, and from other travelers' tales. Yet the quaintness of the English version still makes it entertaining reading. Other noted writers of English prose in the fifteenth century were Pecock, who wrote against the followers of Wiclif; Chief Justice Fortescue, who explained the government of England, and Sir Thomas Malory, who put the romance of King Arthur into prose.

William Caxton introduced the art of printing into England in 1474. The first work there printed was "The Game and Playe of the Chesse," but the first book that bears a distinct imprint was "The Dictes and Sayings of Philosophers." Caxton was editor and translator as well as printer, and among his publications was a translation of "Reynard the Fox," and another of "The Golden Legend." He also printed Malory's "Mort Darthur" (Morte d'Arthur), and various works of Chaucer, Lydgate and Gower. To the zealous care of this first English printer, and to his literary interest in the early poets, was largely due the revival of imaginative and poetic literature which followed in the next century.

THE ARTHURIAN LEGEND.

LATEST of the three great mediæval romance cycles to take definite form, the Arthurian Legend has shown, in the words of its most recent critic, Professor George Saintsbury, "by far the greatest vitality of all. From generation to generation it has taken new forms, inspired new poetries. The very latest of the centuries has been the most prolific in contributions of any since the end of the Middle Ages; and there is no sufficient reason why the lineage should ever stop. . . . The Arthurian Legend, if not from the very first, yet from the first moment when it assumed vernacular forms, lent itself to that double meaning which is after all the salvation of all things literary, since every age adopting the first and outer meaning can suit the second and inner to its own taste and need." Thus, the critics have traced back Tennyson's magnificent Pre-Raphaelite "Idylls of the King" not only to the ruder and more vigorous "Mort Darthur" of Sir Thomas Malory, but to the first almost unrecognizable germ in fragmentary Welsh poetry, wherein the great Arthur is little more than a mere name, and the slightest touch of romance is missing. How this Celtic warrior-chief became gradually developed into "the blameless king" of Tennysonian glory, and how were created for his cyclus, by successive inventions of the imagination during many centuries, the famous Table Round ("Rountabull") and its knights, Queen Guinevere and Lancelot, the Sangreal and its Quest, and even the foreign romances of Tristram and Percival (Parzival), may be best revealed by a chronological review of the growth of the legend itself.

In the first place, there would seem to have been an historical Arthur. Despite the utter silence of those two early British chroniclers, Gildas and Bede, the Arthurian place-names which still exist in West Wales, Strathclyde and Lothian, appear to be almost conclusive testimony. Nennius, who flourished somewhere between the eighth and tenth centuries, has left us a catalogue of twelve different battles and exploits of Arthur against the Saxons, ending with that of Mount Badon (Bath?). In Nennius's account, however, he figures only as a *dux bellorum* (war chief), although chosen as commander over a number of jealous kings.

A later writer, Caradoc of Lancarvan, relates in his "Vita Gilda" how Arthur was really a petty king of Devonshire and Cornwall, who was frequently routed by his rival, Huel, King of Scotland, on whom the higher praise is lavished. (This praise was natural, since Huel was one of the three-and-twenty brothers of Gildas.) Huel is eventually slain; but Caradoc also preserves for us, or manufactures for us, a tradition of how King Melvas, King of Somersetshire, carried off Arthur's queen, and how she was afterwards regained by a siege of Glastonbury. Yet Arthur is said to have been unable for a year to recover his queen. In connection with this story, there exist certain Glastonbury traditions concerning Arthur's tomb. This ravisher, Melvas, or King Mael, was, according to Caradoc, an uncle of Arthur, and forced on him a disgraceful peace. In early Cymric tradition this Mael is pictured as a coarse barbarian, who captured Guenever by hiding himself, naked and covered with leaves, behind a bush and rushing out upon her like a satyr. This wild king is said, however, to have ended his days in a monastery, and some critics have even discovered in him the original of Lancelot.

But how little, indeed, is the historic Arthur like the heroic Arthur of romance. From Llywarch Hen's Welsh Elegy upon the "Death of Geraint" one may infer that Arthur, who is named as "the commander of armies, the director of the works of war," was a recognized commander-in-chief in the wars of the petty, independent sovereignties in the South of Britain against the Saxons. But, even so, the meagre encomiums of contemporary bards tend to show that he was no great hero. The oldest Cambrian poems have for their central figure, not Arthur, but a famous warrior named Urien, "the patriot chief who led the Kymry of the North of Britain in their struggle against the forces of Ida the Angle." But Urien had Taliessin to sing his praise, and Arthur, the petty prince, had few bards to be his minstrels of fame. Happily, however, the figure of Merlin became linked with that of Arthur. A mystic and patriotic significance was given to King Arthur. Thus Nennius identified him with the prophet Merlin before Geoffrey of Monmouth's epoch-making work, and Geoffrey's contemporary Orderic, writing in Normandy, gathered a whole chapter of the widely treasured prophecies of Merlin for his History.

It is not hard to see how the memory of Arthur, especially in the exiled Breton mind, might have become linked with these prophecies. Arthur became the lost national hero, who, like Ogier the Dane, was to return again from Avalon, and restore the Celtic kingdom. Thus the Breton peasants used to cry out at their feasts passionately: "No! King Arthur is not dead, he will come again!" And this yearning for the restoration of British greatness found its final form in the myth recorded by Malory (Book XXI.): "But many men say that there is written upon his tombe this verse—'*Hic jacet Arthurus rex quondam, rexque futurus.*'" "Here lieth Arthur once king and again to be king."

The religious feature was very early associated with "the magnanimous Arthur." Declared Nennius in his Welsh "Historia Britonum": "In the eighth battle Arthur bore the image of the Holy Virgin, Mother of God, upon his shoulders, and through the power of Our Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Mary, put the Saxons to flight." To the romance of such a Christian knight it was no difficult matter for Walter Map (or Mapes) to add later the cyclus of the Holy Graal. Rev. S. Humphreys Gurteen, in his comparative study of "The Arthurian Epic," has been led to comment on the great debt which the perfected legend owes to the English Church. Its great amplifiers and adorners were Geoffrey of Monmouth, Bishop of St. Asaph, Layamon, a parish priest of Ernley on the Severn, and Walter Map, Archdeacon of Oxford and Chaplain to Henry II.

Before Geoffrey, however, the Welsh genius had invented a few romantic features for Arthur. It would be wrong to reassert, as has been so frequently done, that the romantic element first enters with Geoffrey's History. Taliessin, or some other old Cymric singer, represented Arthur as the son of Uther Pendragon, king of the Shades, a mysterious and veiled being, the appointer of battles, with the rainbow as his buckler. Arthur is christened "Arthur of the miraculous sword," which sword is termed "the great glaive of the Mighty Enchanter." The constellation Ursa Major was known to the Welsh as Arthur's chariot. Nevertheless, in the Welsh Mabinogion the minstrels (Mabinogi) have depicted a sort of bourgeois King Arthur, so to speak.

The true modern spirit of romance only begins with King Arthur in Geoffrey of Monmouth's History of the Britons (1146). Geoffrey had already translated Orderic's Prophecies of Merlin into Latin. In the dedication to his history he plainly declared that his account is founded upon an ancient Welsh book or manuscript, Brut-y-Brenhiued (History of the Kings), which Archdeacon Walter Calenius brought to him from Armorica, and which, in Cymric tongue, "in a continued regular story and elegant style related the actions of all the British kings, from Brutus, the first of them, down to Cadwallader, son of Cadwallo." In spite of this positive assertion, and critical description of the book, no such work has ever been found as Geoffrey probably only fabled to exist. Saintsbury contends that Geoffrey owed a great deal to French romances older than the Mabinogion. Geoffrey was, as Mr. Henry Morley has remarked, "more than half a poet." At the end of his book he leaves the Saxons to the true historians, but adds, probably with a twinkle in his eye, "I advise them to be silent about the kings of the Britons, since they have not that book in the British language which Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, brought out of Brittany." In angry retort the prosaic, matter-of-fact chroniclers condemned Geoffrey, declaring "how saucily and how shamelessly he lies almost throughout."

Geoffrey's seventh book contains Merlin's Prophecies. The eighth book is devoted to Uther Pendragon, and the ninth and tenth to King Arthur. Geoffrey tells for the first time of Uther's love for Igraine, and Arthur's crowning with magnificence at Caerleon-on-Usk, the City of Legions. He becomes a second Charlemagne, adds to his government Ireland, Iceland, Gothland and the Orkneys, and subdues Norway, Dacia, Aquitaine and Gaul. He even sets out to fight the Romans and on the way kills a giant from Spain, who has carried a niece of Hoel to the top of St. Michael's Mount. He defeats a great army of Romans, but suddenly learns that his nephew Modred, whom he has left behind to rule Britain, has seized the realm and married the queen Guanhumara (Guenever), of whom the only previous mention was to the effect that she came "of a noble Roman family and surpassed in beauty all the women of the island." Arthur returns and kills Modred after a battle at Rutupiæ, but is himself wounded and is carried for cure to the mysterious isle of Avalon. Guanhumara takes the veil.

The romantic spirit of this new King Arthur appealed wonderfully to the common mind from which it came. Geoffrey earned the by-name of Arturus, "because he cloaked with the honest name of history, colored in Latin phrase, these old Breton fables, with increase of his own." William of Newbury complained that Geoffrey had "made the little finger of his Arthur stouter than the back of Alexander the Great," and had represented his Merlin as a British Isaiah, except that he "dared not prefix to his prophecies, 'Thus saith the Lord,' and blushed to write, 'Thus saith the devil.'" Geoffrey had truly "with a touch of Defoe-like humor given to Arthur's mythical exploits the mock gravity of sober history." Geoffrey's Latin history was soon translated by Wace, or Eustace, into 15,000 lines of French verse, as "Li Romans de Brut" (1155). Wace made some additions of his own, among them the Round Table of Arthur's knights. Then Wace's French version fell into the hands of

Layamon, who told it in English.* Layamon introduced the elves at Arthur's birth, and made Arthur declare in his dying speech to Constantine: "I will fare to Avalun, to the fairest of all maidens, to Argante the Queen, an elf most fair, and she shall make my wounds all sound." And, according to Layamon, Arthur was borne away in a magic boat.

It is worthy of note how little, thus far, these original sources contained of the Arthurian Legend proper as we now know it. The wonder-working of Merlin, the treason of Modred and Guinevere, the retirement to Avalon, and only a rudimentary Table Round, whose knights compete with younger knights of the Queen—that is all. No Guinevere, such as Lancelot loved, no Lancelot, and no Holy Graal and its quest. But, as Professor Saintsbury remarks, "These additions, which on the one side gave the secular, on the other almost the whole of the mystical, attraction to the complete story, had, however, it seems probable, been actually added before Layamon wrote."

The great French Arthurian romances, lacking only the Tristram story, had already been written—by Walter Map; by Robert de Borron, a knight of the North of France; and by Chrestien de Troyes, a knight of his native Court of Champagne. While it is not absolutely proven, there is some reason to believe that the great honor of having written both "Lancelot" and the "Quest of the Saint Graal" belongs to Walter Map (or Mapes). We know that Map was perfectly capable, at least, of glorifying the old legend. He was a Hertfordshire man, conversant with Welsh and Breton traditions, and a poet, courtier, wit and theologian, all four—the friend of Becket and of Henry II. both. His Latin "Nugæ Curialium," in which he played with the simony and sins of the clergy and invented that gross ecclesiastical Falstaff, Golias, reveals his great gift of literary invention. He is just such a man as might be suspected of the idea of uniting the separate legend of the Holy Graal to the Arthurian romance, and of adding Lancelot as the flower of knighthood. Saintsbury remarks: "If any one will turn to the stories of Gerbert and

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* See Volume I., pp. 270-275.

Meridiana, of Galo, Sadius, and the evil queen in the 'Nugæ,' he will, making allowance for Walter's awkward Latin in comparison with the elegant French of the twelfth century, find reasons why this known satirist may be accepted as the mysterious romancer." Through Map's genius most probably the character of Lancelot was invented to be the "Flower of Knights" as Arthur was destined to become the "Flower of Kings" (Flos Regum Arthurus), and Guinevere became the fascinating queen of romance. Thus Tennyson describes them:

"Lancelot, the flower of bravery, Guinevere, the pearl of beauty."

Gawain, Arthur's nephew, had early appeared in the legend, but he would not suit a romantic purpose. And Lancelot having been stained with passion, his guilty love for Guinevere, it was not for him to be the restorer of the Holy Graal of purity. Therefore the Quest was left for his son Galahad.

Now what was this Holy Graal and this great Quest, which were introduced to give a loftier significance to the Table Round? The legend is that of Joseph of Arimathea. It goes back to Jerusalem. The Jews are said to have taken revenge on Joseph for his part in the burial of our Lord. They threw him into prison, but he was delivered by Titus. He then set out with certain Christian companions to seek foreign lands and a home for the Holy Graal, which had served at the Last Supper and had received Christ's blood at the Cross. (In the early form of the legend the Graal was the dish which had held the paschal lamb; according to later notions, it was the sacramental cup.) After a long series of wild adventures and marvelous deliveries, the holy survivors finally settled in Britain. Here King Evelake, or Mordrains, receives for his backsliding the "dolorous stroke," from which none but his last descendant, Galahad, may recover him fully. Thus Lancelot is linked to Evelake, and, furthermore, the Round Table begins to typify the table at the Last Supper. Merlin is transformed from a Welsh elf-child into a fiend-child, who was created to overthow the Round Table, but whose Christian nature triumphs over his evil spirit, so that out of the wreck of Arthur's Court Galahad at last wins the sacred object of the Quest.

But Chrestien de Troyes, the French trouvère, introduced a new figure into the legend—that of Percival. His "Percevale le Gallois" has been claimed by the Celtic school as an imitation of "Peredur," who can be also found in the Mabinogion;* but Troyes really created Perceval. The name of Peredur, of the Welsh tale, signifies "searcher of the basin." The French Perceval (one who goes through a valley) also goes on the quest of the Graal. In the British legend it is Galahad who achieves this, but in Troyes and in his imitator, Wolfram von Eschenbach (the German poet who wrote "Parzival"), Perceval also finally wins the honor of becoming sovereign of the Graal. Perceval is represented as having arrived at the Castle of the Graal, where he justifies his early name of "Great Fool." It is on the Graal Mountain of Montsalvat that the suffering of Amfortas is beheld by Perceval or Parzival, who does not think to ask the meaning of the lamenting and many strange things he beholds. He is twitted afterward on his neglect, and wanders wild and godless for a time in despair, but at last achieves the quest and leads to Amfortas's cure.† Wolfram cast a spell of mysticism over the simple romance, and in Wagner's great *bühnenweihfestspiel* (Sacred Festival Drama) of "Parsifal," not yet performed outside of Baireuth, the great German composer of music drama has farther deepened the mystery. Wolfram's magician, Klingschor, was more shadowy a figure than Merlin, and his "Kundrie la sorciere" (sorceress), "the unsweet and yet the proud," was more weird than either Morgane or Nimue (Vivien), who entraps Merlin. In Wagner Klingsor creates an enchanted garden of wicked loveliness, in which the beautiful Kundry beguiles the knights of the Graal. Wagner's Kundry is that Herodias who laughed at Jesus on the cross, and thenceforth was condemned to wander through the world under a curse of laughter, praying only for a gift of tears to release her weary soul. Parsifal is at the beginning only a thoughtless, impetuous forest lad, unlearned in life, who is even unaware of the necessity of salvation. Enlightenment comes to him through compassion for Kundry. In Wolfram Kundrie la Sorciere is only the Graal Messenger, while the temptress of the Magic Garden is a damsel named Orgeluse. Wagner united both attributes in his creation. She is Klingsor's tool while in a kind of hypnotic sleep.

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* See Vol. I., pp. 328–336.

† See Vol. I., pp. 302–305.

But leaving Troyes and Wolfram von Eschenbach, and recurring to the original Arthurian legend, we find Sir Thomas Maleore or Malory uniting all these previous threads into La Morte d'Arthur, one of the first works printed by William Caxton in the Abbey of Westminster (1485). Malory's work was that of a compiler, and of his merits there are diverse views. Whatever his defects in the selection and adjustment of the early romances, all critics agree with Sir Walter Scott that his style is "pure old English," with "a simplicity bordering on the sublime." His story becomes nobly consistent and harmonious in its close. As Andrew Lang has declared: "[The book] was well called 'La Morte d'Arthur,' for the ending atones for all, wins forgiveness for all, and, like the death of Roland, is more triumphant than a victory." But when one considers also the multitude of inconsistencies and contradictions of the original romances, he is inclined to repeat Professor Saintsbury's praise: "It must be said that in what he omits as well as in his treatment of what he inserts, Malory shows nothing short of genius." Mr. S. H. Gurteen has written a volume on "The Arthurian Epic" to show how much preferable are even Malory's rude romances to Tennyson's pre-Raphaelite Idylls, but to-day it is best to gaze through the stained cathedral windows of the great laureate's poems.

Malory relates the whole legend with the exception of the romance of Tristram. Luces de Gast and Hélie de Borron, contemporaries of Walter Map, are noteworthy as the authors of this foreign episode of "Le Roman de Tristan," which is undoubtedly an Irish tale. Sir Tristram's love for "La beale Isoud" has been rendered a familiar story for opera-goers by Wagner's opera of "Tristan und Isolde." It has been celebrated as the high canticle of love by British bards, French trouvères and German Minnesingers, although more vulgar in its aspects than the romance of Lancelot and Guinevere. It is related in Marie de France's "Lay of the Eglantine." * The most complete version is that by Gottfried von Strassburg, written in the thirteenth century. Tennyson has treated it in "The Last Tournament," Matthew Arnold in "Tristram and Iseult," and Swinburne in "Tristram of Lyonesse." The hero's name is derived from the French word *triste*, as declares the dying mother in Arnold's poem:

> "Son, she said, thy name shall be of sorrow;
> Tristram art thou called for my death's sake."

Gottfried pictures Sir Tristram as sent by his uncle, King Mark of Cornwall, to fetch him for bride Isolde or Iseult. Queen Iseult intrusts Brangwain, her maid, with a love-philtre, which is to be sacredly guarded and given to Mark and Iseult on their wedding-night. By mistake this magic potion is drunk by the unhappy queen and Tristram:

> That spiced magic draught
> Which since then forever rolls
> Through their lives and binds their souls,
> Working love, but working teen.—*M. Arnold.*

Tennyson omits the love-potion and makes the two lovers ordinary sinners, and has the betrayed King Mark unceremoniously kill the false knight. In Gottfried's epic Tristram escapes. In Swinburne he escapes the guard and jumps from a cliff after stabbing himself. In Arnold he dies in Brittany, having sent for Iseult to come and cure him. In Wagner's version Isolde gives Tristram the love-philtre in mistake for poison in order to avenge her wronged love.

Hartmann von Aue,† wrote two long Arthurian romances of adventure, translations or adaptations of the "Chevalier au Lyon," and the "Erec et Enide" of Chrestien de Troyes. Of these Professor Saintsbury declares: "They are readable with interest after the French itself; and in the case of Erec, after the 'Mabinogion' and the 'Idylls of the King' also."

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* See Vol. I., pp. 212–215.

† See Vol. I., pp. 305–309.

THE CORONATION OF KING ARTHUR.

(Translated from the Latin of Geoffrey of Monmouth.)

UPON the approach of the feast of Pentecost, Arthur, the better to demonstrate his joy after such triumphant success, and for the more solemn observance of that festival, and reconciling the minds of the princes that were now subject to him, resolved, during that season, to hold a magnificent court, to place the crown upon his head, and to invite all the kings and dukes under his subjection, to the solemnity. And when he had communicated his design to his familiar friends, he pitched upon the City of Legions (Caerleon) as a proper place for his purpose. For besides its great wealth above the other cities, its situation, which was in Glamorganshire upon the river Usk, near the Severn sea, was most pleasant and fit for so great a solemnity. For on one side it was washed by that noble river, so that the kings and princes from the countries beyond the seas might have the convenience of sailing up to it. On the other side, the beauty of the meadows and groves, and magnificence of the royal palaces with lofty gilded roofs that adorned it, made it even rival the grandeur of Rome. It was also famous for two churches; whereof one was built in honor of the martyr Julius, and adorned with a choir of virgins, who had devoted themselves wholly to the service of God; but the other, which was founded in memory of St. Aaron, his companion, and maintained a convent of canons, was the third metropolitan church of Britain. Besides, there was a college of two hundred philosophers, who, being learned in astronomy and the other arts, were diligent in observing the courses of the stars, and gave Arthur true predictions of the events that would happen at that time. In this place, therefore, which afforded such delights, were preparations made for the ensuing festival. Ambassadors were then sent into several kingdoms, to invite to court the princes both of Gaul and all the adjacent islands. Accordingly there came Augusel, king of Albania, now Scotland; Urian, king of Mureif; Cadwallo Lewirh, king of the Venedotians, now called the North Wales men; Sater, king of the

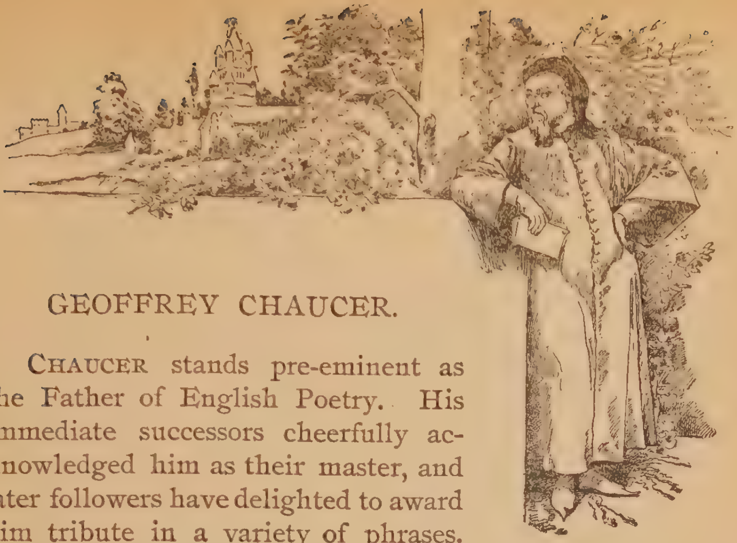
Demetians, or South Wales men; Cador, king of Cornwall; also the archbishops of the three metropolitan sees, London, York, and Dubricius of the City of Legions. This prelate, who was primate of Britain, and legate of the apostolical see, was so eminent for his piety, that he could cure any sick person by his prayers. There came also the consuls of the principal cities. . . . . Besides these, there remained no prince of any consideration on this side of Spain, who came not upon this invitation. And no wonder, when Arthur's munificence, celebrated over the whole world, made him beloved by all.

When all were assembled together in the city upon the day of the solemnity, the archbishops were conducted to the palace, in order to place the crown upon the king's head. Therefore Dubricius, inasmuch as the court was kept in his diocese, made himself ready to celebrate the office, and undertook the ordering of whatever related to it. As soon as the king was invested with his royal habiliments, he was conducted in great pomp to the metropolitan church, supported on each side by two archbishops, and having four kings, viz., of Albania, Cornwall, Demetia, and Venedotia, whose right it was, bearing four golden swords before him. He was also attended with a concert of all sorts of music, which made most excellent harmony. On another part was the queen, dressed out in her richest ornaments, conducted by the archbishops and bishops to the Temple of Virgins; the four queens also of the kings last mentioned, bearing before her four white doves according to ancient custom; and after her there followed a retinue of women, making all imaginable demonstrations of joy. When the whole procession was ended, so transporting was the harmony of the musical instruments and voices, whereof there was a vast variety in both churches, that the knights who attended were in doubt which to prefer, and therefore crowded from the one to the other by turns, and were far from being tired with the solemnity, though the whole day had been spent in it.

At last, when divine service was over at both churches, the king and queen put off their crowns, and putting on their lighter ornaments, went to the banquet; he to one palace with the men, and she to another with the women. For the

British men and women used to celebrate their festivals apart. When all had taken their seats according to precedence, Caius the sewer, in rich robes of ermine, with a thousand young noblemen, all in like manner clothed with ermine, served up the dishes. From another part, Bedver the butler was followed with the same number of attendants, in various habits, who waited with all kinds of cups and drinking-vessels. In the queen's palace were innumerable waiters, dressed with variety of ornaments, all performing their respective offices; which if I should describe particularly, I should draw out the history to a tedious length. For at that time Britain had arrived at such a pitch of grandeur, that in abundance of riches, luxury of ornaments, and politeness of inhabitants, it far surpassed all other kingdoms. The knights that were famous for feats of chivalry, wore their clothes and arms all of the same color and fashion: and the women also, no less celebrated for their wit, wore all the same kind of apparel; and esteemed none worthy of their love, but such as had given a proof of their valor in three battles. Thus was the valor of the men an encouragement for the women's chastity, and the love of the women a spur to the soldiers' bravery.

As soon as the banquets were over, they went into the fields without the city, to divert themselves with various sports. The military men composed a kind of diversion in imitation of a fight on horseback; and the ladies, placed on the top of the walls as spectators, in a sportive manner darted their amorous glances at the courtiers, the more to encourage them. Others spent the remainder of the day in other diversions, such as shooting with bows and arrows, tossing the pike, casting of heavy stones and rocks, playing at dice and the like, and all these inoffensively and without quarrelling. Whoever gained the victory in any of these sports, was rewarded with a rich prize by Arthur. In this manner were the first three days spent; and on the fourth, all who, upon account of their titles, bore any kind of office at this solemnity, were called together to receive honors and preferments in reward of their services, and to fill up the vacancies in the governments of cities and castles, archbishoprics, bishoprics, abbeys, and other posts of honor.



GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

CHAUCER stands pre-eminent as the Father of English Poetry. His immediate successors cheerfully acknowledged him as their master, and later followers have delighted to award him tribute in a variety of phrases. In one of the best-known of these, bestowed by Spenser, he is called "Dan (*i.e.*, *Dominus*, Don or Master) Chaucer, well of English undefiled." Yet some critics maintain that his real merit, as far as language was concerned, lay in his skillful mingling of Norman-French with Anglo-Saxon or Old English, and that thus he is entitled to the honor of originating a new literature. In the middle of the fourteenth century English was not merely the speech of the common people, whose ancestors had been conquered by the Normans. Modified and enriched by the French of the ruling class, it had been accepted by court and parliament as the national language. The victories of Edward III. in France revealed and strengthened the strong national feeling, common to both Norman earls and Saxon churls. In baronial halls the romances and lighter poems of northern France, and the lays of the troubadours of sunny Provence had been the favorite forms of poetry, but it was no longer felt necessary or convenient to use the language of the originals. English was the familiar speech of every day, and when used by a well-trained poet, was recognized and welcomed as a fit organ for literary composition. This was the origin of the various works of Chaucer, starting with translations and paraphrases of French and Italian poets, working on through imitations and adaptations of their recognized master-pieces, and developing at last into a stately and picturesque presentation of the life and manners of England.

Geoffrey Chaucer is said to have been born in London in 1328, or more probably about ten years later. His father was a vintner, and seems to have had connection with the king's court. At an early age Geoffrey was in the service of the Countess of Ulster, wife of Lionel of Clarence, the third son of Edward III. In 1359 he was shield-bearer to that king in his invasion of France, and being taken prisoner, suffered two months' captivity. He was ransomed and employed in the king's household, and when war called him again, served in a French campaign. In 1373 he was appointed one of the commissioners who negotiated with the city of Genoa for the promotion of trade with England. In his "Canterbury Tales" the Clerk of Oxford says he heard the tale of Griselda from Petrarch at Padua, and if this clerk be Chaucer himself, the interview must have occurred about this time. In connection with other diplomatic missions to France, Flanders and Italy, his name is found in official documents. Besides other rewards for his services, the king granted him a pitcher of wine daily in London, which allowance was afterwards commuted for an annual pension of twenty marks. From this grant it has been erroneously inferred that Chaucer was recognized as "Poet Laureate." But while some of his poems have reference to court events, there was no such official position till two centuries later. Chaucer, however, was in high favor at court, and was made comptroller of the customs of London, and received from the city authorities a house rent-free. He was a close adherent of the king's son, John of Gaunt (Ghent), "time-honored Lancaster." He married Philippa, a lady of the court, and some say, at the Duke's suggestion. It is also said that her sister was a governess in John of Gaunt's family, and eventually became the Duke's third wife. From some of the poet's comments on married life he is thought not to have enjoyed happiness therein. John of Gaunt favored the Reformer Wiclif, and Chaucer's sharp satire on the monks and friars may show a leaning toward Lollard views. Gaunt lost the favor of Parliament, and Chaucer in December, 1386, was stripped of all his appointments. Yet, before three years had elapsed, he was made clerk of the king's works at Westminster. Under King Richard II. the poet fell into sore distress and seems to have fled to the Continent to avoid imprisonment for debt. The accession of Henry IV., the son of John of Gaunt, to the crown in 1399, relieved him of his difficulties and restored his grants, his pension being doubled. But the poet did not long survive this return of prosperity. He died on the 25th of October, 1400, and was interred in Westminster Abbey, being the first of the English poets who have received that tribute of honor.

Though Chaucer describes himself as a devoted student of books, this brief record of his life shows that he was also a man of the world, a traveler and a courtier. His diversity of occupation gave him ample opportunity for observation and fitted him to enlarge the scope of English writing hitherto employed only by clerics and devoted to rhymed chronicles and moral lessons. His early works were translations of the *Roman de la Rose*, and other tedious French romances which were then the standard entertainment in court and hall. Next he essayed imitations of the fanciful allegories then rife in Europe. But the power of his genius steadily increased, and he was able to subordinate the acquisitions from foreign sources to the purpose of his own invention.

Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida" is derived from the "Filostrato" of Boccaccio, though, contrary to his usual practice, he nowhere mentions that author's name. Chaucer used but half of the Italian original, but enlarged that part threefold and changed altogether the drift of the story, bringing it in fact into the form used by Shakespeare. Yet such was then the weight of authority in literature, as in Church and State, that he felt compelled to give some writer as his original, and therefore feigned an imaginary Latin historian Lollius. Chaucer in exposing the faults of Cressida, had violated the moral regulations of the Courts of Love, established by the troubadours, and long afterwards made a recantation in the Prologue to his "Legend of Good Women."

A favorite setting for the allegorical poems of that age was a dream in which the poet was transported to a new land or place full of marvels. Here the fancy might introduce improbabilities and impossibilities at pleasure, yet the requirements of the allegory might serve as a limit not to be transgressed. Such a framework did Chaucer use in several poems, at first awkwardly as in the elegy called "The Boke of the Duchesse," but afterwards more skillfully yet fantastically as in the unfinished "House of Fame," in which, taking as his theme a passage of Ovid, he essayed in a humble fashion to recast Dante's sublime epic. The attempt as a whole was unsuccessful, as the poet seems to have acknowledged.

The "House of Fame," as well as some of the earlier poems, was in the easy-flowing eight-syllabled couplet. But in the "Legend of Good Women," and in most of the "Canterbury Tales," Chaucer used the ten-syllabled couplet, which he was the first to introduce into English, and which has so proved the favorite with his successors, that it is now regarded as the standard form for narrative and didactic poetry. Ignorance of the early English pronunciation, as well as the errors and corruptions in the first printed editions of Chaucer, caused his verse to be regarded as often lame and halting. But a more correct text, and a better understanding of the rules of reading it, have proved that he is most skillful in management of rhythm and melody.

Several poems were formerly attributed to Chaucer on slight grounds, but are now considered spurious by the best critics. Among them are "The Court of Love," "The Flower and the Leaf," and "Chaucer's Dream." But the dispute has not been decided in regard to the English translation of the famous French allegory, "Roman de la Rose." While Chaucer expressly mentions "The Romaunt of the Rose" among his early works, Professor W. W. Skeat and others declare that the diction and metre of the extant version deviate widely from the poet's practice. On the other hand, Professor T. R. Lounsbury, after a minute examination, regards those objections as groundless. But Chaucer will always be best known as the author of the "Canterbury Tales." In these he shines as the master delineator of human nature, which never changes. His portraits of character are as fresh and true to-day as when he penned them five centuries ago.

THE CANTERBURY TALES.

The framework of the "Canterbury Tales" is superior to that of Boccaccio's "Decameron," which furnished the leading idea of a number of tales told by members of a group. Here we see a company of English folk, from the knight and squire to the cook and the Wife of Bath, who gather on an April day at the inn of the Tabard in Southwark, London, intending to proceed on their pilgrimage to Canterbury, to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket. What can be more true to English mediæval life? The Prologue, giving a description of the various classes, is the poet's masterpiece. It brings before us, at their best, and in the most natural way, all grades of society. Their characters, dress and humors are depicted in the most striking way. The stories that follow are in keeping with what we are led to expect by the previous description of the story-teller. The knight leads off with a romantic tale of chivalry; the squire, the prioress and the clerk tell stories befitting their calling; but the drunken miller and the reeve cannot be restrained from repeating the coarse and indecent tales in which country boors found pleasure. Some of the tales had been composed long before this collection was projected. Some are "left half told," and the parson's tale is a sermon in prose. According to the plan each pilgrim was to tell two tales while journeying to the shrine, and two while returning, but there is not even one for each of the characters. The poet's exile, distress and old age interfered with the accomplishment of his project. But what we have is unsurpassed in pithy delineation of character, in power of telling a story and exciting human interest.

THE KNIGHT.

(From R. H. Horne's "Chaucer Modernized.")

A KNIGHT there was, and that a worthy man,
Who from the hour on which he first began
To ride out, vowed himself to chivalry,
Honor and truth, freedom and courtesy.
In his lord's war right worthy had he shone,
And thereto ridden—none had further gone,
In Christian, and in Heathen land, no less;
And ever honor'd for his worthiness.
At Alexandria was he when 'twas won.
Full oft the wassail board he had begun,
Above the bravest warriors out of Prusse;
In Lithuania had he serv'd, and Russe;
No Christian man so oft of his degree.
At Algeziras, in Granada, he
Had join'd the siege; and ridden in Belmarie:
At Layas was he, and at Satalie
When they were won; and, borne on the Great Sea,
At many a noble fight of ships was he.
In mortal battles had he been fifteen,
And fought for our true faith, at Tramissene,
In the lists thrice—and always slain his foe.
And this same worthy Knight had been also
In Anatolia sometime with a lord,
Fighting against the foes of God his word;
And evermore he won a sovereign prize.
Though thus at all times honor'd, he was wise,
And of his port as meek as is a maid.
He never yet a word discourteous said
In all his life to any mortal wight:
He was a very perfect gentle knight.
But for to tell you of his staid array,—
His horse was good, albeit he was not gay.
He wore a fustian cassock, short and plain,
All smutch'd with rust from coat of mail, and rain.
For he was late return'd; and he was sage,
And cared for nought but his good pilgrimage.

THE PRIORESS.

THERE was, likewise, a Nun, a Prioress,
That of her smiling was full simple and coy.
Her greatest oath was but "by Saint Eloy;"
And she was naméd Madam Eglentine.
Right well she sang the services divine,
Entuned in her nose with accent sweet;
And French she spake full properly and neat,
After the school of Stratford at the Bow,
For French of Paris was to her unknowe.
At table she was scrupulous withal;
No morsel from her lips did she let fall,
Nor in her sauce would dip her fingers deep. . . .
But for to tell you of her conscience,
She was so tender and so piteous,
She would shed tears if that she saw a mouse
Caught in a trap, if it were hurt or dead.
She had some small hounds, which she always fed
With roasted meat, and milk, and fine wheat bread;
But sore wept she if one of them were dead,
Or if men with a stick e'er struck it smart:
And all was conscience and tender heart.
Full seemly was her kerchief crimp'd across;
Her nose well cut and long; eyes gray as glass;
Her mouth was small, and thereto soft and red,
And certainly a forehead fair she had:
It was almost a span in breadth, I trow;
And truly she was not of stature low.
Most proper was her cloak, as I was ware.
Of coral small about her arm she bare
Two strings of beads, bedizen'd all with green,
And thereon hung a broach of gold full sheen,
On which was graven first a crowned A,
And after "*Amor vincit omnia.*"

THE CLERK (SCHOLAR).

A CLERK there was, from Oxford, in the press,
Who in pure logic placed his happiness.
His horse was lean as is a garden rake;

And he was not right fat, I undertake,
But hollow look'd, and sober, and ill fed.
His upper cloak was worn to the bare thread,
For he had got no benefice as yet,
Nor for a worldly office was he fit.
For he had rather have at his bed's head
Some twenty volumes, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
Than richest robes, fiddle, or psaltery.
But though a true philosopher was he,
Yet had he little gold beneath his key;
But every farthing that his friends e'er lent,
In books and learning was it always spent;
And busily he pray'd for the sweet souls
Of those who gave him wherewith for the schools.
He bent on study his chief care and heed.
Not a word spake he more than there was need,
And this was said with form and gravest stress,
And short and quick, full of sententiousness.
Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learn. and gladly teach.

THE PHYSICIAN.

A DOCTOR of Physic rode with us along;
There was none like him in this wide world's throng,
To speak of physic and of surgery;
For he was grounded in astronomy.
He very much prolong'd his patients' hours
By natural magic; and the ascendant powers
Of figures that he cast, his art could make
Benign of aspect, for his patient's sake.
He knew the cause of every malady,
Were it of cold, or hot, or moist, or dry,
And how engender'd—what the humors were—
He was a very perfect practiser.
The cause once known, and root of the disease,
Anon he placed the sick man at his ease.
Full ready had he his apothecaries
To send him drugs and his electuaries,
And each one made the other sure to win:
Their friendship was no new thing to begin.

Well the old Æsculapius he knew,
And Dioscorides, and Rufus too;
Hali, and old Hippocrates, and Galen,
Serapion, Rasis, and wise Avicen;
Averroës, Damascene, and Constantin,
Deep-seeing Bernard, Gatesden, Gilbertin.
His diet by its nutriment weigh'd he,
For to be charged with superfluity
In meat and drink, had been to him a libel.
His study was but little in the Bible.
He was all clad in crimson and sky-gray,
With thin silk lined, and lustrous taffeta.
And yet he was but moderate in expense.
He hoarded what he gain'd i' the pestilence;
For gold in physic is a cordial old—
Therefore the Doctor specially loved gold.

THE WIFE OF BATH.

THERE was from Bath a good WIFE and a witty;
But she was somewhat deaf, and that was pity.
In the cloth trade such crowds unto her went,
She beat the looms of Ypres and of Ghent.
In all the parish goodwife none was there
That to mass-offering step before her dare;
And if they did, certes so wroth was she
That she at once forgot all charity.
Her folded head-cloths were of finest ground;
I durst swear almost they weigh'd a pound,
Which on the Sunday were upon her head.
Her stockings fine were of a scarlet red,
Full straitly tied, and shone right moist and new.
Bold was her face, and fair and red of hue.
She was a worthy woman to the core:
Five husbands had she brought from the church door;
Not reckoning other company in youth:

But there's no need to tell this now, in sooth.
  And thrice had she been at Jerusalem;
She had pass'd over many a strange stream.
Cologne she knew; Bologna, Rome, had seen;
And in Galicia, at the shrine, had been.
She had known much of journeying by the way.
Her teeth had gaps between them, sooth to say.
Upon an ambler easily she sat,
With wimple large, and on her head an hat,
As broad as is a buckler or a targe.
A riding-skirt about her round hips large
Was tied, and sharp spurs were on both her feet.
In fellowship well could she laugh, and treat
Of remedies of love she learnt by chance,
For of that art she well knew the old dance.

THE PARSON.

(From Clarke's "Riches of Chaucer.")

  A good man there was of religión,
That was a poore PARSON of a town,
But rich he was of holy thought and work;
He was also a learned man, a Clerk,
That Christes gospel truly wouldé preach;
His *parishens* devoutly would he teach; [*parishioners*
Benign he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversity full patient,
And such he was yproved often *sithes;* [*times*
Full loath were him to cursen for his tithes;
But rather would he given out of doubt
Unto his poore parishens about
Of his off'ring, and eke of his substance;
He could in little thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses far asunder,
But he ne left naught for no rain nor thunder,
In sickness and in mischief, to visit
The farthest in his parish, *much* and *lite*, [*great, small*
Upon his feet, and in his hand a staff:
This noble 'nsample to his sheep he *yaf*, [*gave*
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught,
Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,
And this figúre he added yet thereto,

That if gold rust, what then should iron do?
For if a priest be foul on whom we trust,
No wonder is a *lewed* man to rust; [*ignorant*
And shame it is, if that a priest take keep,
To see a "fouled" shepherd and clean sheep:
Well ought a priest ensample for to give
By his cleanness how his sheep should live.
He setté not his benefice to hire,
And left his sheep *accumbred* in the mire [*encumbered*
And ran unto London unto St. Poule's
To seeken him a chantery* for souls,
Or with a brotherhood to be *withold;* [*withholden*
But dwelt at home and kepté well his fold,
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarry:
He was a shepherd and no mercenary;
And though he holy were, and virtuous,
He was to sinful men not *dispitous*, [*pitiless*
Ne of his speeché *dangerous* ne *digne;* [*sparing*, *proud*
But in his teaching discreet and benign.
To drawen folk to heaven with faireness,
By good ensample, was his business;
But if there were any person obstinate,
What so he were of high or low estate,
Him would he *snibben* sharply for the *nones:* [*rebuke*, *occasion*
A better priest I trow that no where none is.
He waited after no pomp or reverence,
Ne maked him no spicéd conscience;
But Christes *lore*, and his apostles twelve [*doctrine*
He taught, but first he followed it himselve.

THE PLOWMAN.

WITH him there was a *Plowman*, was his brother,
That had ylaid of dung full many a *fother;* [*cart-load*
A true *swinker* and a good was he, [*laborer*
Living in peace and perfect charity;
God loved he beste with all his heart
At alle times, were it gain or *smart*, [*pain*

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* An endowment for the payment of a priest to sing mass agreeably to the appointment of the founder. There were thirty-five of these chantries established at St. Paul's, which were served by fifty-four priests.

And then his neighebour right as himselve.
He wouldé thresh, and thereto *dike* and *delve*, [*ditch, dig*
For Christes sake, for every poore wight
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.
His tithes payed he full fair and well
Both of his proper *swink* and his cattle. [*labor*
In a tabard he rode upon a mare.

THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

THE first and finest of the Canterbury Tales is the Knight's Tale, containing altogether over two thousand lines. It is founded on Boccaccio's "Teseide," but is both abridged and amplified by Chaucer, and is characterized by a wider range of fancy and chivalrous sentiment. Many of its most poetical passages are his own additions to the story. The scene is laid in ancient Greece, but the romantic notions of the mediæval chivalry pervade the whole. Theseus, Duke of Athens, after other conquests, made war on Thebes, routed its army and slew its king. Two valiant knights, Palamon and Arcite, were found among the captives, and were declared by the heralds from their coat-armor to belong to the blood-royal of Thebes. They were sentenced to life-long imprisonment. But the tower in which they were confined overlooked the city of Athens and the royal garden. On the first of May Palamon sees the Princess Emily gathering flowers and is smitten with love. His conduct and words excite his fellow-prisoner's sympathy, but when Arcite beholds the lady, he also becomes a lover, and his friendship is turned to jealousy.

The King of Thrace, on a visit to Athens, induces Theseus to liberate Arcite, who is banished to Thebes on pain of death if he return. Palamon remains in captivity, but Arcite finds himself unhappy, being deprived of the sight of Emily. After a year or two he returns, risking his life for love's sake. Being disguised, he enters the service of Theseus as page, and waits upon Emily. Seven long years did Palamon pace his dungeon despairingly. At last, by the aid of a friend, he drugged his jailor, and escaped to a grove near Athens. Hither on May morning comes Arcite to observe the day, and gives vent to his feelings in some verses. The words rouse Palamon from his hiding-place, and, after sharp dispute, Arcite engages to bring armor from the city, that they may fight on equal terms on the morrow. He fulfills his task, and they begin the conflict. But Theseus and his daughter, on their way to the chase, surprise the knights. He commands them to cease and explain the cause of strife. Both confess their identity, and declare their love of Emily. Knowing that neither can now hope to win her, jealousy prompts each to ask that the other's life be forfeited. The duke so resolves, but the ladies of his train plead so effectually that he relents, and decrees that the two knights shall meet after fifty weeks, and each bringing a hundred lords, should decide the matter by open battle. They thank the duke, and offer their prayers respectively to Venus and Mars. Emily implores the aid of Diana to secure the one "that most desireth me."

A large assembly of kings, nobles and common folk gather at Athens at the appointed time. A great feast ushers in the tournament, which is no sham fight. Yet, after a time, to spare the effusion of blood, the duke restricts the further contest to the original contestants. After a fierce struggle Arcite throws Palamon to the ground, and is adjudged the victor. But as he leaves the field he is thrown from his horse by accident. His hurt proves mortal, and, sighing for Emily, he is borne to the palace. He sends for Palamon, bids him farewell, and commends him to Emily. "His last word was, 'Mercy, Emily.'" His body was burnt on the funeral pile with great ceremony. After a suitable interval, Duke Theseus urges his daughter to marry, and she is duly united to Palamon. Our extracts are modernized by Mrs. R H. Haweis.

EMILY AND THE PRISONERS.

THUS passeth year by year, and day by day
Till it fell once upon a morn of May
That Emelye—more beauteous to be seen
Than is the lily on his stalk of green,
And fresher than the May with flowers new
(For with the rose's color strove her hue;
I know not which was fairer of the two),

Early she rose as she was wont to do,
All ready robed before the day was bright;
For May time will not suffer sloth at night;
The season pricketh every gentle heart,
And maketh him out of his sleep to start,
And saith, Rise up, salute the birth of spring!
And therefore Emelye, remembering
To pay respect to May, rose speedily:
Attired she was all fresh and carefully,
Her yellow hair was braided in a tress
Behind her back, a full yard long, I guess,
And in the garden as the sun uprose
She wandered up and down whereas she chose;
She gathereth flowers, partly white and red,
To make a cunning garland for her head.
And like an angel's singing rose her song.

The mighty tower, that was so thick and strong,
The castle's chiefest dungeon (wherein pent
The knights were doomed to imprisonment,
Of which I told you some, but not yet all)
Was close adjoining to the garden wall
Wherein this Emelye had her playing.
Bright was the sun and clear that May morning
And Palamon, that mournful prisoner,
As was his wont, by leave of his gaoler
Was ris'n and at an upper chamber stood
Where his view all the noble city shew'd,
And all the garden full of branches green
Where this fresh Emelye, beauteous to be seen,
Was in her walk and roaming up and down.
This sorrowful prisoner, this Palamon,
Goes in his chamber—pacing to and fro—
Still to himself complaining of his woe,
That he was born, full oft he sigh'd "Alas!"
And so befell, by chance or some strange case,
That thro' a window thick with many a bar
Of iron, great and square as a ship's spar,
He cast his eyes on Emelye below;
And therewithal he blenchéd, and cried "Oh!"
Like a man stung, or wounded to the heart.
And at that cry Arcite did forward start

Saying, "Dear cousin mine, what aileth thee?
Thou art so pale, and deathly-white to see.
Why did you cry out? What's the last offence?
For God's love, take it all in patience,
This prison-life cannot be otherwise—
Fate is the cause of our adversities.

. . . . . .

We must endure it, this is short and plain."
Palamon rebuking, answered him again,
"Cousin, forsooth, that fix'd opinión
Is but a vain imaginatión.
Nay, prison-misery did not cause my cry.
But I was hurt that moment thro' mine eye
Unto my heart, and that my bane will be.
The fairness of the lady that I see
Yonder in the garden roaming to and fro
Is cause of all my outcry and my woe;
And I know not whether she be goddess
Or woman—but 'tis Venus, as I guess."
And therewith saying, falling on his knee,
He cried, "O Venus, if thy will it be,
Thus in the garden taking gentle shape
In sight of wretched, hapless, woeful me,
Out of this prison help us to escape."

. . . . . .

And with that word Arcite cast his eye
Where this fair lady roamed to and fro:
And with that sight, her beauty stung him so,
That if young Palamon is wounded sore,
Arcite is hurt as much as he, or more.
Then with a sigh he murmur'd piteously
"Ah, the fresh beauty slay'th me suddenly
Of her that roameth out in yonder place:
And, save I win her mercy and her grace,
That I at least may see her day by day,
I am but dead—there is no more to say."
This Palamon, when he those words had heard,
Furious he looked—and presently answer'd——
"Whether say'st thou this—in earnest or in play?"
"Nay," said Arcite, "in earnest, by my fay.
God help me, I am in no mood for play."

ARCITE FINDS PALAMON IN THE WOOD.

THE busy lark, the messenger of day,
Saluteth in her song the morning gray;
And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth for the light;
And in the woods he drieth with his rays
The silvery drops that hang along the sprays.
Arcite—unknown, yet ever waxing higher
In Theseus' royal court, now chiefest squire—
Is risen, and looketh on the merry day:
And, fain to offer homage unto May,
He, mindful of the point of his desire,
Upon his courser leapeth, swift as fire,
And rideth to keep joyous holiday
Out in the fields, a mile or two away.
And, as it chanced, he made towards the grove,
All thick with leaves, whereof I spake above,
Eager to weave a garland with a spray
Of woodbine, or the blossoms of the may [hawthorn].
And loud against the sunshine sweet he sings,
"O May, with all thy flowers and thy green things,
Right welcome be thou, fairest, freshest May!
Yield me of all thy tender green to-day!"
Then from his courser merrily he sprang,
And plunged into the thicket as he sang;
Till in a path he chanced to make his way
Nigh to where Palamon in secret lay.
Sore frighted for his life was Palamon:
But Arcite pass'd, unknowing and unknown;
And neither guess'd his brother was hard by;
But Arcite knew not any man was nigh.

. . . . . .

"You slay me with your eyes, O Emelye!
You are the cause wherefore I daily die.
For, ah, the worth of all my other woes
Is not as e'en the poorest weed that grows,
So that I might do aught to pleasure you!"

Palamon, hearing Arcite sing this, felt as though a cold sword glided through his heart. He was so angry that he flung himself like a madman upon the intruder.

And when that he had heard Arcite's tale,
Like a man mad, with face all dead and pale,
He darts from the thick bushes in his sight,
Crying, "False, wicked traitor! false Arcite!
Now art thou caught, that lov'st my lady so,
For whom I suffer all this pain and woe!
Yet art my blood—bound to me by thy vow,
As I have told thee oftentimes ere now—
And hast so long befool'd Duke Theseus
And falsely hid thy name and nurture thus!
For all this falseness thou or I must die.
Thou shalt not love my lady Emelye—
But I will love her, and no man but I,
For I am Palamon, thine enemy!
And tho' I am unarmed, being but now
Escap'd from out my dungeon, care not thou,
For nought I dread—for either thou shalt die
Now—or thou shalt not love my Emelye.
Choose as thou wilt—thou shalt not else depart."
  But Arcite, with all fury in his heart,
Now that he knew him and his story heard,
Fierce as a lion, snatch'd he forth his sword,
Saying these words: "By Him who rules above,
Were't not that thou art sick and mad for love,
And hast no weapon—never should'st thou move,
Living or like to live, from out this grove,
But thou shouldest perish by my hand! on oath
I cast thee back the bond and surety, both,
Which thou pretendest I have made to thee.
What? very fool! remember love is free,
And I will love her maugre all thy might!
But since thou art a worthy, noble knight,
And willing to contest her in fair fight,
Have here my troth, to-morrow, at daylight,
Unknown to all, I will not fail nor fear
To meet thee as a knight in combat here,
And I will bring full arms for me and thee;
Choose thou the best, and leave the worst for me!
And I will bring thee meat and drink to-night,
Enough for thee, and bedding as is right:
And if the victory fall unto thine hand,
To slay me in this forest where I stand,

Thou may'st attain thy lady-love, for me!"
Then Palamon replied—"I grant it thee."
O god of love, that hast no charity!
O realm, that wilt not bear a rival nigh!
Truly 'tis said, that love and lordship ne'er
Will be contented only with a share."

THESEUS INTERRUPTS THE FIGHT.

THEN at the time and place which they had set
Ere long Arcite and Palamon are met.
  To change began the color of each face—
Ev'n as the hunter's, in the land of Thrace,
When at a gap he standeth with a spear,
In the wild hunt of lion or of bear.
And heareth him come rushing through the wood,
Crashing the branches in his madden'd mood,
And thinks, "Here comes my mortal enemy,
Now without fail or he or I must die;
For either I must slay him at the gap,
Or he must slay me if there be mishap."
So fared the knights so far as either knew,
When, seeing each, each deepen'd in his hue.
  There was no greeting—there was no "Good day,"
But mute, without a single word, straightway
Each one in arming turn'd to help the other,
As like a friend as though he were his brother.
And after that, with lances sharp and strong,
They dash'd upon each other—lief and long.
You might have fancied that this Palamon,
Fighting so blindly, were a mad lion,
And like a cruel tiger was Arcite.
As two wild boars did they together smite.
That froth as white as foam for rage—they stood
And fought until their feet were red with blood.
Thus far awhile I leave them to their fight.
And now what Theseus did I will recite.

It was a bright clear day, and Theseus, hunting with his fair queen Ipolita, and Emelye, clothed all in green, came riding by after the hart, with all the dogs around them; and as they followed the hart, suddenly Theseus looked out of the dazzle of the sun, and saw Arcite and Palamon in sharp fight, like two bulls for fury. The bright

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PALAMON AND ARCITE

swords flashed to and fro so hideously that it seemed as though their smallest blows would fell an oak.

Theseus striking his spurs into his horse, galloped in between the knights, and, drawing his sword, cried, "Ho! No more, on pain of death! By mighty Mars, he dies who strikes a blow in my presence!" Then Theseus asked them what manner of men they were, who dared to fight there, without judge or witness, as though they were in royal lists.

And Palamon made answer hastily
And said—"O Sire, why should we waste more breath?
For both of us deserve to die the death.
Two wretched creatures are we, glad to die,
Tired of our lives, tired of our misery—
And as thou art a rightful lord and judge
So give us neither mercy nor refuge!
And slay me first, for holy charity—
But slay my fellow too as well as me!
—Or slay him first, for though thou little know,
This is Arcite—this is thy mortal foe,
Who from thy land was banished on his head,*
For which he richly merits to be dead!
Yea, this is he who came unto thy gate,
And told thee that his name was Philostrate—
Thus year by year hath he defied thine ire—
And thou appointest him thy chiefest squire.
—And this is he who loveth Emelye!
For since the day is come when I shall die,
Thus plain I make confession, and I own
I am that miserable Palamon,
Who have thy prison broken wilfully!
I am thy mortal foe,—and it is I
Who love so madly Emelye the bright,
That I would die this moment in her sight!
Therefore I ask death and my doom to-day—
But slay my fellow in the self-same way:—
For we have both deserved to be slain."
And angrily the duke replied again,
"There is no need to judge you any more,
Your own mouth, by confession, o'er and o'er
Condemns you, and I will the words record.

---

* That is, on pain of death, should he return.

There is no need to pain you with the cord.*
Ye both shall die, by mighty Mars the red!"

Then the queen began to weep, and so did Emelye, and all the ladies present, that two brave men, both of high lineage, should come to such an end for loving a lady so faithfully. All the ladies prayed Theseus to have mercy on them, and pardon the knights for their sakes. They knelt at his feet, weeping and entreating him—

And would have kissed his feet there as he stood,
Until at last appeaséd was his mood,
For pity springeth soon in gentle heart.
And though he first for rage did quake and start,
He hath considered briefly in the pause
The greatness of their crime, and yet its cause;
And while his passion had their guilt accused,
Yet now his calmer reason both excused.

ARCITE'S VICTORY.

FULL oft to-day have met the Thebans two,
Have met and dealt each other many a dreadful blow;
Twice each unhorsed the other in the fray.
No tiger in the vale of Gargophey,
When her young cub is stolen in her sight,
Is crueller in the chase than is Arcite
For jealous heart upon this Palamon!
And in Belmary is no fell lion
Hunted, and mad for hunger in the wood,
That seeing his prey so thirsteth for his blood
As Palamon to slay his foe Arcite!
The jealous strokes deep in their helmets bite.
Out runneth the red blood, for both do bleed.
Sometime an end must be of every deed.
And ere the sun unto his setting went
The King Emetrius made a fierce descent
On Palamon hard fighting with Arcite,
And made his sword deep in his flesh to bite.
Then by the force of twenty he is seiz'd,
Dragg'd to the stake, unyielding, unappeas'd.
And in the rescue of this Palamon
The mighty King Lycurgus is borne down:

---

* To put you to torture to make you confess.

And King Emetrius for all his strength
Is borne out of his saddle a sword's length,
So Palamon hit out ere they could take
Him—still they brought him to the stake.
His hardy courage now could help him nought,
He must abide there idle, being caught,
By force of men, and by agreement too.
Who grieveth now like Palamon, for woe
That he no more may rush into the fight?
And when Duke Theseus had seen that sight,
Unto the folk still fighting every one,
He shouted "Ho! no more, for it is done.
I will be true judge, nowise partial I.
Arcite of Thebes shall have Emelye,
That by good fortune hath her fairly won."

And now there is a noise of crowds begun
For joy of this, so loud and high withal,
It seem'd as though the very lists should fall.
The trumpets, and the loudest minstrelsy,
The heralds, that full loudly yell and cry,
Blare with a will, for joy of lord Arcite.
But hearken, wait, give me a brief respite,
—See what a miracle befell anon.
This fierce Arcite hath now his helm undone,
And on a courser for to show his face,
He pricketh endlong up the ample place
Looking upward upon his Emelye.
And she cast down on him a friendly eye
(For women, speaking in a general way,
Follow the favor of good fortune aye),
And seem'd all his in mien, as in his heart.
Out of the ground the fires infernal dart
From Pluto sent, demanded by Saturn.
Whereat his horse for terror back did turn,
And leaped aside and foundered in his leap;
And ere Arcite his flagging seat could keep,
He flung him on the pommel of his head
So that upon the earth he lay as dead.
His breast-bone broken on the saddle-bow,
As black he lay as any coal or crow,
So had the dark blood rushed into his face.

Swiftly they lift and bear him from the place,
Sore-hearted, to the palace for relief.
Then was he cut out of his harness stiff
And in a fair bed tended with all skill,
For he was yet alive, and conscious still,
And always crying out for Emelye.

THE DEATH OF ARCITE.

Swelleth the breast of Arcite, and the sore
Increaseth at his hearté more and more. . . .
This is all and some, that Arcite muste die;
For which he sendeth after Emelye,
And Palamon, that was his cousin dear;
Then said he thus, as ye shall after hear:
"Naught may the woful spirit in mine heart
Declare one point of all my sorrows' smart
To you, my lady, that I love most,
But I bequeath the service of my ghost
To you, aboven every creature,
Since that my life ne may no longer dure.
"Alas the woe! alas the painés strong,
That I for you have suffered, and so long!
Alas the death! alas mine Emelye!
Alas departing of our company!
Alas mine hearte's queen! alas my wife!
Mine hearte's lady, ender of my life!
What is this world?—What asken men to have?
Now with his love—now in his colde grave—
Alone—withouten any company.
Farewell, my sweet—farewell, mine Emelye!
And softly take me in your armés tway
For love of God, and hearkeneth what I say.
"I have here with my cousin Palamon
Had strife and rancor many a day agone
For love of you, and for my jealousy;
So Jupiter have of my soulé part,
As in this world right now ne know I none
So worthy to be loved as Palamon,
That serveth you, and will do all his life;
And if that ever ye shall be a wife,
Forget not Palamon, the gentle man."

And with that word his speeché fail began;
For from his feet up to his breast was come
The cold of death that had him overnome;
And yet, moreover, in his armés two,
The vital strength is lost, and all ago;
Only the intellect, withouten more,
That dwelled in his hearté sick and sore,
'Gan failen when the hearté felte death;
Dusked his eyen two, and fail'd his breath:
But on his lady yet cast he his eye;
His last word was "Mercy, Emelye!"

Chaucer to His Empty Purse.

To you my purse, and to none other wight,
Complain I, for ye be my lady dear;
I am now sorry that ye be so light,
For certés now ye make me heavy cheer:
Me were as lief be laid upon a bier,
For which unto your mercy thus I cry,
Be heavy again, or ellés must I die.

Now vouchsafen this day ere it be night
That I of you the blissful sound may hear,
Or see your color like the sunné bright,
That of yellowness ne had never peer;
Ye be my life, ye be my heartés *steer;* [*helm*
Queen of comfort and of good company,
Be heavy again, or ellés must I die.

Now purse, that art to me my life's light,
And savior, as down in this world here,
Out of this towné help me by your might,
Sithen that you will not be my tresor,

For I am shave as nigh as any *frere*, [*friar*
But I prayen unto your courtesy
Be heavy again, or ellés must I die.

GOOD COUNSEL OF CHAUCER.

HIS last composition, and written upon his death-bed, "when he was in great anguish."

FLY from the *press* and dwell with sothfastness; [*crowd*
Suffice unto thy good though it be small; [*be satisfied with*
For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness,
Press hath envy, and weal is *blent* o'er all; [*striving*, *ceased*
Savor no more than thee behoven shall; [*taste*
Rede well thyself, that other folk canst rede, [*counsel*
And truth thee shall deliver 'tis no *drede*. [*doubt*

Pain thee not each crooked to redress
In trust of her that turneth as a ball;
Great rest standeth in little business;
Beware also to spurn against a *nalle;* [*nail*
Strive not as doth a *crocké* with a wall; [*earthen pitcher*
Deemeth thyself that deemest other's deed, [*judge*
And truth thee shall deliver 't is no drede.

That thee is sent receive in *buxomness;* [*civility*
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wilderness;
Forth pilgrim, forth, O beast, out of thy stall;
Look up on high, and thank thy God of all;
Waiveth thy lust and let thy *ghost* thee lead, [*Give up*, *spirit*
And truth thee shall deliver 't is no drede.

WILLIAM LANGLAND.

"The Vision of Piers Plowman" is a notable poem of the age of Chaucer, giving a life-like picture of the English people from an entirely different point of view from that of the courtly poet. The author, William Langland, was of humble birth, and was bred for the church. He is said to have been born at Cleobury Mortimer, in Shropshire, perhaps in 1332. Educated in the neighboring monastery at Malvern, he received minor orders, but later laid aside the monk's dress. Going to London, he married, and procured a meagre living by such humble clerical work as he was allowed to do. Always a dreamer, self-contained, he was little disposed to court the favor of superiors. His poem shows indications of having been commenced before 1362, and was revised and enlarged during the next thirty years. The forty-three manuscripts extant represent three editions; the first comprising eleven *passus* or divisions, the second twenty, the last twenty-three. Though he lived chiefly "in a cot on Cornhill," London, his affection for Malvern hills is manifest, and he probably retired there at last. The date of his death is not known, but as he wrote "Richard the Redeless," he was still living in 1399.

Langland's "Vision" was first printed in 1550 to assist the cause of the Reformation, and five editions were issued in that century. In the latest revival of attention to early English literature it has been edited by Thomas Wright in 1856, and especially by Professor W. W. Skeat, whose library edition (1887) is the most complete. The poem consists of a succession of pictures of human life, which change and merge into each other as suddenly and completely as in dreams. The latter half is really a distinct poem, "The Search for Do-Wel," "Do-Bet" (Do-Better) and "Do-Best." In this Piers the Plowman becomes an allegorical personage, and is even identified with Jesus of Nazareth.

In all of Langland's poems the verse is in the Anglo-Saxon alliterative style, which was still favored by the people. Yet the language is not more archaic than that of Chaucer, and has quite as many words of Norman-French origin.

LANGLAND'S FIRST VISION.

Weary with wandering over Malvern hills on a May morning, William lay down on the grass. In a dream he saw "all the wealth of the world and the woe both." There was "a fair field full of folk," and he observes the works and lives of all kinds of men, gay knights, honest plowmen, busy craftsmen, eager tradesmen, playful minstrels, pilgrims, cooks, beggars, pardoners, monks and priests, many of the last serving as stewards and treasurers. Kind-wit (natural reason) has assigned the various occupations of men, and Conscience shows that the support of honest clerks and craftsmen is justly derived from the labor of the plow. But great evil appears among them from neglect of duty, and the commons are discontented. Here is introduced the mediæval fable of the rats who resolved to bell the cat, but could find no one of their number bold enough to do the deed; a wise mouse warns them to let the cat alone, for evil would surely come if a kitten should have rule. This is an evident reference to the distressed condition of England and the restlessness of the commons under the growing power of John of Gaunt.

An allegorical personage appears to explain the vision. She declares that Truth, the Father of Faith, dwells in the tower on the east, while the deep dark dale on the west contains the castle of Care, in which dwells Wrong, the father of Falsehood. She herself is Holy-Church, who directs how all ought to live, and declares that "Love is the triacle (remedy) for sin, and most sovereign salve for soul and for body." The dreamer knelt to the lady and besought her favor. Then she pointed out another lady, richly dressed and crowned. This was the maiden Meed (reward), who by her allurements most interfered with and spoiled Holy-Church's good work and guidance. She was to be married to Falseness on the morrow. The holy lady warns the dreamer against Meed, and leaves him sleeping.

Langland sees then the preparations for the marriage, to which a great crowd are gathering. Simony and Civil Law are prominent, and read the deed by which Favel (Flattery), Meed's father, makes Falseness and his daughter Princes of Pride, and grants them the earldom of Envy and Ire with the Castle of Strife, the county of Covetise, and the lordship of Lechery. But Theology interferes on behalf of Truth to save Meed from the evil match, and causes an appeal to be made to London. The whole wedding-party set out, traveling in a strange procession, since for want of horses, sheriffs, provisors and other officials were shod with silver to carry Meed, Falseness, Favel and the rest. The King, notified of their coming, swears to do justice, and the procession is dispersed. Guile is received by the merchants, who dress him as an apprentice. Liar runs through the lanes, but finds no door open till the pardoners pull him into their house, yet after they had washed and clothed him, quack doctors, spicers, minstrels and friars offer him terms, and he serves each class in turn. Meed is taken in court, weeping and trembling, but soon recovers and wins the favor of judges and clerks, who promise to find a way for her to do as she pleases and defy Conscience. She rewards them with gold and silver cups and precious stones. Friars and confessors she beguiles in like manner, and then she advises mayors and other town officers to take bribes from dishonest dealers.

The King calls Meed before him, and after reproving her for wrong-doing forgives her, and proposes to marry her to the Knight Conscience. She consents, but when Conscience comes he refuses on account of her corrupt practices. Meed pleads her own cause, and shows how reward is necessary in the transaction of all affairs. Conscience replies, explaining that Mercede is the just hire for work done, but meed is often given when nothing is earned. He quotes texts of Scripture, and Meed attempts the same, but is discomfited. The King, however, is wearied, and bids Conscience kiss Meed, but the knight refuses unless Reason counsels him. Conscience is sent to summon Reason, who comes and is seated between the King and his son. But instead of settling the question of marriage, their attention is taken up with the complaint of Peace against Wrong. The wretched condition of the kingdom is rehearsed, and the King, finding Meed interfering for Wrong, has her conveyed into safe custody, while Reason is made the chief chancellor, and Conscience the King's judge. Such was the illogical end of the first vision. The poet seems to have begun it at Malvern, but finished it at London, as he describes his own manner of life there.

PIERS PLOWMAN.

PIERS PLOWMAN does not appear in Langland's Vision until the eighth *passus* or canto. In the former part of the poem Langland seems to have trusted that a righteous king would lead the people out of their distress, now he turns to a humbler guide. In the ninth *passus* he gives the names of Piers' family in the style, afterwards made familiar by Bunyan.

Dame Work-when-time-is Piers' wife is called,
His daughter is Do-right-so-or-thy-dame-shall-thee-beat,
His son is Suffer-thy-sovereigns-have-their-will,-
Judge-them-not,-for-if-thou-do,-thou-shalt-dear-buy-it.

The following extracts show the first appearance of the Plowman. The people are in a vast field as before, and in their misery have sought relief from Heaven. Their sins are described, and they are warned to forsake them. Repentance prays for penitents and Hope sounds a horn.

A thousand men then throng together,
Crying upward to Christ and to his clean Mother,
To have grace to go to Truth, God grant that they might!
And there was none so wise that knew the way thither,
But blustered forth as beasts over balks and hills,
Till late it was and long that they met a layman
Apparelled as a palmer in pilgrim's weeds.

But though he had been to Bethlehem and Babylon, to Sinai and the Sepulchre, to Alexandria and Damascus, and had many signs in his cap that he had sought good saints for his soul's health, he could not direct them whither Truth dwells, nor had he ever heard a palmer ask after him till now.

"Peter," quoth a Plowman, and put forth his head,
"I know him as kindly as clerks do their books.
Conscience and Kind-Wit [Common Sense] sent me to his place,
And made me secure him to serve him for ever,
Both to sow and to set, the while I *swink* might, [*labor*
Within and without, to watch on his profit.
I have been his follower all these forty winters,
And served Truth surely, somewhat to please him—
In all kinds of crafts that he could devise,
Profitable to the plow, he put me to learn;
And though I say it myself, I served to his pleasure.
I get my hire of him well, and sometimes more;
He is the most prompt payer that any poor man knoweth.
He withholds not his hire from his men over even,
He is meek as a lamb and leal of his tongue,
Whoso wisheth to know where that Truth dwelleth,
I will guide you well right to his place."
"Yea, dear Piers," cry the pilgrims, and proffered him pay.
"Nay, by the peril of my soul," Piers gan swear,
"I would not take a farthing for Saint Thomas' shrine!
Were it told to Truth that I took reward,
He would love me the less a long time after.
But whoso will wend where Truth dwelleth,
This is the high way hither, mark well the sooth.
Ye must go through Meekness, all men and women,
Till ye come to Conscience, known of God's self,
That ye love him as lord loyally above all.
That is to say soothly, ye should rather die
Than do any deadly sin, for dread or for prayer.
And then your neighbors next in no wise treat
Other than ye would they treat you all times."

He then describes a route by way of the Commandments which will bring them to a wonderful castle, evidently the Church.

So shalt thou come to a court, clear as the sun;
The moat is of mercy in midst of the manor,

All the walls are of wit, for will should not win it.
The *crenels* are of Christendom that serve to save [*battlements*
And it is buttressed with "Believe or thou wilt not be saved."
All the houses are covered, the halls and chambers,
Not with lead, but with love, and with leal speech.
The bridge is "Pray well that thou mayst speed the better."
Each pillar is of penance and prayers to saints,
The hooks are alms-deeds that the gates hang on.
Grace is the gate-keeper, a good man in sooth,
His man is Amend-you; many men know him.
Tell him this token, "Truth wot the sooth,
I am sorry for my sins, and so shall I ever be,
And perform the penance that the priest bade me.
Ride to Amend-you, and pray to his master
To open and undo the high gate of Heaven
That Adam and Eve shut against all of us.
A full leal Lady unlocked it of grace;
Who hath a key and a catch, though the king sleep,
And may lead in whom she loveth, as her love liketh,
And if grace grant thee to go in in this way,
Thou shalt see Truth sit in thine own heart,
And solace thy soul, and save thee from pining."

Notwithstanding the attractions of this refuge, some of the pilgrims make difficulties and beg to be excused from going. Contemplation swears that he will follow Piers' direction, but a guide is necessary lest they miss the way. Piers declares that he has a half-acre to plough and sow, but after he has finished that he will conduct them. He directs the knights and ladies what to do meanwhile.

"I shall apparel me," quoth Piers, "in pilgrim-wise
And wend with all those that will live in truth."
He cast on him his clothes of all kind of crafts,
His cokers and his cuffs, as Kind-Wit taught him,
And hung his hopper on his neck instead of a scrip;
A bushel of bread-corn was brought therein.
"For I will sow it myself and then will I wend
To pilgrimage as palmers do pardon to win.
My plough-foot shall be my pike-staff and pick apart the roots,
And help my coulter to carve and cleanse the furrows.
And all that help me to plough or else to weed,
Shall have leave by our Lord to go and glean after,
And make merry in the midst, no matter who grudges.

And all kind of craftsmen that can live in truth,
I shall find them food, that faithfully live;
Save Jack the juggler, and Janet of the stews,
And Daniel the dice-player, and Denot the bawd,
And also false friars and folk of that order,
That leal men look on as lollers and losels,
And Robin the ribald for his filthy words.
For Truth told me once and bade me tell it further,
Deleantur de libro viventium; * I should not deal with them."

RICHARD THE REDELESS.

A MANUSCRIPT of "The Vision of Piers Plowman," in the library of Cambridge University, contains another poem which has been called "Richard the Redeless," and attributed to Langland on account of similarity of thought and style. It appears to have been written in 1399, shortly before the deposal of Richard II. It rehearses the evils of his reign, the oppression of the people, and bids welcome to Henry of Bolingbroke, represented as an eagle who should drive off the kites and crows. The poem was left unfinished, and ends with the following sketch of the meeting of Parliament, which has been somewhat modernized.

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

When the riot and the revel the rent thus wasted,
And nothing was left now but the bare bags,
Then fell it perforce to fill them again.
And they feigned some folly, that failed them never,
And cast it by craft with their council at even,
To have privy parliament for profit of themselves
They caused writs to be written, all in wax closed,
For peers and prelates that they should appear;
And they sent notice to shire-reeves about,
To choose such chevaliers as would stand charge,
To appear for the shire in company with the great.
    And when it drew to the day of the deed doing,
The sovereigns were assembled, and the shire-knightés,
Then, as the form is, first they began to declare
The cause of their coming, and then the king's will.
Fairly the clerk then commenced the words,
And pronounced the points apart to them all,
And moved for money more than for aught else,

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* Let them be blotted out of the book of the living.—*Psalm* lxviii. 29.

With smooth speeches of greeting, lest griefs should arise.
And when the tale was told anon to the end,
To-morrow they must before meat meet together
The knights of the commons, and talk of the matters
With citizens of shires, sent for the same,
To rehearse the articles, and grant all their asking.
But yet for the purpose to make men blind,
Some argued against it then a good while,
And said, "We are servants and salary take
And are sent from the shires to show what is their grievance,
And to speak for their profit, and pass no further;
And to grant of their gold to the great lords
By no manner of wrong way, but if there were war.
And if we were false to those that here find us,
Ill were we worthy to receive our hire.
Then sat some, as a cipher in numbers,
That noteth a place, and nothing availeth.
And some had had supper with Simon over even,
And showed for the shire, and their show lost.
And some were tattlers, and to the king went,
And informed him of foes that were his good friends,
That talked for the best, and no blame deserved
Of king or of council, nor of the commons neither.
Some thus took good keep to the last syllable.
And some slumbered and slept, and said but a little;
And some mumbled with the mouth, and knew not what they meant;
And some had their hire, and held thereto ever,
And would no further afoot, for fear of their masters,
And some were so sullen and slow of their wits,
That ere they came to the close, so cumbered they were,
That they the conclusion then construe could not,
No baron of the bench, nor else of the borough,
So blind, and so bald, and so bare was the reason.
Some held with the more, however it went,
And some did right so, and would go no further,
Some parted as pert as proved well after,
And called more for the coin that the king owed them
Than for comfort of the commons that their cost paid,
And were promised hansel if they would help,
To be served surely of the same silver.
And some dreaded dukes, and Do-well forsook.

THE PLOWMAN'S CREED.

THE simple name, thought and diction of Piers the Plowman quickly won the favor of Englishmen. Before the end of the fourteenth century two other poems bore his name. One, *Piers the Plowman's Creed*, was in alliterative verse like the *Vision;* the other, offered as the Plowman's addition to the Canterbury Tales, was in rhyming ballad metre. In the former the poet, having learned his Pater Noster and Ave Maria, wishes to learn the Creed before Easter, but he seeks to be taught by one "that fully followeth the faith, and feigneth none other." He applies in turn to each order of Friars, but finds each more ready to abuse the other than to perform Christ's commands; each is also greedy for money for adornment of his own church or house. The poet having no money is left to himself.

THEN turned I me forth and talked to myself
Of the falseness of this folk, how faithless they were;
And as I went by the way, weeping for sorrow,
I saw a *sely* man near by upon the plow hanging. [*simple*
His coat was of a cloth that cary was called,
His hood was full of holes, and his hair out,
His knobbed shoes were clouted full thick,
His toes *toted* out as he the land treaded, [*peeped*
His hose overhung his *hockshins* on every side [*hosekins, gaiters*
All bedabbled in fen as he the plow followed.
Two mittens as small, made all of clouts,
The fingers outworn, and full of fen hanged.
This wight walked in the fen almost to the ankle;
Four *rothers* before him, that feeble were worn, [*oxen*
Men might reckon each rib, so rueful they were.
His wife walked with him, with a long goad,
In a cutted coat, lifted full high,
Wrapt in a winnow-sheet to shield her from weathers,
Barefoot on the bare ice that the blood flowed.
And at the land's end lay a little crumb-bowl,
And therein lay a little child lappéd in clouts,
And twain of two years old upon another side,
And all sung one song, that 'twas sorrow to hear,
They cried all one cry, a note full of care.
The sely man sighed sore, and said, "Children, be still!"
This man looked upon me and let the plow stand,
And said, "Sely man, why sighest thou so hard?

If thee lack livelihood, lend thee I will
Such good as God hath sent. Go we, dear brother."
I said then, "Nay, sir, my sorrow is much more;
For I know not my Creed. I care very hard,
For I can find no man that fully believeth
To teach me the high way, and therefore I weep."

The Plowman then warns him against those that pervert God's word by their glosses, and denounces those that abused Wiclif and Walter Brute for preaching against evil works. He declares the truth to be simple so that the unlearned may accept and understand it, and then teaches the Creed in simple words.

JOHN GOWER.

CONTEMPORARY with Chaucer, but probably born a few years earlier and also outliving him, was another poet, John Gower. He was a native of Kent and a landholder there. He took minor orders and was a liberal benefactor of the church. For many years he lived in the priory of St. Mary Overies, in London, having added a chapel of his own. In 1390 he became rector of Great Braxted, in Essex, but in 1397 resigned the living and was married at the age of seventy. He resumed his residence at St. Mary Overies, and three years later became blind. He died in 1408 and was buried in the church, now called St. Saviour's. A splendid tomb was erected, testifying to his merits and gifts to the church.

Gower wrote various short poems in English, French and Latin, but his principal works were a long Latin poem, *Vox Clamantis*, and a longer English poem, *Confessio Amantis*, the Lover's Confession. It was probably the former that procured for him from Chaucer the epithet, "moral." This poem, in seven books, was inspired by Wat Tyler's insurrection in 1381. It depicts the universal disorder of English society, inveighs against the vices of all classes, and sets forth rules for their government. To this in his old age blind Gower added a "tripartite chronicle," relating the misrule and deposal of Richard II., and the advent of Henry IV.

In Gower's Confessio Amantis the celebrated poem of Ovid was recast in a strange mediæval form. The author, sorely wounded by Cupid, appeals to Venus for relief, and she appoints Genius his confessor. Each of the seven deadly sins is then explained at great length as an obstacle to love, and in regard to each in turn the lover confesses his fault, but still pleads his love for an unknown beauty, who treats him cruelly. The confessor, on the other side, relates various stories as examples of warning and instruction. Several books are occupied with such discussion, and more than a hundred stories have been told, when the confessor gives final injunctions, the lover prays to Venus, and the goddess bids him reflect upon his old age and forget his follies. The whole poem comprises thirty thousand short lines, rhyming in couplets. The moral lessons are sometimes forcibly stated, but the stories, borrowed chiefly from Ovid, are told in the driest possible manner.

ALEXANDER AND THE ROBBER.

THIS well-known story is told by Gower in Book III. of his "Confessio," and is here modernized in phrase and spelling. Its limping monotony may excuse us from giving other examples.

Of him—whom all this earth did dread,
When he the world so overled
Through war, as it destined is—
King Alexander, I read this:
How in a march land, where he lay,
It fell upon a certain day
A rover of the sea was caught
Which many a man had sought
And slain and ta'en his goods away.
This robber, as the books do say,
A famous man in many a land
Was for the deeds wrought by his hand.
This prisoner before the king
Was brought, and there upon this thing
In public audience was accused;
And he his deed had not excused,
But prayed the king to do him right,
And said, "Sire, if I were of might,
I have a heart like unto thine;
For if thy power were surely mine,
My will would be in special
To rifle and get over all

The large world's good about.
But as I lead but a poor rout,
And am, as they say, in mischief,
The name of robber and of thief
I bear, while thou who armies great
Dost lead and richest booty take,
And doest just as I would do,
Thy name is never called so,
But thou are reckoned emperor.
Yet our deeds are of one color,
And in effect deserve one name;
But my poorness and thy rich fame
Are now not taken evenly,
And yet the man that is rich plainly
This day, to-morrow may be poor,
And on the contrary also the poor
May succeed to great riches.
Therefore men say let righteousness
Be weighed even in the balance."
  The king his hardy countenance
Beheld, and heard his wordés wise,
And said unto him in this wise:
"Thine answer I have understood,
Wherefore my will it is, it is good
That thou in my service still abide."
And forthwith from that same tide
For the term of life he him retained,
And that the more he should be gained
He made him a knight and gave him land.
He afterward was at his hand
A gallant knight in many a field
And great renown of arms did yield,
As ancient chronicles relate.

WAT TYLER'S INSURRECTION.

A SINGLE graphic stanza of Gower's "Vox Clamantis" is translated by Thomas Fuller in his "Church History," where he calls it "the methodical description of a confusion." Four more lines have been added by Morley.

Tom comes thereat when called by Wat, and Sim as forward we find;
Bet calls as quick to Gibb and Hick, that neither would tarry
  behind;

Jeff, a good whelp of that litter, doth help mad Coll more mischief to do,
And Will, he doth vow, the time is come now, he'll join with their company too.
Davie complains, while Grigg gets the gains, and Hob with them doth partake,
Larkin aloud, in the midst of the crowd, conceiveth as deep is his stake.
Hudde doth spoil, whom Judde doth foil, and Tebb lends his helping hand,
But Jack, the mad patch, men and houses doth snatch, and kills all at his command.
Hodge, strutting elate in his glory of state, believeth no king is as great
Or as noble as he, who is now proved to be nobility's natural mate.
Ball was the preacher, the prophet and teacher, inspired by a spirit of hell,
And every fool was advanced in his school, to be taught as the devil thought well.

THE GIFT OF SIR CLEGES.

This story, found in an old English poem of the fourteenth century, resembles the French *fabliaux*. It is here abridged in prose.

Sir Cleges, a very generous knight in the days of King Arthur's father, was by his liberality reduced to want. On Christmas eve, when others were rejoicing, he grieved that he could not, as heretofore, feed all that came. But his good wife Calaris embraced and kissed him when she called him to his solitary meal. They made mirth together and played with the children, and on the morrow went to church. When they came home he went alone into his garden and knelt under a cherry-tree and thanked God with all his heart. But when he pulled himself up by a bough of the tree, behold! it was green and there were ripe cherries on it.

He showed the wonder to his wife, and proposed that the Christmas cherries be put in a basket and taken as a present to King Uther at Cardiff. Sir Cleges, poorly dressed, took his staff, and his eldest son went by his side, carrying the basket. But when they came to the King's castle the porter at the gate threatened to break the poor man's head. However, seeing the Christmas cherries, he let Sir Cleges in on a promise of receiving one-third of what King Uther should give him. The usher at the hall-door was persuaded on the same terms. The steward in the hall also required a promise of one-third of the King's expected gift. At last Sir Cleges made his offering to the King and was royally received. The King promised the poor man whatsoever he should ask, and the knight said:

"I pray you grant me strokes twal (twelve)
To deal where liketh me:
With my staff to pay them all
To mine adversaries in the hall,
For Saint Charity!"

The King said that the beggar had more need of gold or land, and that he was sorry for his promise. But the knight replied that he was glad, and therefore received his request.

Sir Cleges then sought out the proud steward and gave him such a stroke that he fell like a block, and then three more strokes till the steward cried, "Sir, for thy courtesy smite me no more!" Then went Sir Cleges to the usher and cried, "Have here some strokes!" When he had beaten him, he said, "Thou hast now the third part of my gift, as I promised thee!" Then Sir Cleges went to the porter and gave him four strokes, so that he might never for many a day hinder any man that came to the King. He broke his shoulder-bone and arm, and thus he kept his promise to him also.

Sir Cleges went back into the hall and found a harper, to whom he had once been liberal, singing his praises, so that the King was reminded of his old knight. Sir Cleges then disclosed himself and explained his actions to the King's delight. King Uther thereupon adorned him as a knight and gave him Cardiff Castle.

JOHN LYDGATE.

JOHN LYDGATE took his name from a village in Suffolk, where he was born in 1370. He was trained for the Church and ordained priest. After considerable travel on the Continent, he opened a school of rhetoric in his monastery of Bury St. Edmunds. He attempted to add to Chaucer's Canterbury Tales the "Story of Thebes," taken from Statius, though with little skill. He versified legends of saints, the story of Troy, Boccaccio's "Falls of Princes," and some of Æsop's Fables. Of his allegorical poems the best is the "Temple of Glass," but he shows more vigor in some of his minor poems, where he satirizes the "London Lackpenny" and the ladies' towering head-dress. He died about 1447, having just written the line, "Death all consumeth, which may not be denied." He had been a diligent worker, and 250 poems are attributed to his pen. He imitated Chaucer's metre, but was conscious of his own failure in harmony.

LONDON LACKPENNY.

To London once my steps I bent,
Where truth in no wise should be faint;
To Westminster-ward I forthwith went,
To a man of law to make complaint;
I said, "For Mary's love, that holy saint!
Pity the poor that would *proceed!*" [*begin suit*
But for lack of money I could not speed.

And as I thrust the press among,
By froward chance my hood was gone;
Yet for all that I stayed not long,
Till to the King's bench I was come.
Before the judge I kneeled anon,
And prayed him for God's sake take heed.
But for lack of money I might not speed.

Beneath them sat clerkès a great rout,
Which fast did write by one assent;
There stood up one, and cried about,

"Richard, Robert, and John of Kent."
I wist not well what this man meant,
He cried so thick there indeed!
But he that lacked money might not speed.

Unto the common place I *yode tho*, [*went then*
Where sat one with a silken hood;
I did him reverence, for I ought to do so,
And told my case as well as I could,
How my goods were defrauded me by falsehood.
I got not a mum of his mouth for my meed,
And for lack of money I might not speed.

Unto the Rolls I got me thence,
Before the clerks of the Chancery,
Where many I found earning of pence,
But none at all once regarded me,
I gave them my plaint upon my knee:
They liked it well when they had it read;
But lacking money I could not be sped.

In Westminster Hall I found out one
Which went in a long gown of *raye;* [*stripes*
I crouched and kneeled before him anon;
For Mary's love, help I him pray.
"I wot not what thou meanest," gan he say:
To get me thence he did me bede;
For lack of money I could not speed.

Within this Hall, neither rich nor yet poor
Would do for me aught, although I should die;
Which seeing, I got me out of the door,
Where Flemings began on me for to cry,
"Master, what will you *copen* or buy? [*exchange*
Fine felt hats, or spectacles to read?
Lay down your silver and here you may speed."

Then to Westminster-gate I presently went
When the sun was at high prime;
Cooks to me they took good intent,
And proffered me bread, with ale and wine,
Ribs of beef, both fat and full fine.
A fair cloth they gan for to spread;
But wanting money I might not there speed.

Then unto London I did me hie,
Of all the land it beareth the prize.
"Hot peascods!" one began to cry,
"Strawberries ripe!" and "Cherries in the *rise!*" [*branch*
And bade me come near and buy some spice;
Pepper and saffron they gan me *bede;* [*offer*
But for lack of money I might not speed.

Then to the Cheap I began me drawn,
Where much people I saw for to stand:
One offered me velvet, silk and lawn;
Another he taketh me by the hand,
"Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land."
I never was used to such things indeed;
And wanting money I might not speed.

Then full I went by London Stone,
Throughout all Canwyke Street;
Drapers much cloth offered me anon;
Then comes me one cried, "Hot sheep's feet;"
One cried "Mackerel;" "Rushes green," another gan greet;
One bade me a hood to cover my head;
But for want of money I might not be sped.

Then I hied me unto East-cheap;
One cries "Ribs of beef," and many a pie;
Pewter pots they clattered on a heap;
There was harp, pipe and minstrelsy.
"Yea, by cock!" "Nay, by cock!" some began cry;
Some sung of Jenkin and Julian for their meed;
But for lack of money I might not speed.

Then into Cornhill anon I yode,
Where was much stolen gear along;
I saw where hung mine own hood,
That I had lost among the throng;
To buy my own hood I thought it wrong;
I knew it well as I did my creed,
But for lack of money I could not speed.

The taverner took me by the sleeve,
"Sir," saith he, "will you our wine essay?"

I answered, that cannot much me grieve,
A penny can do no more than it may;
I drank a pint and for it did pay;
Yet soon a-hungered from thence I yode,
And wanting money I could not speed.

Then hied I me to Billingsgate;
And one cried, "Ho! go we hence!"
I prayed a bargeman, for God's sake,
That he would spare me my expense.
"Thou 'scap'st not here," quod he, "under two pence;
I list not yet bestow my alms deed."
Thus lacking money I could not speed.

Then I conveyed me into Kent,
For of the law would I meddle no more;
Because no man to me took intent,
I *dight* me to do as I did before, [*prepared*
Now Jesus, that in Bethle'm was bore,
Save London, and send true lawyers their meed;
For whoso wants money with them shall not speed.

THOMAS HOCCLEVE.

THOMAS HOCCLEVE, born at Hockliffe in Bedfordshire about 1368, was intended for the Church, but early went to London and entered the office of the Privy Seal, where he remained until 1425, when he was pensioned off. He survived till about 1450. He translated into English, in the seven-line stanza introduced by Chaucer, Guido de Colonna's treatise on "The Rule of Princes." It was written for the instruction of Prince Henry (Shakespeare's Prince Hal). In the introduction and in several later poems Hoccleve gives autobiographical sketches, sometimes humorous, sometimes pathetic. He was thoroughly orthodox and approved of the burning of heretics, though he would not say positively where their souls went. In his old age though his sight failed, pride would not allow him to wear spectacles.

HOCCLEVE'S MISRULE IN YOUTH.

THE outward sign of Bacchus and his lure,
That at his door hangeth day by day,

Exciteth folk to taste of his moisture
  So often that man cannot well say nay.
For me, I say, I was inclined aye
  Without danger thither for to hie me
Unless such charge upon me lay
  That I must forbear it for a time;

Or when I was but thinly clad
  By force of the penniless malady;
For then in heart could I not be glad,
  Nor wish had I to Bacchus' house to hie.
Fie! Lack of coin departeth company;
  And heavy purse, with heart so liberal,
Quencheth the thirsty heat of heartés dry,
  Where stingy heart hath thereof but small.

I dare not tell how that the fresh repair
  Of Venus' female lusty children dear,
That so goodly, shapely were and fair,
  And so pleasant of port and manner
That they could furnish all a world with cheer,
  And of attire so passing well, I say,
At Paul's Head made me oft appear
  To talk of mirth and to disport and play.

There was sweet wine enough throughout the house
  And wafers thick, for this company,
That I speak of, were somewhat lickerous;
  Whereas they might a draught of wine espy,
Sweet and in working hot for the mastery
  To warm the stomach with; thereof they drank.
To let them pay had been no courtesy;
  That charge I took to win their love and thank.

And yet of lovers' art touched I no deal;
  I could not, and besides there was no need.
Had I a kiss, I was content full weel,
  Better than I would have been with the deed;
Of that I know but little; it is no *dreed:* [*doubt*
  When men speak of it in my presence,
For shame I get as red as is the *glede.* [*coal*
  Now will I turn again to my sentence.

Of him that haunteth taverns by custome,
  In few words, this the profit is
In double wise, his purse it shall consume,
  And make his tongue speak of folk amiss;
For in the cup it seldom founden is,
  That any wight his neighbor commendeth,
Behold and see what advantage is his
  That God, his friend, and eke himself, offendeth.

But one advantage in this case I have:
  I was so feared with any man to fight,
Close kept I me; no man durst I deprave,
  But whispering; I spake nothing outright.
And yet my will was good, if that I might,
  For hinderance of my manly cowardice,
That still of strokes impressed the weight,
  So that I durst not meddle in no wise.

Where was a greater master eke than I,
  Or better acquainted at Westminster gate,
Among the taverners especially
  And cooks, when I came early or late?
I pinched them not in my *acate* [*purchase*
  But paid them whatever they asked;
Wherefore I was the welcomer *algate*, [*always*
  And for a very gentleman was held.

And if it happened on a summer's day
  That I thus at the tavern chanced to be,
When I depart should and go my way
  Home to the Privy Seal, so urged me
Heat and unwillingness and superfluity
  To walk unto the bridge and take a boat,
That I durst not contrary them all three,
  But did just as they stirred me, God wot.

And in the winter since the way was deep,
  Unto the bridge I hastened me also,
And there the boatmen of me took good keep,
  For they my free pay knew long ago.
Among them was I tuggéd to and fro,
  So well was he paid that got the fare;

For riot payeth largely evermore,
He stinteth never till his purse is bare.

Other than "Master" was I callèd never,
Among this crowd, in mine audience,
I thought I was a made man forever;
So tickled me that nice reverence,
That it made me larger of dispense
Than I thought to have been. O Flattery!
The guise of thy treacherous diligence
Is folk to mischief hasten and to hie.

Albeit that my years be but young,
Yet have I seen in folk of high degree,
How that the venom of the *favel's* tongue [*flatterer's*
Hath mortified their prosperity,
And brought them in so sharp adversity
That it their life hath also thrown adown
And yet there can no man in this country
Scarcely escape this confusion.

CHEVY CHASE.

THIS most celebrated of all the English ballads exists in various forms, the oldest being called "The Hunting of the Cheviot." It is difficult to assign any date to the event which it celebrates, but it is certainly distinct from the battle of Otterburn in 1387, which is the subject of a similar ballad. Bishop Percy and some of the latest critics think it may refer to a hunting by Percy over the Scotch border which brought on the battle of Piperden in 1436, and that some verses inconsistent with this view were inserted by late critics. Richard Sheal, to whom it has been ascribed, was a wandering minstrel about 1580, but the language proves that it was much older. The following extract from the earlier version shows the meeting of Douglas and Percy, the spelling being modernized.

THE Percy out of Northumberland,
An a-vow to God made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains
At Cheviot within days three,
In maugre of doughty Douglas,
And all that ever with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviot,
He said he would kill and carry away:

"By my faith," said the doughty Douglas again,
"I will *let* that hunting if that I may." [*hinder*

Then the Percy out of Bamborough cam,
With him a mighty *meany;* [*company*
With fifteen hundred archers bold,
They were chosen out of shires three.

The drivers thorough the woods went
For to raise the deer;
Bowmen *bickert* upon the *bent* [*skirmished*, *tall grass*
With their broad arrows clear.

Then the wild [deer] through the woods went
On every side *shear;* [*entirely*
Greyhounds through the groves *glent* [*glided*
For to kill the deer.

They began in Cheviot the hills above
Early on a Monanday;
By that it drew to the hour of noon
A hundred fat harts dead there lay.

They blew a mort* upon the bent,
They 'sembled on side shear;
To the quarry then the Percy went,
To see the *brittling* of the deer. [*quartering*

He said, "It was the Douglas promise sent
This day to meet me here;
But I wist he would fail *verament;*" [*truly*
A great oath the Percy sware.

At last a squire of Northumberland
Look'd at his hand full nigh;
He was 'ware o' the doughty Douglas coming,
With him a mighty meany,

Both with spear, *bill* and brand. [*battle-axe*
It was a mighty sight to see;
Hardier men, both of heart and hand,
Were not in Christiantie.

They were twenty hundred spearmen good,
Withouten any fail;

---

* A flourish on the trumpet over the dead game.

They were born along by the water of Tweed,
In the bounds of Teviotdale.

"Leave off the brittling of the deer," he said,
"And to your bows look ye tak good heed·
For sith ye were o' your mothers born
Had ye never so mickle need."

The doughty Douglas on a steed
He rode all his men beforne;
His armor glitter'd as did a *glede;* [*burning coal*
A bolder baron was never born.

"Tell me what men ye are," he says,
"Or whose men that ye be;
Who gave you leave to hunt in this
Cheviot chase in the spite of me?"

The first man that ever him answer made,
It was the good Lord Percy;
"We will not tell thee what men we are," he says,
"Nor whose men that we be;
But we will hunt here in this chase
In spite of thine and of thee.

"The fattest harts in all Cheviot
We have kill'd, and cast to carry them away."
"By my troth," said the doughty Douglas again,
"Therefore one of us shall dee this day."

Then said the doughty Douglas
Unto the Lord Percy:
"To kill all these men guiltless,
Alas! it were great pitie.

"But, Percy, thou art a lord of land,
I am call'd an earl within my country;
Let all our men upon a party stand,
And do the battle with thee and me."

"Now Christ's curse on his crown," said the Lord Percy,
"Whosoever thereto says nay,
By my troth, doughty Douglas," he says,
"Thou shalt never see that day;

"Neither in England, Scotland, nor France,
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But *an* fortune be my chance, [*if*
I dare meet him one man for one."

Then bespake a squire of Northumberland,
Richard Witherington was his name:
"It shall never be told in South-England," he says,
"To King Harry the Fourth for shame.

"I wot ye be great lordes twa,
I am a poor squire of land;
I will never see my captain fight on a field,
And stand myself, and look on:
But while I may my weapon wield,
I will not fail both heart and hand."

SECOND PART OF CHEVY CHASE.

(From the later version,)

Our English archers their bows bent,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might;
Like lions moved they laid on loud,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of temper'd steel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said;
"In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James, our Scottish king.

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee;
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," quoth Earl Percy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born."

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart—
A deep and deadly blow:

Who never spoke more words than these—
"Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving strife, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land!

"O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And pass'd the English archers all
Without all dread or fear;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a veh'ment force and might
He did his body gore;
The spear ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain;
An English archer then perceived
The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his shaft he set,
The gray goose-wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell
The battle scarce was done.

With the Earl Percy there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and good Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
  Sir Hugh Montgomery;
Sir Charles Carrel, that from the field
  One foot would never fly.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,
  His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd
  Yet saved could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like wise
  Did with Earl Douglas die;
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears
  Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
  Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
  Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
  Their husbands to bewail;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
  But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
  They bore with them away;
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
  When they were clad in clay.

SIR THOMAS MALORY.

NOTHING is certainly known of this knight except what he tells in his famous "Mort Darthur," where he states that he finished his translation from the French in 1469. Caxton printed it in 1485, giving the title, "The Birth, Lyfe, and Actes of King Arthur, of his noble Knyghtes of the Rounde Table." This was reprinted, with introduction and notes by Southey, in 1817. Several abridged editions, for popular use, have since been issued. See "The Arthurian Legend," *ante*, pp. 310–320.

THE DEATH OF SIR LANCELOT.

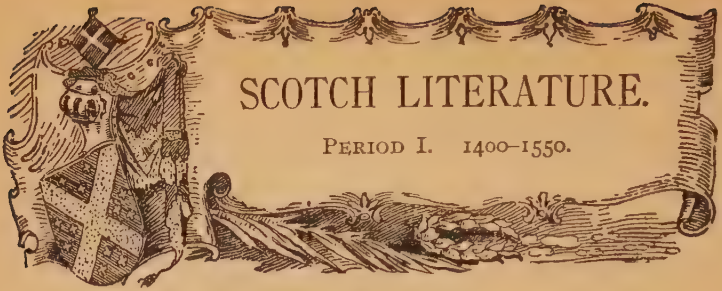
Then Sir Lancelot ever after eat but little meat, nor drank, but continually mourned until he was dead; and then he sickened more and more, and dried and dwindled away. For the bishop, nor none of his fellows, might not make him to eat, and little he drank, that he was soon waxed shorter by a cubit than he was, that the people could not know him. For evermore, day and night, he prayed (taking no rest) but needfully as nature required; sometimes he slumbered a broken sleep; and always he was lying grovelling upon King Arthur's and Queen Guenever's tomb; and there was no comfort that the bishop, nor Sir Bors, not none of all his fellows could make him; it availed nothing.

So within six weeks after Sir Lancelot fell sick and lay in his bed, then he sent for the bishop [and received the last rites of the Church]. . . . When Sir Bors and his fellows came to his bed, they found him stark dead, and he smiled as he lay, and there was the sweetest savor about him that ever they felt. Then was there weeping and wringing of hands, and they made the greatest dole that men ever made.

O ye mighty and pompous lords, winning in the glorious transitory of this unstable life, as in reigning over great realms and mighty great countries, fortified with strong castles and towers, edified with many a rich city: yea also, ye fierce and mighty knights, so valiant in adventurous deeds of arms, behold! behold! see how this mighty conqueror, King Arthur, whom in his human life all the world dreaded, yea, also the noble Queen Guenever, which sometime sat in her chair adorned with gold, pearls and precious stones, now lie full low in obscure foss or pit, covered with clods of earth and clay! Behold also this mighty champion, Sir Lancelot, peerless of all knighthood; see how he lieth grovelling upon the cold mould; now being so feeble and faint, that sometime was so terrible; how, and in what manner, ought ye to be so desirous of worldly honor so dangerous? Therefore me thinketh this present book is right necessary often to be read, for in it ye find the most gracious, knightly and virtuous war of the most noble knights of the world, whereby they got praising continually; also me seemeth, by the oft reading thereof, ye shall greatly desire to accustom yourself in following of those gracious knightly deeds; that is to say, to dread God and to love righteousness, faithfully and courageously to serve your sovereign prince; and the more that God hath given you the triumphal honor the meeker ought ye to be, ever fearing the unstableness of this deceitful world. . . .

And so, within fifteen days, they came to Joyous Guard, and there they laid his corpse in the body of the quire, and sung and read many psalters and prayers over him and about him; and even his visage was laid open and naked that all folk might behold him. For such was the custom in those days that all men of worship should so lie with open visage till that they were buried. And right thus as they were at their service there came Sir Ector de Maris, that had sought seven years all England, Scotland and Wales, seeking his brother, Sir Lancelot. . . .

And then Sir Ector threw his shield, his sword and his helm from him; and when he beheld Sir Lancelot's visage he fell down in a swoon, and when he awoke it were hard for any tongue to tell the doleful complaints that he made for his brother. "Ah, Sir Lancelot," said he, "thou wert head of all Christian knights." "And now, I dare say," said Sir Bors, "that Sir Lancelot, there thou liest, thou wert never matched of none earthly knight's hands. And thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield; and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou wert the truest lover, of a sinful man, that ever loved woman; and thou wert the kindest man that ever stroke with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man, and the gentlest, that ever eat in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest."



SCOTCH LITERATURE.

PERIOD I. 1400–1550.

NOT until the fourteenth century does Scotland emerge in the history of English literature. The language of its Lowlands as it appears in its earliest writers was almost identical with that of the North of England. It was the Saxon or Early English, modified by Danish or Scandinavian admixture. Scotland, on account of its remoteness and independence, was less affected by the Norman influence, which turned the current of English literature. Hence its literary language, which at the dawn of the fifteenth century showed little variance from popular English, developed in its own rugged way until the Reformation of the sixteenth century. This intellectual revolution, soon followed by the political union of the two kingdoms, tended to diminish the divergence. Scottish speech, which for a time claimed to be a separate language, can henceforth be recognized only as a dialect of English. In the various stages of its course, this dialect or language has had worthy writers in prose and verse, the greatest of all being the peasant poet, Robert Burns. But more numerous than these are various masters of English speech, who proudly claim a Scotch origin and bear marks of their nativity.

The earliest Scotch writer of eminence was John Barbour, a contemporary of Chaucer. He was archdeacon of Aberdeen and enjoyed royal favor especially for his epic poem, "The Bruce." He also wrote, at great length, "Legends of the Saints," which have only recently been discovered. Wyntoun in the next century was an inferior chronicler who versified the legendary history of his country. When the poetical genius of England sank into general torpor after the death of Chaucer, King James I., of Scotland, appeared as the ablest of his imitators. Other rhyming chroniclers and moralists, closely resembling in style their brethren of England, followed the royal poet. But Henryson, the schoolmaster of Dunfermline, besides versifying the fables of Æsop, opened a new path to his countrymen by his simple pastoral, "Robene and Makyne." At the end of the fifteenth century appeared William Dunbar, a courtly singer of many kinds of verse, who has been pronounced by eminent critics the ablest poet in the interval between Chaucer and Spenser.

In the sixteenth century the learned Bishop Gawain Douglas showed his sympathy with the revival of learning by translating into the vernacular the Æneid of Virgil, besides composing didactic and allegorical poems of the established style. Sir David Lyndsay, with more varied and original genius, poured forth a number of descriptive, political and satirical pieces. As in England, this age of popular upheaval was prolific in ballads, which sprang up obscurely, but continued to circulate freely long before their genuine poetical merit was recognized by professed critics.

JOHN BARBOUR.

THIS Scottish poet was contemporary with Chaucer, but appears to have had no acqnaintance with him or his works, though he visited England several times. He was archdeacon of Aberdeen, and held various positions of trust at the Scotch court. He died in 1395. For his epic poem, "The Bruce," published in 1378, he obtained an annual pension and other marks of royal favor. It consists of fourteen thousand lines. A still longer work, "Legends of the Saints," has been lately recovered and published (1881). Some fragments of a poem on the Troy legend have also been discovered. His chief poem sets forth well the character of Bruce as his country's hero.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

(From Barbour's "The Bruce.")

WHEN this was said——
The Scottismen commonally
Kneelit all doun, to God to pray.
And a short prayer there made they
To God to help them in that ficht.

And when the English king had sicht,
Of them *kneeland*, he said, in *hy*, [*kneeling*, *haste*
"Yon folk kneel to ask mercy."
Sir Ingram said, "Ye say sooth now—
They ask mercy, but not of you;
For their trespass to God they cry;
I tell you a thing sickerly,
That yon men will all win or die;
For *doubt of deid* they sall not flee." [*fear of death*
"Now be it sae, then!" said the king.
And then, *but* langer delaying, [*without*
They *gart trump* till the assembly. [*sounded the trumpet*
On either side men micht then see
Mony a wicht manly and worthy,
Ready to do chivalry.

. . . . . .

Almighty God! how douchtily
Sir Edward the Bruce and his men.
Among their faes conteinit them than!
Fechting in sae gude *covine*, [*Fighting*, *company*
Sae hardy, worthy, and sae fine,
That their vaward *frushit* was. . . . [*confused*
Almighty God! wha then micht see
That Stewart Walter, and his rout,
And the gude Douglas that was sae stout,
Fechting into that stalwart *stour*, [*stir of battle*
He sould say that till all honor
They were worthy. . . .
There micht men see mony a steed
Flying astray that lord had nane. . . .
There micht men hear *ensenzies* cry; [*ensigns*
And Scottismen cry hardily,
"On them! On them! On them! They fail!"
With that sae hard they gan assail,
And slew all that they micht o'erta'.
And the Scots archers *alsua* [*also*
Shot amang them so deliverly,
Engrieving them sae greatumly,
That what for them, that with them faucht,
That sae great routs to them *raucht*, [*brought*
And pressit them full eagerly;
And what for arrows, that felly

Mony great wounds gan them ma',
And slew fast off their horse alsua,
That they *vandist* a little weel. [*gave way*
. . . . . .

The appearance of a crowd of the servants of the Scottish camp, completed the panic of the English army. The king fled.

They were, to say sooth, sae aghast,
And fled sae fast, richt effrayitly,
That of them a full great party
Fled to the water of Forth, and there
The maist part of them drownit were.
And Bannockburn, betwixt the braes,
Of men, of horse, sae *steekit* was, [*shut up*
That, upon drownit horse and men,
Men micht pass dry out-ower it then.
And lads, and swains, and *rangle*, [*rabble*
When they saw vanquished the *battle*, [*army*
Ran amang them, and sae gan slay.
As folk that nae defence micht ma'.
. . . .

On ane side, they their faes had,
That slew them down without mercy:
And they had, on the tother party,
Bannockburn, that sae cumbersome was,
For *slike* and deepness for to pass, [*slime*
That they micht nane out-ower it ride:
Them worthies, maugre theirs, abide;
Sae that some slain, some drownit were:
Micht nane escape that ever came there.

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

Towards the end of the fourteenth century Scotland seemed likely through internal dissensions to fall into the power of England. The king was imbecile, his family divided, and his nobles turbulent. The king's brother, Duke of Albany, gained the supreme power. In 1405 the boy prince James, rightful heir of the throne, was sent to France for protection, but was captured on the way by an English vessel. Though his father soon died, James I. was detained in England for nineteen years. Yet he was liberally educated, became proficient in knightly accomplishments, and displayed poetic genius. His recovery of freedom at last was due to his falling in love with Joanna Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, and cousin of King Henry V. They were married in 1424, and James was allowed to return to Scotland, where he was crowned at Scone. This accomplished king secured great reforms of Scotch law, and by severe measures sought to break the power of the unruly nobles. One of them being banished excited the Highlanders, who murdered the king at Perth in 1437. His fate has been rehearsed by Dante G. Rossetti, in "The King's Tragedy."

James I., as a poet, was the ablest successor and imitator of Chaucer. His "King's Quair" (Quire or Book) is the pathetic story of his love, well told in Chaucer's seven-line stanza. Another poem, ascribed to him, though somewhat doubtfully, is in humorous popular style. It is called "Peebles to the Play," and describes the rustic merry-making indulged in on the 21st of June, or Beltane day, at Peebles. Beltane means Bel's fire, and the feast was a survival of Celtic paganism, not yet entirely extinct. A similar poem is "Christ's Kirk on the Green," which ridicules the Scottish want of skill in archery.

THE ROYAL PRISONER FIRST SEES HIS LADY-LOVE.

(From the King's Quair.)

BEWAILING in my chamber, thus alone
  Despairéd of all joy and remedy,
For-tiréd of my thought, and woe-begone,
  And to the window gan I walk in *hy* [*haste*
  To see the world and folk that went *forbye*, [*past*
As for the time though I of mirthe's food
Might have no more, to look it did me good.

Now was there made, fast by the Tower's wall,
  A garden fair; and in the corners set
An arbor green, with wandis long and small
  Railed about, and so with trees set
  Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knat,
That *life* was none walking there forbye [*living thing*
That might within scarce any wight espy.

So thick the boughes and the leaves green
  Beshaded all the alleys that were there,
And midst of every arbor might be seen
  The sharp green sweete juniper,
  Growing so fair with branches here and there,
That as it seemed to a life without,
The boughes spread the arbor all about.

And on the smallé greené *twistes* sat [*twigs*
  The little sweeté nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear the hymnés consecrate
  Of love's use, now soft, now loud among,
  That all the gardens and the wallés rung
Right of their song, and on the couple next
Of their sweet harmony; and to the text:—

"Worship, ye that lovers be, this May,
  For of your bliss the kalends are begun,
And sing with us, Away, Winter, away;
  Come, Summer, come, the sweet season and sun.
  Awake, for shame! that have your heaviness won,
And amorously lift up your headés all,
Thank Love that lets you to his mercy call."

After listening to the birds and watching their motions, the poet began to question himself about the nature of love.

And therewith cast I down mine eye again,
  Whereas I saw walking under the Tower,
Full secretly, new comen here to plain,
  The fairest or the freshest youngé flower,
  That ever I saw, methought, before that hour,
For which sudden abate, anon did start
The blood of all my body to my heart.

And though I stood abashed then a *lite* [*little while*
  No wonder was; for why? my wittés all
Were so o'ercome with pleasance and delight,
  Only through letting of mine eyen fall,
  That suddenly my heart became her thrall,
Forever of free will, for of menace
There was no token in her sweeté face.

And in my head I drew right hastily,
  And eftesoons I leant it out again,

And saw her walk that very womanly,
  With no wight mo', but only women twain,
  Then gan I study in myself and *sayn* [*say*
"Ah, sweet! are ye a worldly creature,
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature?

Or are ye god Cupidés own princess,
  And comen are to loose me out of band?
Or are ye very Nature, the goddess,
  That have depainted with your heavenly hand,
  This garden full of flowers as they stand?
What shall I think? alas! what reverence
Shall I minister to your excellence?" . . . .

Of her array the form if I shall write,
  Towards her golden hair and rich attire,
In fretwise couched with pearlés white
  And great balas gleaming as the fire,
  With many an emerald and fair sapphire;
And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue;
Of plumés parted red, and white, and blue.

Full of quaking spangles bright as gold,
  Forged of shape like to the amorets,
So new, so fresh, so pleasant to behold,
  The plumés eke like to the flower *jonets*, [*lilies*
  And other of shape, like to the flower jonets,
And above all this there was, well I wot,
Beauty enough to make a world to doat. . . .

In her was youth, beauty, with humble port,
  Bounty, riches, and womanly feature,
God better wot than my pen can report;
  Wisdom, largess, estate, and cunning sure;
  In every point so guided her measure,
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That Nature might no more her child advance.

And when she walked had a little *thraw* [*while*
  Under the sweeté greené boughés bent,
Her fair fresh face, as white as any snaw,
  She turned has, and forth her wayés went:
  But then began my achés and torment,
To see her part while follow I no might;
Methought the day was turnéd into night.

ROBERT HENRYSON.

ROBERT HENRYSON was chief schoolmaster at Dunfermline, perhaps in the Benedictine convent, and died before 1500. He composed "Moral Fables of Æsop," "Orpheus and Eurydice," and a sequel to Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida." But his most original poem is "Robene and Makyne," which has frequently been imitated by later Scotch poets.

ROBIN AND MAKYNE.

(The First Scotch Pastoral modernized.)

ROBIN sat on a good green hill,
  Keeping a flock of *fe*; [*sheep*
Merry Makyne said him till:
  "Robin, have *rue* on me; [*pity*
I have thee lovit, loud and still,
  These years two or three.
My dule in dern but if thou dill,
  Doubtless but dreid I de." *

Robin answered: "By the Rood,
  Nothing of love I know,
But keep my sheep under yon wood,
  Lo! where they stand in row.
What has marred thee in thy mood,
  Makyne, to me thou shaw,
Or what is love, or to be lo'ed,
  Fain wad I *lear* that law." [*learn*

"Robin, thou 'reavest me *roif* and rest [*quiet*
  I love but thee alone."
"Makyne, adieu! the sun goes west,
  The day is near hand gone."
"Robin, in *dule* I am so *drest*, [*grief*, *ill-treated*
  That love will be my *bone*." [*prayer*
"Go love, Makyne, wherever thou list,
  For *leman* I love none." [*sweetheart*

"Robin, I stand in sic a style,
  I sigh, and that full sair."

---

* My grief in secret unless thou share,
  I fear without doubt I shall die.

"Makyne, I have been here this while,
At hame God give I were."
"My honey, Robin, talk a while,
If thou wilt do no mair."
"Makyne, some other man beguile,
For homeward I will fare."

Robin on his wayes went,
As light as leaf of tree;
Makyne mourned in her intent,
And trow'd him never to see.
Robin went *attour the bent;* [*across the high grass*
Then Makyne cried *on hie:* [*aloud*
"Now may thou sing, for I am *shent*, [*put to shame*
What ails love at me?"

But Robin afterwards pined as Makyne grew well, and then the tables were turned on him.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

SIR WALTER SCOTT pronounced Dunbar "a poet unrivalled by any that Scotland has ever produced." He was educated at the University of St. Andrew's, taking his degree in 1479, and becoming a Franciscan friar. But he afterwards left the order and was connected with embassies to foreign countries. Later, he lived at the court of James IV., enjoying a pension, and entertaining the king with his verses. He died about 1520. His poems are classified as allegorical, moral, and comic. Of the first kind are "The Thistle and the Rose," a nuptial song for the king's marriage, and "The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins." To the moral class belongs "The Merle and the Nightingale," in which the birds dispute, in troubadour style, about earthly and spiritual love. The comic pieces resemble the grosser tales of Chaucer.

THE MERLE AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

IN May, when that Aurora did upspring,
With crystal *een* chasing the cloudes sable, [*eyes*
I heard a *Merle* with merry notes sing [*thrush*
A song of love, with voice right comfortable,
Again' the orient beames, amiable,
Upon a blissful branch of laurel green;
This was her sentence, sweet and delectable:
"A lusty life in Love's service *been*." [*is*

Under this branch ran down a river bright,
Of balmy liquor, crystalline of hue,

Again' the heavenly azure sky's light,
  Where did upon the tother side pursue
  A Nightingale, with sugared notes new,
Whose angel feathers as the peacock shone;
  This was her song, and of a sentence true:—
"All love is lost but upon God alone."

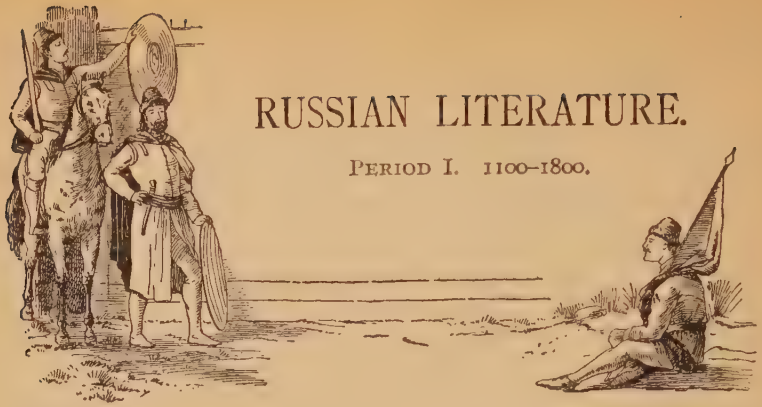
With notes glad, and glorious harmony,
  This joyful Merle, so salutes she the day,
While rung the woodes of her melody,
  Saying, "Awake, ye lovers of this May;
  Lo, fresh Flora has flourished every spray,
As Nature hath her taught, the noble queen,
  The field been clothed in a new array;
A lusty life in Love's service been."

Ne'er sweeter noise was heard by living man,
  Than made this merry gentle Nightingale;
Her sound went with the river as it ran,
  Out through the fresh and flourished lusty vale;
  "O Merle!" quoth she, "O fool, stint of thy tale,
For in thy song good sentence is there none,
  For both is *tint*, the time and the travail, [*lost*
Of every love but upon God alone."

"Cease," quoth the Merle, "thy preaching, Nightingale.
  Shall folk their youth spend into holiness?
Of young saintes grow auld fiendes, *but* fable; [*without*
  Fie, hypocrite, in yeares tenderness,
  Again' the law of *kind* thou goest express [*nature*
That crookit age makes one with youth serene,
  Whom Nature of conditions made diverse;
A lusty life in Love's service been."

The Nightingale said: "Fool, remember thee,
  That both in youth and eld, and every hour,
The love of God most dear to man should be;
  That him of nought wrought like his own *figour* [*image*
  And died Himself, fro' death him to succor;
Oh, whether was there shown true love or none?
  He is most true and steadfast paramour,
And love is lost but upon Him alone."

Finally the Nightingale convinces the Merle of this truth, and both join in singing the same sentence.



RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

Period I. 1100–1800.

IN the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the Russian novelists, Turgenieff, Tolstoi, Dostoievsky, and others of the modern school, by their powerful and painful portrayal of the status of the serf, the doctrines of the nihilists, and the obscure strivings of the new Russian spirit won the sympathy and interest of the world. Hitherto Europe had listened carelessly, if at all, to the entertaining romances of Gogol and the odes of Pushkin. Russian Literature, as commonly understood, was hardly full-born before the middle of the eighteenth century, and emerged from its infancy only in the "Fables" of Kriloff (1809) and the "History of Russia" by Karamzin, who died in 1826, leaving his work unfinished.

The cause of this late literary development is found in the barbarous condition of Muscovy, as Russia was called till the reign of Peter the Great. He was the first ruler to appreciate Western civilization, and in person he learned its rudiments. By founding St. Petersburg, he gave Russia "a window through which to look at Europe." Up to the battle of Pultowa, in 1709, the Russians had been subjected to humiliations on all sides; the conception of a great Autocrat of All the Russias had not been formed; and the Byzantine Church held the people in bonds. It is not under such conditions that a national literature can flourish.

The lives of Russian and Pole, upon the Dnieper and Vistula, were originally alike. But the Poles, stimulated by

Western culture and Christianized from Rome, long preceded the Russians in literature. The latter had fallen under the influence of the Varangians (Scandinavians) in 862, and had got their religion and alphabet from Greek sources. The Greek Church long supplied Russia with saints and martyrologies and ecclesiastical chronicles. The monk Nestor, in his chronicle, makes us realize how small the original Russia was; it was comprised within the rivers Dwina, Upper Dnieper, Ilmen, and Dniester. Not till after many years' fighting could the two-headed Eagle spread its wings over all the Russias. Yermak, the Cossack robber, in return for an imperial pardon from Ivan the Terrible, laid at his feet his vast conquest of Siberia.

As the Empire expanded, so did the ideas of its people. The early folk-songs, tales and legends (*bilini*) had told of the old gods of their nature-worship; but now was begun the celebration, in mythic, romantic, or semi-historic form, of the great events and heroes of Russia's twilight history. Round the first Christian chieftain, Vladimir, the King Arthur of Russia, was built up the Kievian legend-cycle. He was Grand Prince for thirty-five years, till his death in 1015. The awakening national spirit was embodied in the peasant-hero of this cycle, Ilia of Murom, the chief of the bogatyrs (knights). He is a sort of Hercules. And as the warlike Kiev had its Iliad, so the commercial city of Novgorod had its Odyssey, the Ulysses of which was Sadko, the rich merchant who passed through a wonderful series of maritime adventures. Russia's great agricultural class also had its hero in Mikoula Selianinovich, a sort of Slav Triptolemus, "the divine personification of the race's passionate love of agriculture, striking with the iron share of his plough the stones of the furrow, with a noise that is heard three days' journey off." Moscow, also, had a popular hero, of the style of the English Robin Hood, in Stenka Razia, the bold robber of the Volga.

Besides these bilini, chanted in irregular metres and depending on accent for their effect, the olden Russians had a rich folk-lore and folk-song. There were the festival songs (*stikhi*) sung by the blind *kalieki*, or wandering psalmists, the fête and bridal songs (*Obradnia Piesni*), the Christmas songs (*Koliadki*) and the dance songs (*khorovods*). Later there grew up a type of prose bilini, so to speak, of which the most notable relic is the "Story of the Expedition of Prince Igor," a bardic celebration of the expedition of the year 1185 against the Tartar tribe of Polovtzes. Another, "Zadonstchina," recites the victory of Dmitri Donskoi over the Tartars at the battle of Koulikoro ("Field of Woodcocks"). Drakoula, a cruel prince of Moldavia, supplied the theme in the fifteenth century. In the folk-lore of these old days first appeared the lieshie (wood-demons), vodiani (water-sprites), rousalki (naiads) and domovoi (house-spirits). There were, furthermore, the usual lives of the saints (these, however, were Byzantine productions), and even some of the mediæval legends common to all Europe.

But strictly Russian literature may be said to have begun with Nestor, the monk of Kiev (*circa* 1056–1114), who was undoubtedly inspired by the rich associations of that sacred city to write his country's history. Among the bones of the saints in the monastery of the catacombs at Kiev lie the remains of the old chronicler. Ilarion, Metropolitan of Kiev, had even before Nestor interpolated a panegyric on Prince Vladimir in the middle of a "Discourse on the Old and New Testaments." Nestor was acquainted with the Byzantine historians and with the native bilini, many of which he undoubtedly incorporated bodily into his works. He had the credulity of a Livy. But in style his history bears more resemblance to the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and he mixes up all manner of records.

The reigns of Vsevolod and Sviatopolk only (1078–1112) are described by Nestor as an eye-witness. He gathered much of his information from the lips of two of the oldest inhabitants of the region. He inspired a host of chroniclers, and thousands of annalists in the different Russian towns continued his records down to Alexis Mikhailovich, father of Peter the Great.

Besides these annals we have glimpses of old Russia in a few curious works, such as the famous Domostroi, or Book of Household Management, portraying the antique barbarism from kitchen to royal chamber, bare of the romantic adornment afterwards applied by Karamzin. We gain a painful notion of the humiliation of the Russian woman of that ancient empire. In his so-called "Chronograph," Sergius Koubasor, son of a boyar of Tobol, draws the portrait of the tall, ugly and lean Ivan the Terrible himself.

Even when Russia under Peter the Great (1682–1725) was just having her eyes opened to European civilization, and when under the Tzarinas Elizabeth and Catherine II. it was falsely imitating the French and the prevalent classical styles, there was no want of national themes. Lomonosoff told of the taking of Khotin, and Queen Catherine herself (in her lyric drama, "Oleg") narrated the first march of the Russians on Constantinople. Catherine also satirized Gustavus III. in her "Gore Bogatyr" ("unfortunate knight"), just as Pushkin later revealed the treachery of the hetman, Mazeppa, in his "Poltava" (Pultowa). But the genuine national note was not to be struck until Karamsin, in his eloquent History, drew attention to the rich material of Russia's past.

Peter the Great's European tour and his founding of St. Petersburg led to a reign of French fashion in literature as well as art and manners. Elizabeth (1741–1762) was influenced by her favorite, Count Ivan Schuvaloff. The Russian Ambassador to Paris, Prince Antiochus Kantemir, a friend of Montesquieu, wrote satires, and Mikhail Lomonosoff became Russia's Malherbe. He labored to free the modern Russian language from the Cyrillic alphabet and the Slavonic of the Church. His "Odes" and his panegyrics of Peter and Elizabeth were his masterpieces. The Russian theatre had begun to exist, and Soumarokof wrote many comedies, a play concerning "Demetrius the Pretender," and even translated some of Shakespeare's dramas. This French, or pseudo-classical, era was intensified in the reign of the notorious Catherine II. (1762–1796), the "Semiramis of the North." She corresponded with Voltaire and D'Alembert, patronized Diderot, and jestingly begged her physician to bleed her of her last drop of German blood. Under her royal favor all the Russian court imitated the French classicists of the seventeenth century and the *philosophes* of the eighteenth. Catherine herself wrote many plays and stories, after the French fashion, as well as her interesting memoirs as a Grand Duchess. She founded a Russian Academy in imitation of the French Academy. She encouraged Denis Von Visin, the "Russian Molière" and Kniajnine, who besides his comedies attempted an historical drama in "Vadim of Novgorod." Kheraskof composed a national epic, "The Russiad," and Gabriel Derzhavin—the successor to Lomonosoff—sang the glories of Catherine and of Russian arms. His "Ode to God" hung in the palace, written in letters of gold on white satin. Ivan Chemnitzler translated the fables of Gellert and foreshadowed Kriloff.

THE DEATH OF OLEG.

THE following extract from Nestor's Chronicle is probably a prose rendering of an old legend. The poet Pushkin has made the incident the subject of a spirited ballad.

Oleg lived, having peace on all sides, ruling in Kiev. And Oleg remembered his horse whom he had entrusted to others to feed, himself never seeing him. For a long time he had asked the wizards and magicians, "From whom is it fated that I should die?" And one of the magicians told him, "Prince, the horse which thou lovest and upon which thou ridest shall be the cause of thy death." Oleg received this into his mind, and said, "I will never ride the horse nor see him any more." And he ordered them to take care of the horse, but never to bring it to him again. Several years passed, and he rode the horse no more. He went among the Greeks; and he returned to Kiev, and stayed there four years. In the fifth year he remembered his horse, by whom the soothsayer had predicted that Oleg should die. Having called for the oldest of his grooms, he said, "Where is my horse, which I enjoined upon you to feed and take care of?" And they said, "He is dead." And Oleg smiled and upbraided the soothsayer, and said, "The wizard spoke falsely, and it is all a lie. The horse is dead, and I am alive." And he ordered them to saddle his steed, for he wished to see the bones of the horse. And he came to the place where the bones and the skull lay unburied. He leaped from his steed, and said with a smile, "How can a skull be the cause of my death?" And he planted his foot on the skull, and out darted a snake and bit him on the foot, and from the wound he fell sick and died. And all the people lamented with great lamentation and carried him and buried him on the mountain, called Stehekovitza. There is his grave to this day, and it is called "the grave of Oleg." And all the years of his reign were thirty-three.

EXECUTION OF THE REBEL PRINCE.

This is one of the earliest bilini committed to writing. It was taken down by Rev. Richard James, chaplain of the English embassy to Russia in 1619.

"Ah! my head, my dear head,
My head that long hast served me.
Thou hast served me, my dear head,
Three and thirty years.
Not swerving from my trusty steed,
Not turning my foot from the stirrup,
But, my head, thou hast not gained
Either joy or glory."

Yonder along the Masnitzkaia,
By the gates of the Masnitzkaia
They are leading a prince, a boyar.
Before him walk priests and clerks;
They bear in their hands a great book;
After them comes a troop of archers;
They carry their halberds uncovered;
On the right side walks the executioner,
In his hand he carries a broad axe.
On the left side goes his sister;
She weeps, as a river flows;
She groans, as brooks murmur.
Her brother soothes her,—
"Do not weep, do not weep, my sister.
Dim not with tears thy bright eyes;
Flush not thy white face;
Nor make sad thy joyous heart.
What now dost thou wish—my lands, my estates,
My rich possessions, my gold and silver?
Or dost thou weep my troubled fortunes?"
"Ah! my light, my dear brother, I do not wish them,
Neither thy lands, thy estates, nor thy rich possessions,
Nor thy gold and silver.
Only I desire, brother, to see thy prosperity restored."
To this her brother answered,—
"Thou, my light, my sister,
Thou mayst weep, but tears avail not;
Thou mayst pray, but prayers avail not,
Thou mayst entreat the Tzar, even that avails not.
God to me has been full of pity.
The Tzar has been full of mercy;
He has ordered them to sever my traitorous head
From my sturdy shoulders."
They took the prince to the lofty scaffold,
To the place appointed for his death.
He prayed to the Saviour, to the miraculous picture;
He bowed low on all sides, and said,—
"Farewell, world, and pious people.
Pray for my sins, my heavy sins."
Hardly could the people see him
When his treacherous head was cut off
From his sturdy shoulders.

MICHAEL LOMONOSOFF.

THE true founder of Russian Literature was Michael Vasielivich Lomonosoff. Born on the borders of the White Sea, in the dreary region of Archangel, in 1711, the son of a poor fisherman, he rose through a hundred curious adventures to be Queen Catherine's honored bard and tragedian, and an eminent professor of physics and chemistry at St. Petersburg. His scientific labors now merit more praise than his poetry, but in his own day he was styled "an eagle soaring in clouds." Pushkin remarked of him as a poet that he had neither feeling nor imagination, imitated German models forgotten even in Germany, was dull and inflated, and that his verse might be characterized as "a departure from simplicity and truth, an absence of all originality and nationality." But if Pushkin deemed Lomonosoff's influence on Russian literature to have been prejudicial, the verdict was over-severe. Lomonosoff inaugurated a new epoch for Russia. He was a creditable poet-laureate for Catherine, as his Ode on her accession still testifies. As Belinsky discovered, he has flashes of true poetry. His unfinished epic on Peter the Great, fashioned after Virgil's Æneid, is, however, almost grotesque in its conception. Catherine's greater panegyrist was Derzhavin.

THE MORNING HYMN.

THIS poem shows a reflection of Lomonosoff's "Discourse on the Origin of Light." In other respects it won even from the Russian critic Belinsky, the uncompromising foe to pseudo-classicism, the confession that Lomonosoff was a man possessing an undoubted talent for poetry; his odes have bright, though rare, flashes of true poetry, and whole stanzas that seem to have been written recently.

And now the beauteous globe of light
Darts its rays to cheer the earth,
And God's works stand forth distinct and clear;
Be glad, my soul, with joyous praise,
And, filled with wonder at its countless beams,
Confess how great is its Divine Creator.

Were it but given to mortal man
Thus high to soar,
And with his feeble sight to gaze
Long and close on its dazzling glories,
Then and only then, should all the realms
Of that ever-burning ocean be revealed.

There fiery billows raging strive,
But ever in vain, to reach some confine;
There flaming whirlwinds writhe
In bootless wrestling through long ages;
There rocks, like water seethe,
And burning ruins in torrents fall.

These mighty globes of fire
Are in Thy sight but as a spark.
How numerous are the lustrous lamps
Lighted by Thee, their Sovereign Creator,
To illumine us in our daily work—
The work Thou hast ordained for us.

The fields, hills, seas, and woods
Throw off the darkness of the night,
And disclose to our enraptured gaze
The fresh-created beauty of the morn,
As all the earth declares
The greatness of Thy hand Divine.

The light of day shines only
On the outward surface of the earth;
But Thine eye searches to the depths within.
And there is no limit to its ken;
In the light of Thine eye
Is the source of joy to every creature.

Creator, into my darkened soul
Shed the rays of Thy pure wisdom;
And what is pleasing in Thy sight
Make to grow and flourish within me;
And ever let Thy lowly creature
Praise Thee, his immortal King.

GABRIEL DERZHAVIN.

THE great Empress Catherine found an able panegyrist in Gabriel Romanovich Derzhavin. He was born at Kazan in 1743. Although of noble descent, one of his ancestors having been in the Golden Horde, Derzhavin had to suffer in youth the hardships both of poverty and of war. He was forced to serve as a guard against Pougatcheff and his turbulent Cossacks. For this military service he secured a small estate in White Russia, and aided by Count Schuvaloff, whom he styled his foster-father, he rose to courtly honor and riches. But his fortune was made by his poem "Felicia," in which he sketched the genius and character of Catherine under the title of the Tsaritsa of Kirghis. The Tzarina confessed that this portait of herself "made one cry like a fool," and initiated her favors to Derzhavin by sending the poet a gold snuff-box set in diamonds. The lucky man pocketed the gift, and to the end of his life remained a court-laureate. He liked occasionally to make a pretense at independence, but was probably a time-server to a condemnable degree. According to Radischeff's own testimony, it was Derzhavin's underlining of all the passages concerning the serfs in that unhappy writer's "Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow" that sent Radischeff on a second journey to Siberia. Derzhavin boasted to Catherine, "Linked with thy name mine shall be immortal.'' And yet, like another Dryden, he was moved in one moment of regret to lament, "I have fallen and sunk to the level of my age." Indeed, his chief merit to-day is that we see mirrored in his verse the Russian life of the eighteenth century, the Russia of Suvaroff and Potemkin. He abandoned the rhetorical style of Lomonosoff, whom he praised as the Russian Pindar, and adopted a more colloquial diction for his poetry. Still, his own poems abound in so many trite platitudes that Belinsky described them as "a rhymed manual of arithmetic." Throughout his poetic career Derzhavin continued to be "the panegyrist of the great"—as Gogol termed him—and sang the glories of three reigns. His

"Monody on Prince Meschersky" is one of his best court odes. He composed untiringly, and his last poem, "The Flight of Time," was written on a slate on the evening before his death, in July, 1816, at the age of seventy-three. The slate and poem are still preserved in St. Petersburg.

ODE TO GOD.

THIS famous ode, written by Derzhavin at the age of forty, was quickly translated into the other European languages, and even into Japanese. The following version is by Sir John Bowring.

O Thou eternal One, whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide,
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings. Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore,
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God, for Thee
There is no weight or measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence; Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation: all
Sprung forth from Thee: of light, joy, harmony
Sole origin; all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround:
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!

Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
  And beautifully mingled life and death.
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
  So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
  Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand,
  Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command
  All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
  A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
  Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
  All this magnificence in Thee is lost:
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
  And what am I then? Heaven's unnumber'd host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
  In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
  Against Thy greatness; is a cypher brought
  Against infinity! What am I then? Nought!

Nought. But the effluence of Thy light divine,
  Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too;
Yes. In my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
  As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Nought. But I live, and on hope's pinions fly,
  Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
  Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
  I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all. Thou art!
  Direct my understanding, then, to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:
  Though but an atom 'midst immensity,

Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A Monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvelously
Constructed and conceived? unknown, this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee!
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar—
Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good!
'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

On the Death of Prince Meschersky.

Thou son of luxury! child of dance and song,
  Whither, oh, whither is thy spirit fled?
On life's dull sea thy bark delayed not long,
  But sought the silent haven of the dead.
Here is thy dust! Thy spirit is not here!
  Where is it? There. Where there? 'tis all unknown:
We weep and sigh—alas! we know not where!
  For man is doubt and darkness' eldest son!

Where love, and joy, and health, and worldly good
  And all life's pleasures in their splendor glow;
He dries the nerves up, he congeals the blood,
  And shakes the very soul with mighty woe.
The songs of joy are funeral cries become—
  And luxury's board is covered with a pall—
The chamber of the banquet is a tomb:
  Death, the pale autocrat, rules o'er all.

He rules o'er all—and him must kings obey,
  Whose will no counsel knows and no control;
The proud and gilded great ones are his prey,
  Who stand like pillars in a tyrant's hall.
Beauty and beauty's charms are nought to him,
  Man's intellect is crush'd by his decrees;
Man's brightest light his dreadful frown can dim—
  He whets his scythe for trophies such as these.

Death makes all nature tremble! What are we?
  To-morrow dust, though almost gods to-day!
A mixture strange of pride and poverty:
  Now basking in Hope's fair and gladdening ray,
To-morrow—what is man to-morrow? Nought!
  How swiftly rolls the never-tarrying stream,
Hour after hour, to gloomy chaos brought;
  While ages dawn and vanish like a dream!

Even like an infant's sweet imagining,
  My early, lovely spring-tide hurried on:
Beauty just smiled and sported, then took wing;
  Joy laughed a moment, and then joy was gone.

Now less susceptible of bliss, less blest,
  Wiser and worldlier, panting for a name;
With a vain thirst of honor pain'd, opprest,
  I labor wearied up the hill of fame.

But manhood too and manhood's care will pass,
  And glory's struggles be ere long forgot;
For fame, like wealth, has busy wings, alas!
  And joy's and sorrow's sound will move us not.
Begone, ye vain pursuits, ye dreams of bliss,
  Changing and false, no longer flatter me!
I stand upon the sepulchre's abyss,
  In the dark portal of eternity.

To-day, my friend, may bring our final doom;
  If not to-day, to-morrow surely will:
Why look we sadly on Meschersky's tomb?
  Here he was happy—he is happy still!
Life was not given for ages to endure,
  Though virtue even in death may find a rest;
But know—a spirit order'd well and pure,
  May make life's sorrows and life's changes blest.